ARIZONA 447 61A1

Jack Bryant
Firebaugh, 1940

We were out in Arizona
On the Painted Desert ground
We had no place to call our ~~own~~ home
And work could not be found.

We started to California
But our money, hit didn't last long
I want to be in Oklahoma
Be back in my old home.

A way out on the desert
Where water is hard to find
It's a hundred miles to Tempe
And the wind blows all the time.

You will burn up in the day time
Yet you're cold when the sun goes down
I wanna be in Oklahoma
Be back in my home town.

You people in Oklahoma
If you ever come west
Have your pockets full of money
And you better be well dressed.

If you wind up on the desert
You're gonna wish that you were dead
You'll be longing for Oklahoma
And your good old feather bed.

http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/toddbib:@field(DOCID+@lit(st002))
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