

One Row at a Time

Merle Haggard

The southeast Georgia red clay dust is groundin' to my blue jeans
A heavy hundred pound cotton sack a draggin' long behind
Wanting believe this place so bad I forgot it how I got here
Workin' my way back home one row at a time
It's along old cotton road between here and Vaco
Than three days of bummin' through that California line
And two more days of pickin' to that house just south of Fresno
Workin' my way back home one row at a time
Mississippi delta mud is caked in layers of my brogains
Sunshine on snow white cotton nearly makes me blind
I can almost see 'em now a homefolk runnin' out to meet me
Workin' my way back home one row at a time
It's along old cotton road...
Workin' my way back home one row at a time