

Cotton Jenny

[Lynn Anderson](#)

There's a house on a hill by a rolldown weathered old mill
In the valley below where the river winds there's no such thing as hard times
And a soft southern flame oh Cotton Jenny's her name
And she wakes him up when the sun goes down and the wheels of love go round
Wheels of love go round love go round love go round joyful sound
He ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend but then the wheels go round When the new day begins he goes
down to the cotton gin
And he makes his time worthwhile till then and then he climbs back up again
And she waits by the door oh Cotton Jenny he's sore
And she rubs his feet while the sun goes down and the wheels of love go round
Wheels of love go round...
Wheels of love go round...

Songwriters

LIGHTFOOT, GORDON Published by

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