

## Mississippi Cotton Pickin' Delta Town

Charley Pride

In a Mississippi cotton pickin' Delta town one dusty street to  
walk up and down  
Nothin' much to see but a starvin' hound in a Mississippi cotton  
pickin' Delta town

Down in the Delta where I was born all we raised was cotton pot  
atoes and corn  
I've picked cotton till my fingers hurt draggin' the sack throu  
gh that Delta dirt  
And I've worked hard the whole week long pickin' my fingers to  
the blood and bone  
There ain't a lot of money in a cotton bale at least when you t  
ry to sell  
In a Mississippi cotton pickin'...

On Saturday nights we'd get dressed up catch us a ride on a pic  
kup truck  
On a gravel road it nearly string to lust that cotton pickin' D  
elta dust  
We'd sit across the street on the depot porch lookin' at the fo  
lks lookin' back at us  
Munchin' on a dust covered ice cream cone and wondering how we'  
d get back home  
From a Mississippi cotton pickin'...  
From a Mississippi cotton pickin'...