

# Song of the South

**Bobby Bare**

(Bob McDill) Cotton on the roadside cotton in the ditch  
We all picked the cotton but we never got rich  
Daddy was a veteran a Southern Democrat  
Said they oughta kill a rich man to vote like that. Sing a song, song of the south  
Sweet potato pie and shut my mouth  
Gone, gone with the wind  
Ain't nobody looking back again. Well, I was eighteen fore I ate my fill  
We lied on the garden and the cow's good will  
Winter was wet and the summer was dry  
And mama she was old at thirty-five.  
Somebody told us Wall Street fell  
So damn poor we couldn't even tell  
Cotton was short and the weeds were tall  
Mr. Roosevelt's gonna save us all. Sing a song, song of the south  
Sweet potato pie and shut my mouth  
Gone, gone with the wind  
Ain't nobody looking back again. Mama got sick and daddy got down  
County got the farm and they moved to town  
Daddy took a job with the TVA  
Bought a washin' machine and a Chevrolet. Sing a song, song of the south  
Sweet potato pie and shut my mouth  
Gone, gone with the wind  
Ain't nobody looking back again.  
Sing a song, song of the south  
Sweet potato pie and shut my mouth  
Gone, gone with the wind  
Ain't nobody looking back again. Sing a song, song of the south  
Sweet potato pie and shut my mouth  
Gone, gone with the wind  
Ain't nobody looking back again...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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