

Cotton Pickin Time
Blake Shelton

Capo 3

[verse 1]

C

On a Mississippi mornin

F **C**

My dad yelled out a warnin

G **C**

Son you better hit that cotton patch soon

And on my way on down the field

F **C**

As I passed Old Johnson s Mill

G **C**

I saw Becky Morgan, skinny dippin nude.

C

Well I couldn t help but stop and stare

F **C**

Hypnotized I stood right there

Enchanted by the beauty that I d seen

Then she gave me a come here smile

F **C**

Nearly drove my body wild

G **C**

I fell down tryin to kick off my jeans.

[chorus]

C **C/G**

Well on that cotton pickin mornin

F **C**

I met up with Beck Morgan

You know that day I didn t get to work on time

C/G

And in the days of my December

F **C**

I know I will remember

G **C**

Sowin oats at Cotton Pickin Time.

[verse 2]

C

Well I lost my job that summer

F **C**

But I guess I had it comin

Cause that pickin cotton just wasn t on my mind

But you don t get too much money

F **C**

When you got a Tupelo honey

G C

Keepin you cool in the Mississippi hot sunshine.

[chorus]

C C/G

And every cotton pickin mornin

F C

I met up with Becky Morgan

The whole dang I never got to work on time

C/G

And in the days of my December

F C

I know I will remember

G C

Sowin oats at Cotton Pickin Time.

C F C G C F C G C

[verse 3]

C

We ve come along way since then

Now I own that cotton gin

And I bought that mill

G C

Just to make her smile

And to keep our love from growin old

F C

We still go down there to that hole

G C

Skinny dip and Becky is just as wild.

[chorus]

C C/G

And every cotton pickin mornin

F C

I wake up with Becky Morgan

And to this day I never got to work on time

C/G

And in the days of our December

F C

I know we ll will remember

G C

Sowin oats at Cotton Pickin Time.

[2x]

G C

We were sowin oats at Cotton Pickin Time

G C

We were sowin oats at Cotton Pickin Time.