

Porter Wagoner, Forty Miles From Poplar Bluff

I've never had a pair of shoes that weren't all hand-me-downs
And daddy's morning coffee came from ol' left over ground
My mama wore no jewelry or any storebought stuff
And home was on a hillside forty miles from Poplar Bluff
Forty miles back in Missouri there's a different way of life
Where a man thinks of his neighbor and not his neighbor's wife
Life is far from fancy sometimes mighty rough
But contentment makes it worth it forty miles from Poplar Bluff

Our only family treasure was a beatup radio
But it took us to the places where we knew we'd never go
We never had much money but we always had enough
Cause money never mattered much forty miles from Poplar Bluff
Forty miles back in Missouri...
(el.banjo - trumpet)
Well nearly every winter when the snow is on the ground
And the roads would all be closed and we couldn't get to town
But if daddy had his tabacco grandma had her snuff
Then the winters didn't seem so long forty miles from Poplar Bluff
Forty miles back in Missouri...
Forty miles from Poplar Bluff