Cotton Jenny

Orig Capo 2 (If too high D no capo)

G C D C G C D C G C D C
G C G There's a house, on a hill, by a worn down weathered old mill D7 G
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
C G Wheels of love go round, love go rou – ou – ou – nd A D
Love go round, a joyful sou – ou – nd G C D
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend, but then G C D C G C D C
The wheels go round
G C G When the new, day begins, I go down to the cotton gin G
And I make my time worthwhile to them, then I climb back up again
And she waits, by the door, Oh Cotton Jenny I'm sore
She rubs my feet while the sun goes down, and the wheel of love goes round Chorus
G C G
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 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 chorus

[&]quot;Cotton Jenny by Gordon Lightfoot"