

## Cottonfields

### The Seekers

When I was a little biddy baby  
My mamma would a-rock me in my cradle,  
In them old cottonfields back home;  
When I was a little biddy baby  
My mamma would a-rock me in my cradle,  
In them old, old cottonfields back home.  
Well it may not sound too funny  
But we didn't make a-very much money,  
In them old cottonfields back home;  
Well it may not sound too funny  
But we didn't make a-very much money,  
In them old, old cottonfields back home.

Oh when them cotton balls get a-rotten  
You couldn't pick a-very much cotton,  
In them old cottonfields back home;  
I was down in Lousiana  
'Round about a mile from a-Texicana,  
In them old, old cottonfields back home.  
I was down in Arkensaw  
People said "What did you come here for?"  
From them old cotton fields back home;  
I was down in Arkensaw  
People said "What did you come here for?"  
From them old, old cotton fields back home.

Oh when them cotton balls get a-rotten  
You couldn't pick a-very much cotton,  
In them old cottonfields back home;

In them old, old cottonfields back home,  
In them old, old cottonfields back home!