

Arkansas

Glen Campbell

Arkansas, land of opportunity
Arkansas, oh, what you do to me
Prettiest place I ever saw
Was back home in Arkansas

All those boyhood memories
Lakes and rivers and Backwood trees
Gentle mountains, it reached to the sky
Oh, how I hated to say goodbye to

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Dirt roads that lead nowhere
Except the houses that need repairing
And front porch people wearing a smile
And they cover every mile of

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I can see my Dad back home
Working Park County, sandy lawn
Mama callin' me from the door
Oh, how I wanna go once more to

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