

Porter Wagoner, Childhood Playground

Take me far across the wide Missouri
To reach where wild oak trees grow tall and slim
To little hillside farm in Hopewell County
Let me see my childhood playground once again
It's been a long time since I've seen my homeplace
Wonder if the trees still stand so tall
Wonder they remember how I'm climbing and swing upon the limbs when I was small
When I was just a child I played for hours
On the banks of Southport Creek not far away
Skipping rocks across the water walking barefoot through the meadow
Watching daddy work the fields of new mown hay
So take me far across the wide Missouri
To reach where wild oak trees grow tall and slim
Let me live again those happy childhood mem'ries
Let me see my childhood playground once again

Mom would always tell me don't go swimmin'
Son there's turtles in that water mean as sin
But I slipped far away behind the willows then as naked as jailbird I jumped in
So take me far across...
Oh let me see my childhood playground once again