

Arkansas Farmboy

Glen Campbell

The seventh son born to an Arkansas farmer
And a hard workin' mother of twelve
Who never could find any time or a dollar
That she could just spend on herself

I remember things now, that my daddy once told me
The old man grew wiser with time
And a life on the farm, that in a boy's view was awful
Has changed in these same older eyes

Oh the weeds have grown high on the farm back in Dixie
Where cotton and corn used to grow
And the memories run wild in this Arkansas farmboy
Who'd give all he owns just to go

I recall how granddaddy held me and taught me
The melody to "In The Pines"
On a five-dollar guitar that led to a fortune
I'd trade just to go back in time

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