

# Mississippi Cotton Picking Delta Town

Charley Pride

In a Mississippi cotton pickin' delta town  
One dusty street to walk up and down  
Nothing much to do but hang around  
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' delta town

Down in the delta where I was born  
All we raised was cotton, potatoes and corn  
I've picked cotton 'til my fingers hurt  
Draggin' a sack through the delta dirt  
I've worked hard the whole weeklong  
Pickin' my fingers to the blood and bone  
Ain't a lot of money in cotton bale  
At least when you try to sell

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On Saturday night, we'd get dressed up  
Catch us a ride on a pickup truck  
On a gravel road that nearly strangled us  
That cotton pickin' delta dust  
We'd sit across the street on the depot porch  
Lookin' at the folks lookin' back at us  
Munchin' on a dust covered ice cream cone  
Wondering how we'd get back home

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