

Abner Brown
Johnny Cash

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
A9 **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

A
He could drink more brew than an army could
A9 **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
A9 **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
A9 **E**
You could find me down at the cotton gin
D **A**
Truest friend that I ever found
E **A**
Was A good old drunk named Abner Brown

D **A**
Abner Brown, I wish that I could see you once again
D **A** **E**
I believe that you d stack up with all the mighty men
A **D**
I ve met and known in all the low And higher places that I ve been
A **F#m** **D** **E**

A

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

A

A9

E

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

D

A

Let me be the boy that I once have been

E

A

Let me walk that road to the cotton gin

A

A9

E

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

D

A

E

A

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

D

A

Abner Brown, I wish that I could see you once again

D

A

E

I believe that you d stack up with all the mighty men

A

D

I ve met and known in all the low And higher places that I ve been

A

F#m D

E

A

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

D

E

A

I thank the Lord for making Abner Brown