

Eleven Cent Cotton

Porter Wagoner

Eleven cent cotton and a forty cent meat
How in the world can a poor man eat
Mule's up high, cotton down low
How in the world in the world can they raise the dough
Take me back, take me back
Take me back to my old Carolina home
Eleven cent cotton and a heavy land tax
Uncle Sam's got my money and he can't get it back
Debt's got the farmer, we all know well
If it don't turn around she's gone to hell
Take me back, take me back
Take me back to my old Carolina home
No fish in the pond, no worms in the ground
Mockin' bird's singin' and he ain't made a sound
So I jumped in the river and I thought I'd drown
Seen a redheaded woman and I couldn't go down
Take me back, take me back
Take me back to my old Carolina home
Take me back, take me back
Take me back to my old Carolina home
Eleven cent cotton and a forty cent meat
How in the world can a poor man eat

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