

Ridin' On The Cotton Belt

Johnny Cash

I recently went to a big homecomin' celebration
In Cleveland County Arkansas where I was born
Whole family went down and there was a great day for us
I felt like this day was special especially for my mother and my daddy
Though it was daddy's and mama's homecomin'
And I was so proud of 'em ridin' that carriage
Down the Main Street of Rison Arkansas
Sometimes the songs I write sound like talkin' about myself
But actually in some of these songs
Especially this one I'm writin' about my daddy

Ridin' on the Cotton Belt Cleveland County's where I long to be
I got onto Brinkley and every mile I make is a memory
This boxcar's cold and windy and the dust goes around in circles in the air
But my hard times are behind me and I'm returnin' home so I don't care
And I'm ridin' on the Cotton Belt railroad line
In the pitchin' rolling rhythm and the noise
Railroad men are friends of mine and I'm ridin' on the Cotton Belt boys

Ridin' on the Cotton Belt across that little river called Saline
That's where I went fishin' and I hunted in her bottoms as a teen
Now just ahead's a farmhouse and in the kitchen window there's a light
And I've just got fourteen dollars but I'm taking it myself home tonight

And I'm ridin' on the Cotton Belt Cleveland County's where I long to be
I got onto Brinkley and every mile I make is a memory
This boxcar's cold and windy and the dust goes around in circles in the air
But my hard times are behind me and I'm returnin' home so I don't care
And I'm ridin' on the Cotton Belt railroad line
In the pitchin' rolling rhythm and the noise
Railroad men are friends of mine and I'm ridin' on the Cotton Belt boys

Jumpin' off the Cotton Belt ain't easy when she's going forty per
But I see my wife standin' there hoping that I'm coming home to her

I got a few new cuts and bruises but this old working hobo's made a home
So long to your Cotton Belt thank you for the ride keep rolling on

I'm ridin' on the Cotton Belt Cleveland County's where I long to be
I got onto Brinkley and every mile I make is a memory
This boxcar's cold and windy and the dust goes around in circles in the air
But my hard times are behind me and I'm returnin' home so I don't care
And I'm ridin' on the Cotton Belt railroad line
In the pitchin' rolling rhythm and the noise
Railroad men are friends of mine and I'm ridin' on the Cotton Belt boys