# Cotton Jenny
## Gordon Lightfoot

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         G                    C                      G
There's a house on a hill, by a worn down weathered old mill

            D                                                    G
In the valley below where the river winds, there's no such thing as bad times

                       C             G
And a soft, southern flame, oh Cotton Jenny's her name

            D                                               G
She wakes me up when the sun goes down, and the wheels of love go round


                     C             G        G7
         Wheels of love go 'round, …. love go 'round

            A              D        D7
         Love go 'round, … a joyful sound

             G            C            D
         I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend, but then

                   G
         The wheels go 'round

                          C              G
When the new day be-gins, I go down to the cotton gin

            D                                                G
And I make my time worthwhile to them, Then I climb back up a-gain

                        C            G
And she waits by the door, oh Cotton Jenny I'm sore

            D                                                   G
She rubs my feet while the sun goes down, and the wheels of love go 'round  (chorus)


         G                    C             G
In the hot, sickly south, when they say "well shut my mouth"

            D                                               G
I can never be free from the cotton grind, but I know I got what's mine

                       C             G
A soft, southern flame, oh Cotton Jenny's her name

            D                                                   G
She wakes me up when the sun goes down, and the wheels of love go round  (chorus)
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