

Mississippi Cotton Pickin' Delta Town

Charley Pride

In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town one dusty street to
walk up and down
Nothin' much to see but a starvin' hound in a Mississippi cotton
pickin' Delta town

Down in the Delta where I was born all we raised was cotton pot
atoes and corn
I've picked cotton till my fingers hurt draggin' the sack throu
gh that Delta dirt
And I've worked hard the whole week long pickin' my fingers to
the blood and bone
There ain't a lot of money in a cotton bale at least when you t
ry to sell
In a Mississippi cotton pickin'...

On Saturday nights we'd get dressed up catch us a ride on a pic
kup truck
On a gravel road it nearly string to lust that cotton pickin' D
elta dust
We'd sit across the street on the depot porch lookin' at the fo
lks lookin' back at us
Munchin' on a dust covered ice cream cone and wondering how we'
d get back home
From a Mississippi cotton pickin'...
From a Mississippi cotton pickin'...