

## Osborne Brothers

### "Arkansas"

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(Damon Black)

Though the brambles took the cabin I was born in  
And the briars 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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