Ozark Mountain Jubilee

The Oak Ridge Boys

I hear a rooster crowin' It's a frosty mornin' I can almost see the sign Goin' so fast I can't stop I'm just a stones-throw from Little Rock Headin' for that Missouri line

Don't need a map to get there You can get there from anywhere When you're goin' in your head I can see the arms outreachin' Just like the day I was leavin' It's been oh, so many years

Let me get on the Frisco Silver Dollar Line Take my time and see all I can see Fiddler rosin up your bow We'll have our own Ozark Mountain Jubilee

If I can't be a favorite son I'll be the prodigal one 'Cause I've been gone too long Oh, how the years have flown by Oh, how I've realized How much of me is gone

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