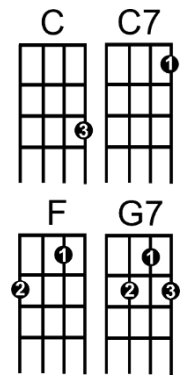


COTTON FIELDS - Huddie Ledbetter 1940



1. [n/c] When I was a little bitty baby
My mama done [F] rock me in the [C] cradle
In them old cotton fields back [G7] home
It was [C] back in Louis[C7]iana
Just about a [F] mile from Texar[C]kana
In them old [G7] cotton fields back [C] home [C7]

Chorus:

[C7] Oh when them [F] cotton balls get rotten,
You can't [C] pick very much cotton
In them old cotton fields back [G7] home
It was [C] down in Louis[C7]iana
Just about a [F] mile from Texar[C]kana
In them old [G7] cotton fields back [C] home

2. It may [C] sound a little bit funny
But you didn't [F] make very much [C] money
In them old cotton fields back [G7] home
It may [C] sound a little bit funny
But you didn't [F] make very much [C] money
In them old, old [G7] cotton fields back [C] home [C7] *Chorus*

3. *Instrumental verse 2 then Chorus*

4. I was [C] over in Arkansas
People ask, [F] "What you come here [C] for?"
In them old cotton fields back [G7] home
I was [C] over in Arkansas
People ask, [F] "What you come here [C] for?"
In them old, old [G7] cotton fields back [C] home *Chorus*

5. [n/c] When I was a little bitty baby
My mama done [F] rock me in the [C] cradle
In them old cotton fields back [G7] home
It was [C] back in Louis[C7]iana
Just about a [F] mile from Texar[C]kana
In them old [G7] cotton fields back [C] home
In them (*slow*) old [G7] cotton fields back [C7] home [C] (*big finish*)