

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 grew

When 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 got

In 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 moon

When 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 got

Then the wind will feed the power lines where once it was dust that

blew

All along the Chisholm Trail where cotton's all we knew

When 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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