

Song of the South

Alabama

Song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Gone, gone by the wind
There ain't nobody looking back again Cotton on the roadside, cotton in the ditch
We all picked the cotton but we never got rich
Daddy was a veteran, a southern democrat
They ought to get a rich man to vote like that Sing it Song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Gone, gone by the wind
There ain't nobody looking back again Well somebody told us Wall Street fell
But we were so poor that we couldn't tell
Cotton was short and the weeds were tall
But Mr. Roosevelt's a gonna save us all
Well mamma got sick and daddy got down
The county got the farm and they moved to town
Papa got a job with the TVA
He bought a washing machine and then a Chevrolet Sing it Song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Gone, gone by the wind
There ain't nobody looking back again Play it Sing it Song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Gone, gone by the wind
There ain't nobody looking back again Song, song of the south
Gone, gone with the wind
Song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth Sing it Song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Gone, gone by the wind
Ain't nobody looking back again Song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth
Gone, gone by the wind
Ain't nobody looking back again Song, song of the south
Sweet potato pie and I shut my mouth

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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