

Cotton

Donna Beasley

Thirty-six years in a cotton mill
Is what her daddy knew
Them who pick it, them who weave it
Write lyrics for the blues

Cotton, cotton
On his shoes and in his hair
Filling up his lungs
Choking off his air
Cotton, cotton
Puts money in his pocket
He can?t knock it
Cotton, cotton

Lost his hand in the belly of a loom
He laid it on the altar
Of a big boss man who signs the checks
Of nameless sons and fathers

Cotton, cotton
On his shoes and in his hair
Filling up his lungs
Choking off his air
Cotton, cotton
Puts money in his pocket
He can?t knock it
Cotton, cotton

Will father a daughter and make her blanket
And wrap her up inside it
Send her to school and teach her the rules
For a life she can take pride in

And they will call her

Cotton, cotton
Wears his shoes and pulls his hair
Melts his heart
Sweetens his air
Cotton, cotton

Takes money from his pocket
He can?t knock it
Cotton, cotton

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Lyrics submitted by Donna Beasley.

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