

Cotton Jenny

Jerry Williams

There's a house on a hill
By a worn down weathered old mill
In the valley below where the river winds
There's no such thing as bad timesAnd a soft southern flame
 Oh, Cotton Jenny's her name
 She wakes me up when the sun goes down
And the wheel of love goes 'roundWheels of love go 'round, love go 'round
 Love go 'round, a joyful sound
 I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then the wheels go 'roundWhen the new day begins
 I go down to the cotton gin
 And I make my time worth while to them
Then I climb back up againAnd she waits by the door
 Oh, Cotton Jenny I'm sore
 And she rubs my feet while the sun goes down
And the wheel of love goes 'roundWheels of love go 'round, love go 'round
 Love go 'round, a joyful sound
 I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then the wheels go 'roundIn the hot, sickly south
 When they say we'll shut my mouth
 I can never be free from the cotton grind
But I know I got what's mineWith her soft southern flame
 Oh, Cotton Jenny's her name
 She wakes me up when the sun goes down
And the wheel of love goes 'roundWheels of love go 'round, love go 'round
 Love go 'round, a joyful sound
 I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
 But then the wheels go 'round
 Wheels go 'round, 'round and 'round

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