

# willie and Laura Mae Jones

Shelby Lynne

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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