

Here In Arkansas

Robert Earl Keen

The north wind blows a prairie fire across the open plain
A light shines on the granite stone where someone carved my name

Sister find the preacherman
Daddy call the law
Things have gotten out of hand
Here in Arkansas

An icy ring around the moon a fire across the sky
They buried me this afternoon and left me here to die

Sister find the preacherman
Daddy call the law
Things have gotten out of hand
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Sheriff Clark, Reverend Friend, Mrs. Worthington
Told my family that I'd be the end to all they've done

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Daddy call the law
Things have gotten out of hand
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Mother raised the children and daddy worked the farm
I was born the seventh son of the seventh born

Sister find the preacherman
Daddy call the law
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All the elders did decree my soul to be unclean
They strapped me to a gurney and gave me morphine

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Daddy call the law
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Sister walks into the night and prays my soul to save
And underneath the cold moonlight she finds my open grave

Sister find the preacherman
Daddy call the law
Things have gotten out of hand
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