When Payday Comes
Writer: Dottie Rambo

Chorus
WHEN PAYDAY COMES, PAYDAY COMES
YOU’VE GOT TO BE PATIENT ‘TIL PAYDAY COMES
WELL, THE COTTON FIELDS ARE WHITE
AND THERE’S PICKIN’ TO BE DONE
IF YOU WANT TO GET YOUR SHARE WHEN PAYDAY COMES

Verse 1
WELL TIMES WAS HARD WHEN I WAS A LAD
THIRTEEN YOUNG’UNS PLUS MOM AND DAD
A FOUR ROOM HOUSE WITH AN OLD FIRE PLACE
SLEEPIN’ FOUR TO THE BED DOESN’T LEAVE MUCH SPACE

Verse 2
DAD PLOWED THE MULES IN THE BACK FORTY FIELDS
MOM COOKED ON THE WOOD STOVE FIXIN’ THE MEALS
KEEPIN’ US IN CLOTHES WAS MIGHTY HARD TO DO
I’VE WORN A LOT OF CARDBOARD IN THE BOTTOM OF MY SHOES

Repeat Chorus

Verse 3
I’VE WORKED IN THE FIELDS WHEN THE SUN WAS HIGH
‘TIL MY BRAIN WAS SCORCHED AND MY THROAT WAS DRY
WHEN THE SHADOWS GOT TALLER AND THE COTTON WAS WHITE
I KNEW PAYDAY WAS PRETTY NEAR IN SIGHT

Verse 4
WHEN PAYDAY CAME DAD PULLED THE WAGON ‘ROUND
LOADED UP THE YOUNG’UNS AND HEADED OUT TO TOWN
THIS WAS THE DAY WE HAD ALL WAITED FOR
WE COULD SEE ALL THE GOODIES AT THE GENERAL STORE

Verse 5
WE ALWAYS PRAYED THERE’D BE MONEY LEFT
WHEN DAD PUT THE GROCERIES IN THE OLD WAGON BED
BUT SOMEHOW WE KNEW WHAT DAD WAS GONNA SAY
THERE’LL BE ANOTHER HARVEST AND ANOTHER PAYDAY
Repeat Chorus

Verse 6
WELL THOSE WERE THE DAYS WHEN FAMILIES WERE CLOSE
WE DIDN’T HAVE MUCH BUT WE WERE RICHER THAN MOST
WE WERE TAKEN TO CHURCH AND TAUGHT TO LOVE GOD
BY AN OLD-FASHIONED PREACHER WHO BELIEVED IN THE WORD

Verse 7
HE PREACHED ABOUT WORKIN’ IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD
AND HOW SOMEDAY SOON WE’D RECEIVE OUR REWARD
AND HOW THE LORD HAD US DOWN IN HIS PAYROLL IN THE SKY
AND PAYDAY WOULD COME PRETTY SOON BY AND BY

Chorus
WHEN PAYDAY COMES, PAYDAY COMES
YOU’VE GOT TO BE PATIENT ‘TIL PAYDAY COMES
WELL THE HARVEST IS WHITE
AND THERE’S GATHERIN’ TO BE DONE
IF YOU WANT TO GET YOUR SHARE WHEN PAYDAY COMES
IF YOU WANT TO GET YOUR SHARE WHEN PAYDAY COMES
IF YOU WANT TO GET YOUR SHARE WHEN PAYDAY COMES...

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