

# Cotton Pickin' Time

Blake Shelton

On a Mississippi mornin'  
My dad yelled out a warnin'  
Son, you better hit that cotton patch soon  
And on my way down to the field  
As I passed Old Johnson's mill  
I saw Becky Morgan, skinny dippin' nude Well, I couldn't help but stop and stare  
Hypnotized I stood right there  
Enchanted by the beauty that I'd seen  
Then she gave me a come here smile  
Nearly drove my body wild  
I fell down tryin' to kick off my jeans Well, on that cotton pickin' mornin'  
I met up with Becky Morgan  
You know that day I didn't get to work on time  
And in the days of my December  
I know I will remember  
Sowin' oats at cotton pickin' time Well I lost my job that summer  
But I guess I had it comin'  
'Cause pickin' that cotton just wasn't on my mind  
But you don't need too much money  
When you got a Tupelo honey  
Keepin' you cool in the Mississippi hot sunshine And every cotton pickin' mornin'  
I met up with Becky Morgan  
The whole dang summer I never got to work on time  
And in the days of my December  
I know I will remember  
Sowin' oats at cotton pickin' time We've come along way since then  
Now I own that cotton gin  
And I bought that mill just to make her smile  
And to keep our love from growin' old  
We still go down there to that hole  
Skinny dip and Becky is just as wild Now every cotton pickin' mornin'  
I wake up with Becky Morgan  
And to this day I never get to work on time  
And in the days of our December  
I know we'll both remember  
Sowin' oats at cotton pickin' time Now every cotton pickin' mornin'  
I wake up with Becky Morgan  
And to this day I never get to work on time  
And in the days of our December

I know we'll both remember  
Sowin' oats at cotton pickin' time And we were sowin' oats at cotton pickin' time  
We were sowin' oats at cotton pickin' time

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