

# California Cotton Fields

Tanya Tucker

My driftin' mem'ry goes back to the spring of '43  
When I was just a child in mama's arms  
My daddy plowed the ground and prayed  
that some day he could leave  
This run down mortgaged Oklahoma farm

Then one night I heard my daddy sayin' to my mama  
He finally saved enough for us to go  
California was his dream a paradise wall he had seen  
Pictures in magazines that told him so

California cottonfields  
Where labor camps were filled  
with worried men with broken dreams  
California cottonfields was as close  
to wealth as daddy ever came

Almost everything we had to sow we left behind  
From my daddy's plows to the fruit that mama 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 A was loaded down and California bound  
And a change of luck was just four days away  
But the only change that I remember seeing for my daddy  
Was when his dark hair had turned to silver gray

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