

California Cotton Fields

Tanya Tucker

My driftin' mem'ry goes back to the spring of '43
When I was just a child in mama's arms
My daddy plowed the ground and prayed
that some day he could leave
This run down mortgaged Oklahoma farm

Then one night I heard my daddy sayin' to my mama
He finally saved enough for us to go
California was his dream a paradise wall he had seen
Pictures in magazines that told him so

California cottonfields
Where labor camps were filled
with worried men with broken dreams
California cottonfields was as close
to wealth as daddy ever came

Almost everything we had to sow we left behind
From my daddy's plows to the fruit that mama canned
Some folks came to say farewell and see what all we had to sell
Some just came to shake my daddy's hand

The Model A was loaded down and California bound
And a change of luck was just four days away
But the only change that I remember seeing for my daddy
Was when his dark hair had turned to silver gray

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