

Eddy Arnold

"Missouri"

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I often wish that I could see my old hometown once
more
The old red school I went to with the little girl next door
I see that stopper bobbin' when the catfish start to bite
I see a blue sky fram'in' little clouds of snowy white

Missouri, I hear you callin' me
Missouri, you'll never let me be
Missouri, I know I can't be free
My heart will yearn till I return
Missouri's callin' me

In memory I still can see that oak tree on the lawn
And hear again the birds as sing and woke me at the
dawn
And I remember mornings when I told my mother lies
So I could have a second helping of her apple pies

Missouri, I hear you callin' me
Missouri, you'll never let me be
Missouri, I know I can't be free
My heart will yearn till I return
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