

Cotton-Eye Joe

Tom Paxton

Where do you come from, Cotton-Eye Joe
Leaving your house now, a long time ago
Hid in a cane brake, all night long
Ran away north-land, to sing your song
And you never quit grievin'
Wishing you were home again
Missing the campground
And the sweet, sweet singing
Ain't a getting younger, Cotton-Eye Joe
Feet still dancing, when the music slows
North-land, north-land, gets so cold
Times get hard when, the bones get old
Ain't you never quit grieving
Wishing you were home again
Missing the campgrounds
And the sweet, sweet singing
Missing the river, you could catch your dinner in
All day Sunday, feeling like a rescued sinner
Singing the old songs
Singing the old songs
Didn't you find out, a long time ago
Jesus loves his Cotton-Eye Joe
Sittin' in a rocker, sleepy-eyed
Chariots comin' by and by
And you never quit grievin'
Wishing you were home again
Missing the campground
And the sweet, sweet singing
Ah, missing the river you could catch your dinner in
All day Sunday, feeling like a rescued sinner
Singing the old songs
Singing the old songs
And didn't you find out, long time ago
Jesus loves his Cotton-Eye Joe
Sittin' in a rocker, sleepy eyed
Chariots a-comin' by and by
You never quit grieving
Wishing you were home again
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