Johnny Cash - Abner Brown

Tom: A

Every town has its town bum I guess ours had one Here's a song about him, I remember him fondly Well his name was Abner Brown

A I knew an old drunk named Abner Brown A E Nobody knew when he came to town D A But he spread good will to his fellow men E A And they let him sleep in the cotton gin

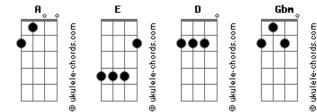
He could drink more brew than an army could A E But he had more friends and he did more good D A Than a lot of fine fancy people in our town E A So they tolerated Abner Brown

A And all us kids were on his side A E 'Cause he told us tales till our eyes grew wide D A And he made us feel bout ten feet tall E A 'Cause he had no kids but he claimed us all

A And after school and on weekends A You could find me down at the cotton gin D Truest friend that I ever found E Was A good old drunk named Abner Brown

D

Acordes



Α

Abner Brown, I wish that I could see you once again I believe that you'd stack up with all the mighty men I've met and known in all the low And higher places that I've been Gbm Α Α Thinking of you picks me up when I'm feeling down I thank the Lord for making Abner Brown Α Α E. Lord take me back to the cotton land To Arkansas take me home again Let me be the boy that I once have been F Let me walk that road to the cotton gin Α F He's probably dead many years ago And gone the way that old drunks go D But I'd still like to sit me down Talk to my old friend, Abner Brown Abner Brown, I wish that I could see you once again D I believe that you'd stack up with all the mighty men А I've met and known in all the low And higher places that I've been Gbm D Δ Thinking of you picks me up when I'm feeling down I thank the Lord for making Abner Brown D F

I thank the Lord for making Abner Brown