

WHEN IT'S COTTON PICKIN' TIME IN TENNESSEE

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
JAMES A.
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Moderato

Vamp

You heard me sigh-in' You saw me cry-in' I'm not de-ny-in' that it's true,
The whis-tle's blow-in' That means I'm go-in' To you I'm go-in' Tenn-e-see,

My brain is burn-in' Be-cause a yearn-in' In my heart has made me blue.
I've been in-vit-ed An' I'm de-light-ed There's a wel-come wait-in' me.

An' here's the reas-on It's near the seas-on Of cot-ton pick-in' time in Tenn-e-see,
The pad-dles turn-in' The wa-ter's churn-in' I'm leav-in' on the good ship Rob-ert Lee,

I want to go there Be-cause I know they're goin' to have a ju-bi-lee. When it's
Good-bye to sor-row For by to-mor-row I'll be back in Tenn-e-see. When it's

CHORUS

Cot-ton pick-in' time in Tenn-e - see I want to be, I want to be in Tenn-e-see cel-e - bra-tion I'm just wait-in' to

join them in the pick-in' the wish-bone of a chick-en Mem - 'rys haunt in me— How I long to see—

Dad-dy in the ev-'nin' When the sun am low— Rag-gin' for the ba-bies on his old ban-jo— I want to go back to that

old log ca - bin town I'm shoot-in' dice to get the price to Pa - ra - dise Send me sev - en back to Heav-en

Down— in Tenn-e see— I'm go-in', I'm go-in' to the land where cotton's growin'

When its cot-ton pick-in' time in Tenn-e - see— When its see.