

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

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