Cotton

Nanci Griffith

Oh, my family grew cotton and cotton was all we knew
Butter came from butter beans and it all went in a stew
We lived off our victory garden and the neighbors did so too
Some years the dust was so ruthless, this cotton was all we grewWhen there's no more cane on the grasses
And the oil is gone in the gulf
When the wells are dry on the flatlands
Cotton's all we got, cotton's all we gotIn the days before the power lines when L B J taught school
We dreamed of a fairer nation and promised to change the rules
To build a great society and all the folks in the same room
Fighting a war on poverty and taking us to the moonWhen there's no more cane on the grasses
And the oil is gone in the gulf
When the wells run dry on the flatlands
Cotton's all we got, oh cotton's all we gotThen the wind will feed the power lines where once it was dust that blew
All along the Chisholm Trail where cotton's all we knewWhen there's no more cane on the grasses
And the oil is gone in the gulf
When the wells are dry on the flatlands
Cotton's all we got, oh cotton's all we got
Cotton's all we got

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