

Cotton-Eye Joe
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

Where do you come from, Cotton-Eye Joe?
Leaving your house now, a long time ago.

Hid in a cane brake, all night long,
Ran away North lad, to sing your song.

And you never quit grieving, wishing you were home again.
Missing the
campground, and the sweet, sweet singing.
Aint a getting younger, Cotton-Eye Joe.
Feet still dancing, when the music slows.

North land, north land, gets so cold.
Times get harder when, the bones get old.
And you never quit grieving, wishing you were home again.
Missing the
campground, and the sweet, sweet singing.
Missing the river you could catch your dinner in.
All day Sunday, feeling like a rescued sinner.
Singing the old songs, singing the old songs.
Didn't you find out, a long time ago,
Jesus loves his Cotton-Eye Joe.
Sittin' in a rocker, sleepy eyed.
Chariots comin' bye and bye.

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Missing the
campground, and the sweet, sweet singing.
Ah, missing the river you could catch your dinner in.
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