

Cotton Pickin' Time

Blake Shelton

On a Mississippi mornin'
My dad yelled out a warnin'
Son, you better hit that cotton patch soon
And on my way down to the field
As I passed Old Johnson's mill
I saw Becky Morgan, skinny dippin' nudeWell, I couldn't help but stop and stare
Hypnotized I stood right there
Enchanted by the beauty that I'd seen
Then she gave me a come here smile
Nearly drove my body wild
I fell down tryin' to kick off my jeansWell, on that cotton pickin' mornin'
I met up with Becky Morgan
You know that day I didn't get to work on time
And in the days of my December
I know I will remember
Sowin' oats at cotton pickin' timeWell I lost my job that summer
But I guess I had it comin'
'Cause pickin' that cotton just wasn't on my mind
But you don't need too much money
When you got a Tupelo honey
Keepin' you cool in the Mississippi hot sunshineAnd every cotton pickin' mornin'
I met up with Becky Morgan
The whole dang summer I never got to work on time
And in the days of my December
I know I will remember
Sowin' oats at cotton pickin' timeWe've come along way since then
Now I own that cotton gin
And I bought that mill just to make her smile
And to keep our love from growin' old
We still go down there to that hole
Skinny dip and Becky is just as wildNow every cotton pickin' mornin'
I wake up with Becky Morgan
And to this day I never get to work on time
And in the days of our December
I know we'll both remember
Sowin' oats at cotton pickin' timeNow every cotton pickin' mornin'
I wake up with Becky Morgan
And to this day I never get to work on time
And in the days of our December

I know we'll both remember
Sowin' oats at cotton pickin' time And we were sowin' oats at cotton pickin' time
We were sowin' oats at cotton pickin' time

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