

# Cottonfields

Elvis Presley

When I was a little baby  
My mother would rock me in the cradle  
In them old, old cotton fields at home  
When I was a little baby  
My mother would rock me in the cradle  
In them old, old cotton fields at home

Oh, when them cotton balls get rotten  
You couldn't pick very much cotton  
In them old cotton fields at home  
It was down in Louisiana  
Just a mile from Texarkana  
In them old, old cotton fields at home

It may sound a little funny  
But, you didn't make very much money  
In them old cotton fields at home  
It may sound a little funny  
But, you didn't make very much money  
In them old cotton fields at home

Oh, when them cotton balls get rotten  
You couldn't pick very much cotton  
In them old cotton fields at home  
It was down in Louisiana  
Just a mile from Texarkana  
In them old cotton fields at home

I was over in Arkansas  
People ask me, "What you come here for?"  
In them old cotton fields at home  
I was over in Arkansas  
People ask me, "What you come here for?"  
In them old, old cotton fields at home

Oh, when those cotton balls get rotten  
You can't pick very much cotton  
In them old cotton fields at home  
It was down in Louisiana  
Just a mile from Texarkana  
In them old cotton fields at home

Oh, when those cotton balls get rotten  
You can't pick very much cotton  
In them old, old cotton fields at home  
It was down in Louisiana  
Just a mile from Texarkana