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 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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