

Willie and Laura Mae Jones

Tony Joe White

Willie and Laura Mae Jones
Were our neighbors as long time back
They lived right down the road from us
In a shack just like our shack We worked in the fields together
And we learned to count on each other
When you live off the land
You don't have time to think
About another man's color The cotton was high
And the corn was growing fine
But that was another place and another time
We sit out on the front porch
In the evening when the sun went down
Willie would play and Laura would sing
And the children would dance around And I'd bring over my guitar
And we'd play into the night
And every now and then
Willie would grin and say
"Boy, you play all right"
And that made me feel so good Lord the cotton was high
And the corn was growing fine
But that was another place and another time I remember we'd hitch up the mules
When Saturday rolled around
We'd always stop by Willies house and say
"Do you'll need anything from town?"
He'd say, "No, but why don't you'll
Stop on your way back home
And I'll get Laura Mae
To cook up some corn porns?"
You know they're good Lord the cotton was high
And the corn was growing fine
But that was another place and another time The years rolled past our land
They took back what they'd given
And we all knew we'd have to move
If we was gonna make a living So we all moved off
And went our separate ways
And it sure was hard to say goodbye
To Willies and Laura Mae Jones The cotton was high
And the corn was growing fine, yes it was
But that was another place and another time The years rolled past our door
And we heard from them no more
Till I saw Willie down town the other day I said, "Just stop by tonight
And we can sit down and eat a bite

We'd love to see your children and Laura Mae" He shook his head real slow
And spoke with his eyes so can
This is another place and another time Lord the cotton was high
And the corn was growing fine
But that was another place and another time Lord, Lord the cotton was high
And the corn was growing fine
But that was another place and another time Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord
The cotton was high
And the corn was growing fine
But that was another place and another time

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