

Dusty Delta Memories

Porter Wagoner

It was seven in the morning and already it was eighty-
five degrees
Mama said she bet that it would reach a hundred cause there was
n't any breeze
Papa had a cotton sack headed for a field we did not own
Little brother was crying cause papa said we had to come along

Old sheep came off the front porch, his bristles raised and rea
dy for a fight
Mama told some bill collector, better stay outside the gate tha
t dog'll bite
I remember us all laughing as he drove away old sheep just laid
back down
It was a dusty July morning in a Mississippi delta cotton town

Dusty delta memories, cotton fields blowing on my mind
Dusty delta memories, them bring on teardrops take me back home
kind

Now I pick those days like roses every time a July morning come
s along
And my memory takes a shortcut right back down that gravel road
I walked upon
When I'm falling short of happiness I always turn the tables of
my mind
To the corner of a cotton field and a weather beaten shack of r
ough cut pine

Dusty delta memories, cotton fields blowing on my mind
Dusty delta memories, them bring on teardrops take me back home
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