

# Willie And Laura Mae Jones

Tony Joe White

Willie and Laura Mae Jones  
Were our neighbors as long time back  
They lived right down the road from us  
In a shack just like our shack

We worked in the fields together  
And we learned to count on each other  
When you live off the land  
You don't have time to think  
About another man's color

The cotton was high  
And the corn was growing fine  
But that was another place and another time

We sit out on the front porch  
In the evening when the sun went down  
Willie would play and Laura would sing  
And the children would dance around

And I'd bring over my guitar  
And we'd play into the night  
And every now and then  
Willie would grin and say  
"Boy, you play all right"  
And that made me feel so good

Lord the cotton was high  
And the corn was growing fine  
But that was another place and another time

I remember we'd hitch up the mules  
When Saturday rolled around  
We'd always stop by Willies house and say  
"Do you'll need anything from town?"

He'd say, "No, but why don't you'll  
Stop on your way back home  
And I'll get Laura Mae  
To cook up some corn porns?"  
You know they're good

Lord the cotton was high  
And the corn was growing fine  
But that was another place and another time

The years rolled past our land  
They took back what they'd given  
And we all knew we'd have to move  
If we was gonna make a living

So we all moved off  
And went our separate ways  
And it sure was hard to say goodbye  
To Willies and Laura Mae Jones

The cotton was high

And the corn was growing fine, yes it was  
But that was another place and another time

The years rolled past our door  
And we heard from them no more  
Till I saw Willie down town the other day

I said, "Just stop by tonight  
And we can sit down and eat a bite  
We'd love to see your children and Laura Mae"

He shook his head real slow  
And spoke with his eyes so can  
This is another place and another time

Lord the cotton was high  
And the corn was growing fine  
But that was another place and another time

Lord, Lord the cotton was high  
And the corn was growing fine  
But that was another place and another time

Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord  
The cotton was high  
And the corn was growing fine  
But that was another place and another time