

Willie and Laura Mae Jones

Brook Benton

Willie and Laura Mae Jones were our neighbors a long time back
They lived right down the road from us in a shack, just like our shack
The people worked the land together, and we learned to count on each other
When you live off the land you don't have the time to think about another man's colour
The cotton was high and the corn was growin' fine
But that was another place and another time
We'd sit out on the front porch in the evenin' when the sun went
down
Willie would play and the kids would sing and everybody would mess around
And Daddy bring on his guitar, we'd play all through the night
And every now and then ol' Willie would grin and say
'Hey you play alright' (and that made me feel so good)
I remember the best times of all when Saturday came
around
We'd always stop by Willie's house and say
'Do y'all need anything from town?'
He'd say 'No, but why don't cha all stop on your way back through
And I'll get Laura Mae to cook us some barbecue (you know, they good)
The cotton was high and the corn was
growin' fine (yes it was)
But that was another place and another time
The years rolled past our land, and took back what they'd given
We all knew we'd have to move if we were gonna make a livin'
So we all moved on and went about our separate ways
Sure it was hard to say goodbye to Willie and Laura Mae (Jones), oh yeah
The cotton was high and the corn was
growin' fine (yes it was)
But that was another place and another time
The cotton was high and the corn was growin' fine (the cotton was
growin' fine)
But that was another place and another time

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