

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

I knew an old drunk named Abner Brown

Nobody knew when he came to town

But he spread good will to his fellow men

And they let him sleep in the cotton gin

He could drink more brew than an army could

But he had more friends and he did more good

Than a lot of fine fancy people in our town

So they tolerated Abner Brown

And all us kids were on his side

'Cause he told us tales till our eyes grew wide

And he made us feel bout ten feet tall

'Cause he had no kids but he claimed us all

And after school and on weekends

You could find me down at the cotton gin

Truest friend that I ever found

Was a good old drunk named Abner Brown

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

Thinking of you picks me up when I'm feeling down I thank the
Lord for making Abner Brown

Lord take me back to the cotton land To Arkansas take me home
again

Let me be the boy that I once have been

Let me walk that road to the cotton gin

He's probably dead many years ago And gone the way that old
drunks go

But I'd still like to sit me down Talk to my old friend, Abner
Brown

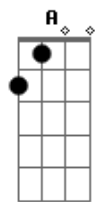
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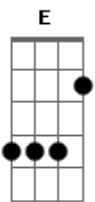
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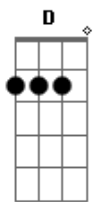
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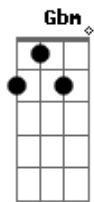
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