

## Southern Comfort

Johnny Cash

I've been a thrill seeking Rambler  
And often came into this town  
But the thrills were too high for my little sky  
So I dug in and I've settled down

And I got a good job in Nashville  
No way they can pay me enough  
For grindin' up tobacco leaves  
Making brut and snuff

Southern comfort is killin' me

I'm slowly chokin' in Tennessee  
I shovel the snuff until late afternoon  
Then I crawl with the traffic and I choke on its fumes  
And fall on the face when I get to my room

Southern comfort is killin' me

I met a woman in Nashville  
For a while we were carryin' on  
She'd washed snuff out of my shirts every night  
And keep me with clean ones on

But I guess she got tired of tobacco  
At least of the regular kind  
Now I'm still workin' where nicotine  
And memories are burnin' in my mind

And Southern comfort is killin' me

The Cumberland cannot enhermit each bee  
I'm sniffin' and dippin' and livin' alone  
I smell funny smoke and I know where she's gone  
She's in some other county now proving her own

Southern comfort is killin' me  
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