

Missouri

Eddy Arnold

I often wish that I could see my old hometown once more
The old red school I went to with the little girl next door
I see that stopper bobbin' when the catfish start to bite
I see a blue sky fram'in' little clouds of snowy white
Missouri, I hear you callin' me
Missouri, you'll never let me be
Missouri, I know I can't be free
My heart will yearn till I return
Missouri's callin' me
In memory I still can see that oak tree on the lawn
And hear again the birds as sing and woke me at the dawn
And I remember mornings when I told my mother lies
So I could have a second helping of her apple pies
Missouri, I hear you callin' me
Missouri, you'll never let me be
Missouri, I know I can't be free
My heart will yearn till I return
Missouri's callin' me