

Pick the Wildwood Flower

Johnny Cash

Those cotton fields were hot
And that tractor never was my kind of livin'
And when I hit sixteen
I had my size and I hit the road to freedom And I'm glad I wasn't there to see my Momma
'Cause she must've cried for hours
I still hear her sayin' to me
"Get your guitar and pick the 'Wildwood Flower'" Now Memphis was big
And it was hard to find a job and so I didn't
And it was easier to go back to the country
And it was more like livin' Now, I've been down every road
And I've stood on every porch where they were givin'
And if they had a dime on an hour
I would pick the 'Wildwood Flower' It's hard to turn around
And look back down the roads that I have traveled
'Cause like a never endin' ball of twine
My dreams have come unraveled Now as evening lays its shawl
Across the shoulders of my life, I find
I couldn't tie my life together
With guitar strings and a poet's heartfelt mind And I'm glad I wasn't there to see my Momma
'Cause she must've cried for hours
I still hear her saying to me
"Get your guitar and pick the 'Wildwood Flower'" Play it like this, son

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