Cotton Fields

Sleepy LaBeef

Now the party's over
And the money's all gone
You remember feeling like
Jesus' son
Your girl has left your side
And now you're gonna get crucified

They're gonna crucify you
Crucify you
Crucify you
Crucify you
In those old cotton fields back home

Too late to joke or crack a smile
You gotta carry
That shit up that drunken mile
When they put the electrodes
In your brain
Even your Mother won't know you're sane
First Lord Nelson's sunken ships
Now Steve Lillywhite's drunken mix

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