

# 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