

Willie and Laura Mae Jones

Clarence Carter

Willie and Laura Mae Jones were our neighbours a long time back
They lived down the road from us in a shack just like our shack
We worked the fields together, learned to count on each other
When you live off the land you ain't got time to think of another man's color
The cotton was high and the corn was growing fine
That was another place and another time
Sit out on the front porch every evening when the sun went down
Willie would play and Laura would sing and them younguns'd dance around
I'd bring out my guitar and we'd play on through the night
Every now and then ol' Willie would grin and say, "Boy, you play all right"
The cotton was high and the corn was growing fine
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 had to move if we were gonna make a livin'
So we all moved off and went about our separate ways
It sure was hard to say goodbye to Willie and Laura Mae
The cotton was high and the corn was growing fine
That was another place and another time
The years rolled past our doors and we heard of them no more
When I saw Willie downtown the other day
Said, "Y'all stop right by now we could all sit down and eat by
Sure love to see your children and Laura Mae"
Shook his head real slow and his eyes were kind
This is another place and another time
The cotton was high and the corn was growing fine
That was another place and another time

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