

# Song of the South

Alabama

Song, song of the south  
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth  
Gone, gone by the wind  
There ain't nobody looking back again

Cotton on the roadside, cotton in the ditch  
We all picked the cotton but we never got rich  
Daddy was a veteran, a southern democrat  
They ought to get a rich man to vote like that

Sing it

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Well somebody told us Wall Street fell  
But we were so poor that we couldn't tell  
Cotton was short and the weeds were tall  
But Mr. Roosevelt's a gonna save us all

Well mamma got sick and daddy got down  
The county got the farm and they moved to town  
Papa got a job with the TVA  
He bought a washing machine and then a Chevrolet

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Play it

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