

## From Cotton To Satin

Gene Watson

From cotton to satin, from Birmingham to Manhattan  
From a pickup to a long limousine  
From cotton to satin, from Birmingham to Manhattan  
She had to follow her dream

I saved up enough to buy her one small diamond  
That's the year that old tractor broke down  
And the dreamhouse I promised her still lies by a shadetree  
Some old bricks and boards all around

She begged me to take her to see New York city  
So I mortgaged the farm and we were gone  
But while we were there she took up with a rich man  
I came back to the country alone

Now, there is the garden where she touched every flower  
There's the meadow where we walked hand in hand  
If only she'd waited she'd have more than she dreamed of  
For today they struck oil on my land

She went from cotton to satin, from Birmingham to Manhattan  
From a pickup to a lonely limousine  
From cotton to satin, from Birmingham to Manhattan  
She had to follow her dream  
She went from cotton to satin