

California Cotton Fields

Greg Graffin

My driftin' memory goes back to the spring of '42 when I was just a child in Momma's arms,
My Daddy plowed the fields and prayed and did all he could do to save that broke-down Oklahoma farm,

Then one night I heard my Daddy sayin' to my Momma, that he finally saved enough for us to go,
California was his dream, a paradise that he had seen, the pictures and the magazines had told him so

California cotton fields, where labor camps were filled with worried men and broken dreams,
California cotton fields, was as close to wealth as Daddy ever came

Almost everything we owned was sold or left behind, from Daddy's tools to the fruit that Momma canned,
Some folks came to say farewell and see what all we had to sell, some just came to shake my Daddy's hand

The model T was loaded down and California bound and the dream of hope was just four days away,
But the only change that I remember seein' in my Daddy was when his brown hair turned to silver grey

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