

Cotton

Nanci Griffith

If I came back to the land of cotton,
Would you love just me?
Old loves lost are ne'er forgotten:
That's the way it's supposed to be.

Are you short or are you long?
Are you easy to see?
Are you weak or are you strong?
Makes no never to me.

All the ballerina sees when her world's on fire,
Is where she puts her feet.
If she burns her toes, she'll just jump higher,
Never skip a beat.

I've been good most of the time,
Since you last saw me.
You come 'cross my mind from time to time,
Now look at me.

I'm standing at your door with my heart in your hands.
Ain't you gonna ask me in?
If you say: "No", I'll understand, dear,
And never come south again.

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