

(Fiddle)

Goin' down the road, a-whoopin' and a-hollerin'
I got drunk on four-cent cotton

[Hey, hey four-cent cotton
Hey, hey four-cent cotton]

Woke up this mornin' feelin kinda rotten,
I got drunk on four-cent cotton.

Times is hard, they're gettin kinda rotten,
Everybody's sellin four cent cotton.

file from: www.traditionalmusic.co.uk