

Cotton Jenny

Gordon Lightfoot

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
She wakes me 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
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then the wheels go 'round

When the new day begins
I go down to the cotton gin
And I make my time worth while to them
Then I climb back up again

And she waits by the door
Oh, Cotton Jenny I'm sore
And she rubs my feet while 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
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then the wheels go 'round

In the hot, sickly south
When they say we'll shut my mouth
I can never be free from the cotton grind
But I know I got what's mine

With her soft southern flame
Oh, Cotton Jenny's her name
She wakes me 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
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then the wheels go 'round
Wheels go 'round, 'round and 'round