

Song of the South

Alabama

Song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Gone, gone by the wind
There ain't nobody looking back again

Cotton on the roadside, cotton in the ditch
We all picked the cotton but we never got rich
Daddy was a veteran, a southern democrat
They ought to get a rich man to vote like that

Sing it

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Well somebody told us Wall Street fell
But we were so poor that we couldn't tell
Cotton was short and the weeds were tall
But Mr. Roosevelt's a gonna save us all

Well momma got sick and daddy got down
The county got the farm and they moved to town
Papa got a job with the TVA
He bought a washing machine and then a Chevrolet

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Play it

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