

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Seven cent cotton and forty cent meat

Seven cent cotton and forty cent meat
How in the world can a poor man eat
Flour up high and cotton down low
How in the world can we raise any dough
Clothes worn out, shoes urn down
Old slouch hat with a hole in the crown
Back nearly broken and fingers all sore
Cotton gone down to rise no more

Seven cent cotton and forty cent meat
How in the world can a poor man eat
Mules in the barn, no crops laid by
Corn crib empty and the cow's gone dry
Well water low, nearly out of sight
Can't take a bath on Saturdy night
No use talking, any man is beat
With seven cent cotton and forty cent meat

Seven cent cotton and eight dollar pants
Who in the world has got a chance
We can't buy clothes and we can't buy meat
Too much cotton and not enough to eat
Can't help each other, what shall wo do
I can't explain it so it's up to you
Seven cent cotton and two dollar hose
Guess we'll have to do without any clothes

Seven cent cotton and forty cent meat
How in the world can a poor man eat
Poor getting poorer all around here
Kids coming regular every year

Fatter our hogs, take 'em to town
All we get is six cents a pound
Vety next day we have to buy it back
Forty cents a pound in a paper sack