

Henson Cargill, City Boy Country Born

I look out on the grave of New York City
And to see some children playing in the snow
Central Park in winter should look pretty
But New York ain't a place for kids to grow
And my mem'ry takes me back again to winters that I've seen
Fields and wooden hills where snow could fall and keep its clean
Where I'd awaken to the wonder of the Oklahoma morn
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And I saw the garbage's scours plaugh up the river
Filled with things New Yorkers throw away
And I watch the skinny dippin' children and I shiver
The Hudson River ain't no place to play
And my mem'ry takes me back again to rivers that I've seen
Lazy country rivers that just flow and feed the green
You can fish 'em you can swim 'em you can drink 'em when you're warm
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And I watch the hard eyed New York City mothers
As they hurry home across the Brooklin Bridge
To feed their children dixy cups of insatant coffee
And a frozen TV dinners fom the fridge
And my mem'ry takes me back again to dinners that I've seen
Home cured crisped bacon buttered corn and country beans
And a cup of mama's coffee cooking stoves that kept me warm
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