

Cotton Jenny

Lynn Anderson

There's a house on a hill by a rolldown weathered old mill
In the valley below where the river winds there's no such thing
as hard times
And a soft southern flame oh Cotton Jenny's her name
And she wakes him up when the sun goes down and the wheels of l
ove go round
Wheels of love go round love go round love go round joyful soun
d
He ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend but then the whe
els go round

When the new day begins he goes down to the cotton gin
And he makes his time worthwhile till then and then he climbs b
ack up again
And she waits by the door oh Cotton Jenny he's sore
And she rubs his feet while the sun goes down and the wheels of
love go round
Wheels of love go round...
Wheels of love go round...