

Mississippi Cotton Picking Delta Town

Charley Pride

In a Mississippi cotton pickin' delta town
One dusty street to walk up and down
Nothing much to do but hang around
In a Mississippi cotton pickin' delta town

Down in the delta where I was born
All we raised was cotton, potatoes and corn
I've picked cotton 'til my fingers hurt
Draggin' a sack through the delta dirt
I've worked hard the whole weeklong
Pickin' my fingers to the blood and bone
Ain't a lot of money in cotton bale
At least when you try to sell

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On Saturday night, we'd get dressed up
Catch us a ride on a pickup truck
On a gravel road that nearly strangled us
That cotton pickin' delta dust
We'd sit across the street on the depot porch
Lookin' at the folks lookin' back at us
Munchin' on a dust covered ice cream cone
Wondering how we'd get back home

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