

# California Cottonfields

## The Seldom Scene

My drifting memory goes back to the Spring of '43  
When I was just a child in Mama's arms  
My daddy ploughed the ground  
And prayed that someday he might leave  
This run down mortgaged Oklahoma farm  
Then one day I heard my Daddy saying to my Mamma  
That he had finally saved enough to go  
Well California was his dream of Paradise for he had seen  
Pictures in a magazine that told him so  
California cotton fields  
When labor camps were filled with worried men with broken dreams  
California cotton fields  
As close to wealth as Daddy ever came  
Almost everything we had was sold or left behind  
From my Daddy's plough to the fruit that Mamma canned  
Yes some folks came to say farewell  
And to see what all we had to sell  
Some just came shake my Daddy's hand  
Yeah the Model A was loaded down and California bound  
But the change it looked just four days away  
But the only change that I remember seeing in my Daddy  
Was when his dark hair turned to silver gray  
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