

The Hills of Arkansas©

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V.1

I remember rocks would grow at night, With posthole diggers we'd put up a fight,
Sticks and weeds would make the cattle lean, Then the rain would make the grass turn green
As a child I wished for better days, now I wish away to... (Chorus)

Chorus

The hills of Arkansas, calling me back home, if I'm near or far, no matter where I roam
In a troubled world underneath the stars, are the hills of Arkansas

(repeat last time)

(tag last chorus) The hills of Arkansas

V.2

You could hear the wind blow through the pines, standin' on a hillside feeling fine
Water runnin' through the creeks on rocks, walkin' through a land that time forgot
As a child I looked for better days, now I look away...

Bridge

To the Bostons and the Ouachitas, or in the Ozarks standing strong and tall
In the meadows in the hardwood trees, there are voices calling me to...(to chorus)

D.O.C. April 6, 2002 (5:20PM)