

Jesus Was Our Saviour and Cotton Was Our King

Johnny Cash

Wagon wheels are turning with cobble colored sound
When me and little Tommy rode the first load in the town
The cotton gin was ginning out the pennies for the pounds
Like a giant vacuum cleaner sucking let up off the ground

Our freckled faces sparkled then like diamonds in the rough
With smiles it smells of snaggleteeth and good old Garrett snuff
If I could I would be tradin' all this fat back for the lean
When Jesus was our Saviour and cotton was our king

This kind of life we're living beats all I've ever seen
Seems some of us was born for picking things and eaten beans
Still I reckon girl or diggin' fairly well in our means
Cause Jesus was our Saviour and cotton was our king

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