A SLEEPY LITTLE VILLAGE

(WHERE THE DIXIE COTTON GROWS)

RS,

Words by
EDGAR LESLIE
Music by
PETE WENDLING

MADE IN U·S·A·

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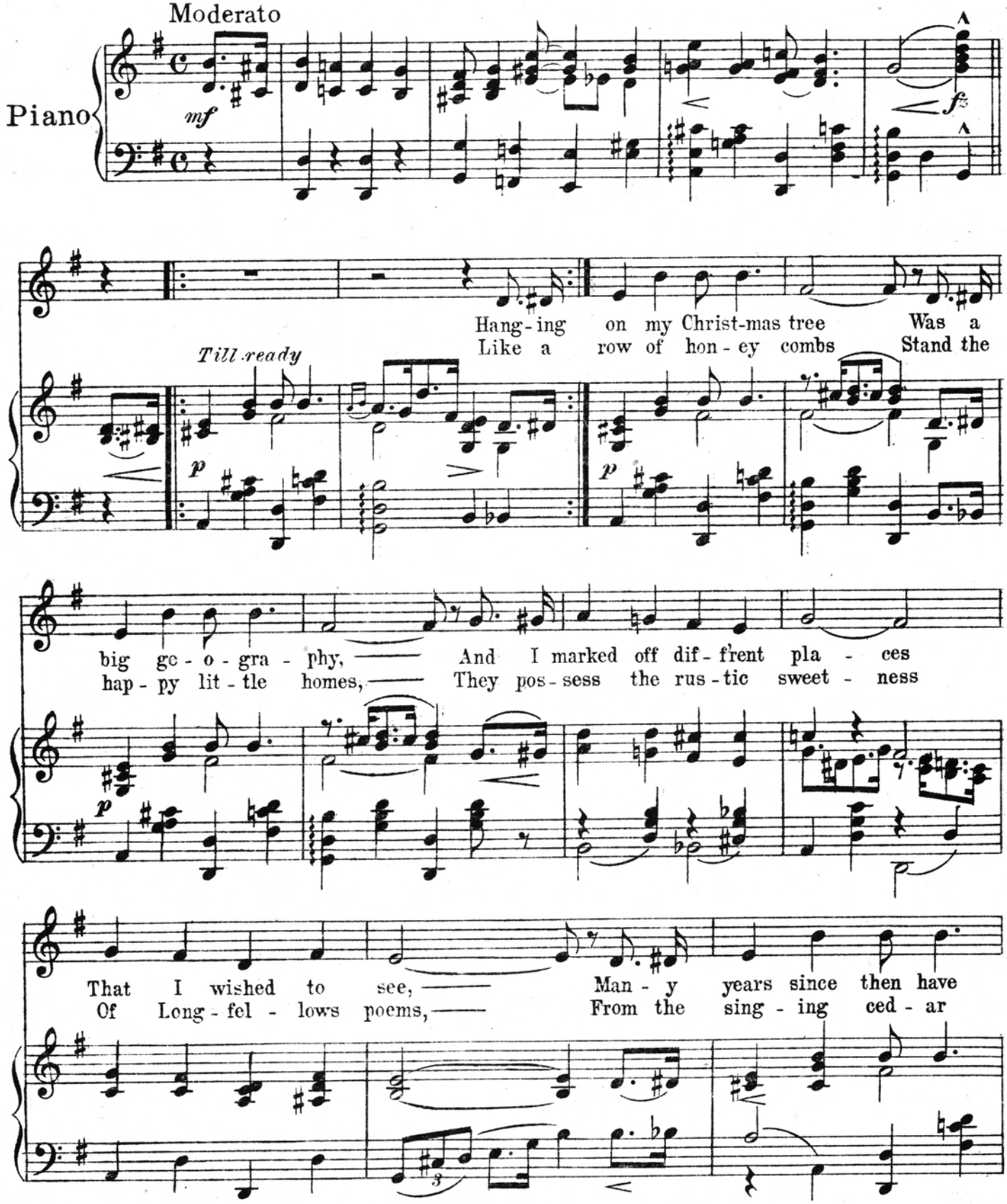

