

# 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 framin' 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