

# California Cotton Fields

---

[A]My driftin' memory [E]goes back to the [G]spring of [D]'43  
when [A]I was just a child in Mama's [E]arms  
[A]Daddy plowed the [E]ground and prayed that  
[G]some day we could [D]leave  
This [A]run down mortgaged [E]Oklahoma [A]farm.

[E]Then one night I heard my Daddy [D]saying to my [A]Mama  
[B]that he'd finally saved enough to [E]go  
[A]California [E]was his dream. A [G]paradise that [D]he had seen in  
[A]pictures in a [E]magazine that [A]told him so

CHORUS:

[A]Cali[D]fornia [E]cotton fields  
Where [D]labor camps were [E]filled with worried [D]men and broken [A]dreams  
[A]Cali[D]fornia [E]cotton fields  
As [D]close to wealth as [E]Daddy ever [A]came

[BREAK]

[A]Almost every[E]thing we had was [G]sold or left [D]behind from  
[A]Daddy's plow to the fruit that Mama [E]canned  
[A]Some folks came to [E]say farewell and [G]see what all we [D]had to sell  
[A]Some just came to [E]shake my Daddy's [A]hand.

The [E]Model A was loaded down and [D]California [A]bound and  
[B]change it seemed was just four days [E]away.  
But the [A]only change that [E]I remember [G]seeing in my [D]Daddy  
Was [A]when his dark hair [E]turned to silver [A]gray.

[CHORUS]

[BREAK]

[CHORUS]

[OUTRO]