

# Chickasaw County Child

**Bobbie Gentry**

Just outside of delta country  
Where the bitter weeds growin wild  
Born seven miles outside of Woodland  
Was a Chickasaw County child

An Poppa done brung us some peppermint candy  
Momma fixed a custard pie  
Bought her a store-bought doll from Jackson  
She's 'a apple of everyone's eye

Chickasaw County child  
Is gonna be ok  
Chickasaw County child  
You gonna be somebody someday

Sporting her checkered feedsack dress  
A ruby ring from a Cracker Jack box  
Shufflin on down that gravel road  
Barefooted and chunking rocks

Momma said looky here dumplin  
You'll go far, cause you got style  
Ain't nothing in this world gonna hold her back  
Her pretty Chickasaw County child

Chickasaw County child  
Is gonna be ok  
Chickasaw County child  
You gonna be somebody someday

Leavin the county a week from Monday  
Ain't got much to pack  
A tin can of black strap sogga molasses  
And her momma's almanac

Momma done made her a brand new dress  
Made of blue polka dotted silk  
Two postcards from California  
And a gallon of buttermilk

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Is gonna be ok  
Chickasaw County child  
You gonna be somebody someday  
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