

That's The Good Old Sunny South

Judy Garland

Don't fly away, come along quick,
South where the breezes blow.
Leave this storm land,
Come away to a warm land.

Pack up, fly away, learn an old trick
All of the wise guys know.
Headin' to the south you can't miss it,
Let me be explicit.

When you see blue skies and fields of white
And the sun is shinin' bright,
Yes, sir! That's the good old sunny south.
When you hear that same old robin sing
That you heard up north in spring,
Yes, sir! That's the good old sunny south.

Where your heart wants to play
And your feet want to dance,
Where the close of each day
Brings a night of romance.
Where you meet those gals that sweetly drawl,
"Mighty glad to meet you all."
Yes, sir! That's the good old sunny south.

(musical interlude, punctuated by Baby's "Yes, sir!")

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