

# Cotton Jenny

**Mitch MacDonald**

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 times And 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 'round Wheels 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 When 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 again And 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 'round Wheels 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 In 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 mine With 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 'round Wheels 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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