

Southland in the Springtime

Indigo Girls

Maybe we'll make Texas by the morning
Light the bayou with our taillights in the night
800 miles to El Paso from the stateline
And we never had the money for the flight
In the backseat sleepy from our travels
Played our hearts out all night long in New Orleans
Dirty from the diesel fumes drinking coffee black
When the first breath of Texas comes in clean

And there's something bout the Southland in the springtime
Where the waters flow with confidence and reason
Though I miss her when I'm gone, it won't ever be too long
Till I'm home again to spend my favorite season
When God made me born a yankee he was teasin'
There's no place like home and none more pleasin'
Than the Southland in the springtime

In Georgia nights are softer than a whisper
Beneath the quilt somebody's mother made by hand
And the farmland like a tapestry passed down through generations
And the peachtrees stitched across the land
There'll be cider up near Helen off the roadside
Boiled peanuts in a bag to warm your fingers
And the smoke from the chimneys meets its maker in the sky
A song that winter wrote this melody lingers

And there's something bout the Southland in the springtime
Where the waters flow with confidence and reason
Though I miss her when I'm gone, it won't ever be too long
Till I'm home again to spend my favorite season
When God made me born a yankee he was teasin'
There's no place like home and none more pleasin'