

From Cotton To Satin

Gene Watson

From cotton to satin, from Burmingham to Manhattan
From a pickup to a long limousine
From cotton to satin, from Burmingham to Manhattan
She had to follow her dream

I saved up enough to buy her one small diamond
That's the year that old tractor broke down
And the dreamhouse I promised her still lies by a shadetree
Some old bricks and boards all around

She begged me to take her to see New York city
So I mortgaged the farm and we were gone
But while we were there she took up with a rich man
I came back to the country alone

Now, there is the garden where she touched every flower
There's the meadow where we walked hand in hand
If only she'd waited she'd have more than she dreamed of
For today they struck oil on my land

She went from cotton to satin, from Burmingham to Manhattan
From a pickup to a lonely limousine
From cotton to satin, from Burmingham to Manhattan
She had to follow her dream
She went from cotton to satin