

## 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

But he had more friends and he did more good

D

Than a lot of fine fancy people in our town

E

A

So they tolerated Abner Brown

And all us kids were on his side

A

Cause he told us tales till our eyes grew wide

A

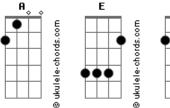
And he made us feel bout ten feet tall

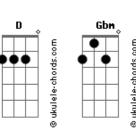
'Cause he had no kids but he claimed us all

A
And after school and on weekends
A
You could find me down at the cotton gin
D
A
Truest friend that I ever found

Was A good old drunk named Abner Brown

Acordes





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 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 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 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 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 D I thank the Lord for making Abner Brown