

Abner Brown

Johnny Cash

Every town has its town bum
I guess ours had one
Here's a song about him, I remember him fondly
Well his name was Abner Brown

I knew an old drunk named Abner Brown
And nobody knew when he came to town
But he spread good will to his fellow men
And they let him sleep in the cotton gin

He could drink more brew than an army could
But he had more friends and he did more good
Than a lot of fine fancy people in our town
So they tolerated Abner Brown

And all us kids were on his side
'Cause he told us tales till our eyes grew wide
And he made us feel bout ten feet tall
'Cause he had no kids but he claimed us all

And after school and on weekends
You could find me down at the cotton gin
The truest friend that I ever found was
A good old drunk named Abner Brown

Abner Brown, I wish that I could see you once again
I believe that you'd stack up with all the mighty men
I've met and known in all the low
And higher places that I've been

Thinking of you picks me up when I'm feeling down
I thank the Lord for making Abner Brown

Lord take me back to the cotton land
To Arkansas take me home again
Let me be the boy that I once have been
Let me walk that road to the cotton gin

He's probably dead many years ago
And gone the way that old drunks go
But I'd still like to sit me down
Talk to my old friend, Abner Brown

Abner Brown, I wish
I thank the Lord for making Abner Brown