

## There's a Cabin In the Cotton

**Cab Calloway**

There's a cabin in the southland  
Where I long to go  
Little cabin in the cotton  
Where the cotton grows

There's a cabin in the cotton  
Far away but not forgotten  
And in every recollection  
That's where my affection strays

I got a feeling so sentimental  
And I see a smile so gentle  
When I think of old Virginnie  
And my pickaninny days

We took the good and we took the evil  
Laughter and song and the old boll weevil  
Time has gone by, now here am I  
Wishing that I only knew:

How to wake up in the morning  
In the cabin I was born in  
Little cabin in the cotton  
I have not forgotten you