

California cotton fields

Dallas Frazier, E. Montgomery

G **D** **F** **C**
My drifting memory goes back to the Spring of '43

G **D** **G**
When I was just a child in Momma's arms

G **D** **F** **C**
My daddy plowed the ground and prayed that someday he might leave

G **D** **G**
This run down mortgaged Oklahoma farm

D **C** **G**
Then one day I heard my Daddy saying to my Momma

C **G** **D**
That he had finally saved enough to go

G **D** **F** **C**
Well California was his dream of Paradise for he had seen

G **D** **G**
Pictures in a magazine that told him so

Chorus:

G **D**
California cotton fields

C **D** **C** **G**
When labor camps were filled with worried men with broken dreams

G **D**
California cotton fields

C **D** **G**
As close to wealth as Daddy ever came

Almost everything we had was sold or left behind
From my Daddy's plow to the fruit that Momma canned
Yes some folks came to say farewell or to see what all we had to sell
Some just came shake my Daddy's hand

That Model A was loaded down and California bound
And a change of luck was just four days away
But the only change that I remember seeing in my Daddy
Was when his dark hair turned to silver gray

Chorus