

Brothers Osborne "Arkansas"

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Though the brambles took the cabin i was born in
And the briers reclaim the fields i used to plow
There's a yearning in my heart to be going
To that forty acre patch god sow in sprouts

Arkansas are your rivers still flowing
Is your cotton growing white as snow
Are the squirrels a barking upon old crowley's ridge
Has the girl i was sparking on gone and burned
another bridge
Arkansas arkansas

I have known the troubles i was born to know
I have wanted things a poor man's born to want
And in all my dreams and memories i go running
Through the fields of arkansas from which i stroll

Arkansas are your rivers still flowing
Is your cotton growing white as snow
Do the young men still piddle with the thought of
growing rich
And slowly turn the old folks sittin' whittling on a stick
Arkansas arkansas

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