

Cotton Jenny

Gordon Lightfoot

There's a house on a hill, by a worn down weathered old mill
In the valley below where the river winds there's no such thing as bad times
And a soft, southern flame, oh Cotton Jenny's her name
She wakes my up when the sun goes down and the wheel of love goes round

<Chorus:>

Wheels of love go round, love go round, love go round, a joyful sound
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend, but then the wheels go round

When the new day begins, I go down to the cotton gin
And I make my time worthwhile to them then I climb back up again
And she waits by the door, oh Cotton Jenny I'm sore
She rubs my feet while the sun goes down and the wheel of love goes round

<Chorus>

In the hot, sickly south, when they say "well shut my mouth"
I can never be free from the cotton grind, but I know I got what's mine
With a soft, southern flame, oh Cotton Jenny's her name
She wakes me up when the sun goes down and the wheel of love goes round

<Chorus>

