

Pickin' White Gold

Waylon Jennings

Down in the place where I call home
I've been workin' my fingers to the bone
Pickin' white gold, pickin' white gold.

All day long in Louisiana sun
Pickin' and a pullin' white cotton by the tons
Pickin' white gold, pickin' white gold.

I fill my sack and I put it on my shoulder
And then I take one again
Old man cotton won't let me make a nickel
Till I get it to a cotton gin.

So I bent my back till I think it's gonna break
Try to keep a thinkin' how much I'm gonna make
Pickin' white gold, pickin' white gold.

There's a little girl I call Bellie all day
She works alongside of me
Pickin' white gold, pickin' white gold.

Her lips are soft as a cotton in a hand
And side by side we're makin' our plans
Pickin' white gold, pickin' white gold.

There's a little house with a little solid ground
That would make a mighty pretty home
All we need is little money down
And we could call it our home.

I can't rest till I get through
I need the money for what it can do
Pickin' white gold, pickin' white gold
Pickin' white gold, pickin' white gold...