

Cotton Jenny

Gordon Lightfoot

All: There's a house on a hill by a worn down, weathered old mill
In the valley below where the river winds

There's no such thing as bad times
And a soft southern flame, oh, Cotton Jenny's her name
She wakes me up when the sun goes down
And the wheel of love goes 'round

All: Wheels of love go 'round, Love go 'round,
Love go 'round, A joyful sound
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then
Wheels go 'round

All: When a new day begins I go down to the cotton gin
And I make my time worthwhile to them
Then I climb back up again
Then she waits by the door, Oh Cotton Jenny, I'm sore
And she rubs my feet while the sun goes down
And the wheel of love goes 'round

All: Wheels of love go 'round, Love go 'round
Love go 'round, A joyful sound
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then
Wheels go 'round

All: In the hot, sickly south, when they say "well shut my mouth"
I can never be free from the cotton grind
But I know I've got what's mine
With a soft southern flame, oh, Cotton Jenny's her name,
She wakes me up when the sun goes down
And the wheel of love goes round

All: Wheels of love go 'round, Love go 'round
Love go 'round, A joyful sound
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then
Wheels go 'round
The wheel goes 'round
'Round and 'round