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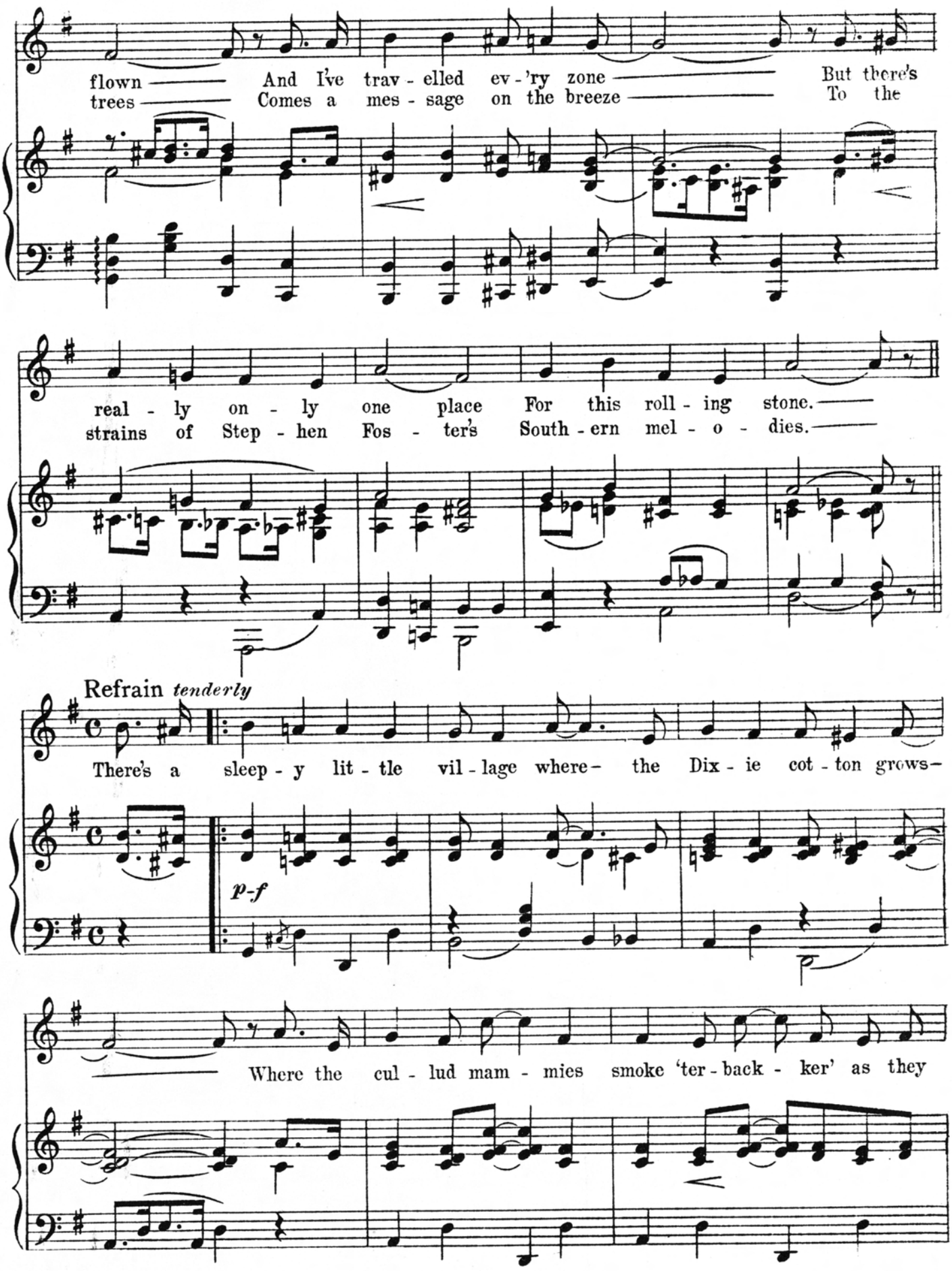
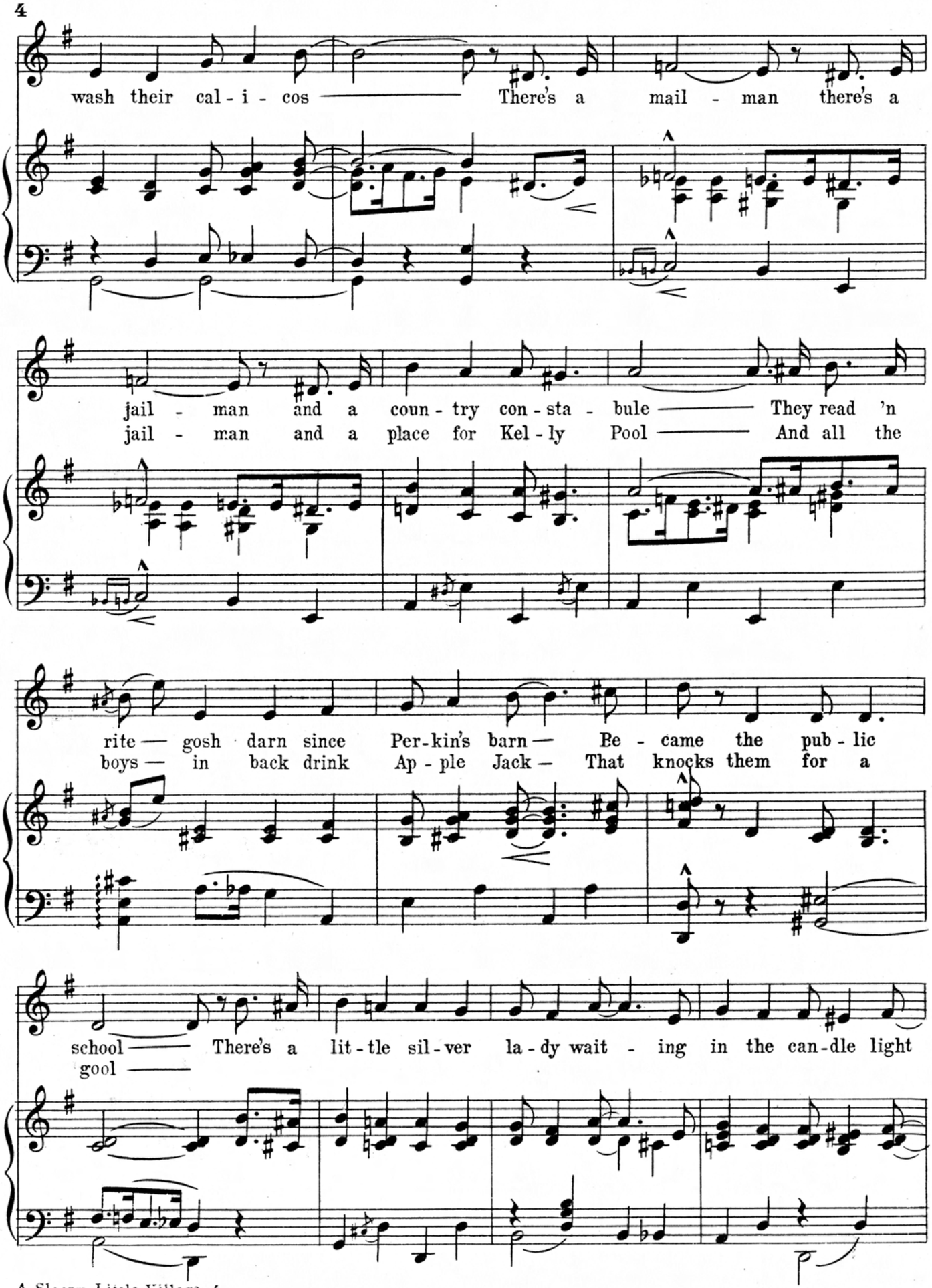
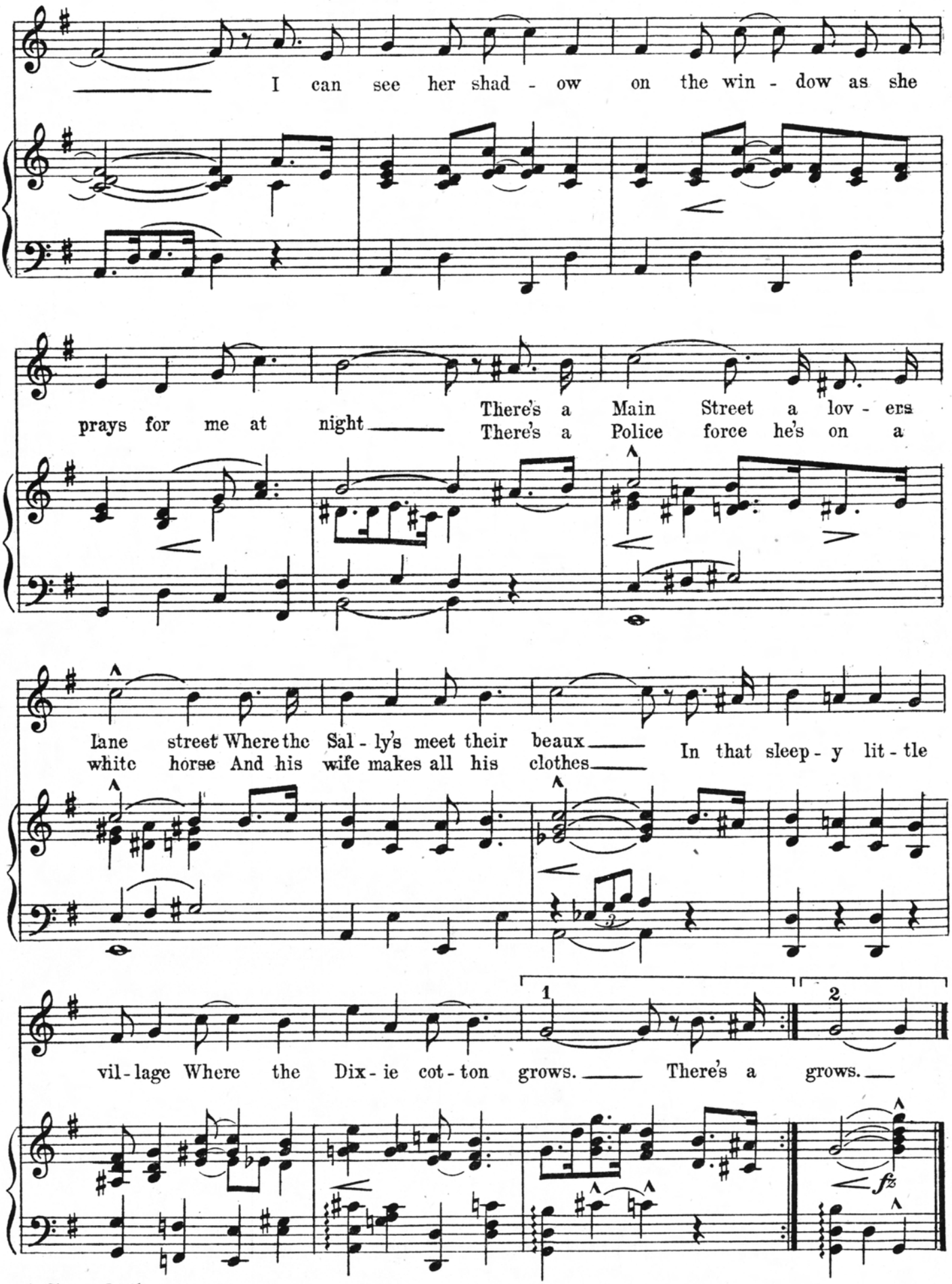

flown — And I've trav - elled ev - 'ry zone — But there's
trees — Comes a mes - sage on the breeze — To the
real - ly on - ly one place For this roll - ing stone. —
strains of Step - hen Fos - ter's South - ern mel - o - dies. —
Refrain tenderly
There's a sleep - y lit - tle vil - lage where - the Dix - ie cot - ton grows -
p-f
— Where the cul - lud mam - mies smoke 'ter - back - ker' as they


wash their cal - i - cos — There's a mail - man there's a
jail - man and a coun - try con - sta - bule — They read 'n
jail - man and a place for Kel - ly Pool — And all the
rite — gosh darn since Per-kin's barn — Be - came the pub - lic
boys — in back drink Ap - ple Jack — That knocks them for a
school — There's a lit - tle sil - ver la - dy wait - ing in the can - dle light
gool —


I can see her shad - ow on the win - dow as she
prays for me at night
There's a Main Street a lov - ers
There's a Police force he's on a
lane street Where the Sal - ly's meet their beaux
white horse And his wife makes all his clothes
In that sleep - y lit - tle
vil - lage Where the Dix - ie cot - ton grows.
There's a grows.
1
2
fz