Cotton fields

When I was a little baby, my mama would rock me in my cradle in the old cotton fields back home.

But when I became a little older, my daddy would take me on his shoulder, in the old cotton fields back home.
Cotton fields

Dah dag dag dag da-ga dag dag dag, in them old cotton fields back home.

Cause when them cotton fields get rotten you can't pick very much cotton in them old cotton fields back home. Da ba da ba dab dab.

Way down in Louisiana just a mile from Texas in them old cotton fields back home.
You may think it is very funny but we did not make so much money in them old cotton fields back home.

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