

Cotton Jenny

Anne Murray

There's a house on a hill
By a worn down weathered old mill
In the valley below where the river winds
There's no such thing as bad times
And a soft southern flame
Oh cotton jenny's her name
And she wakes him up when the sun goes down
And the wheel of love goes 'round
Wheels of love go 'round
Love go 'round, love go 'round
A joyful sound
He ain't got a penny for cotton jenny to spend
But then the wheels go 'round

When the new day begins
He goes down to the cotton gin
And he make his time worth while to them
Then he climbs back up again
And she waits by the door
Oh cotton jenny he's sore
And she rubs his feet while the sun goes down
And the wheel of love goes 'round

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But then the wheels go 'round

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