

You Can't Pick Cotton

Charlie Daniels

I will never forget the day the law come take my grandpa away
The family lived on sugar hill making, making liquor in a moons
hine still

Uncle Bill said, Grandpa you better run, High Sheriff is coming
with a posse and a gun

Grandpa didn't want to go to jail; he took off a running down t
he Cumberland Trail

They said, Hey Hey, I better get my britches on the high sherif
fs come and to take me to town

Hey Hey, I better get a move on, I better get a move on down

You can't pick cotton if the fields ain't white

You can't stay sober on a Saturday night

You can't go courting if you get too old

You can't go driving if the wheels won't roll

Greenback money make the wheels go round

I'm gonna play my fiddle'til the sun goes down

Two weeks later he was back in town in a Cadillac car with the
top rolled down

Girls in the front, girls in the back, whiskey in the jug, and
money in the sack

Sitting in the backseat, jumping like a frog, crazy like a poss
um putting on a dog

New suit new hat twinkle in his eye, playing on his fiddle for
the people passing by

He said, Hey Hey, give me a drink of water the sun is getting h
otter and I think I'm getting dry

Hey Hey, doing what I ought-ta now, telling you the reason why..

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Do you remember a long time ago?

Devil worked a man named Cotton-Eyed Joe

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Down in the __ fields down below

Everybody talking about Cotton-Eyed Joe

Everybody talking about Cotton-Eyed Joe