

That's What I Like 'bout The South

Asleep At The Wheel

Let's go down to Alabama
Let's go see my dear old mama
Fryin' eggs and cookin' hammy
That's what I like 'bout the South

She's got baked ribs and candied yams
Sugar-cured Virginia hams
Basement full of those berry jams
And that's what I like about the South

Ham hocks and turnip greens
Hog jolls and butter beans
Mardi Gras down in New Orleans
That's what I like 'bout the South

Down where the trees grow tall
Where everybody says y'all
Walk on in with that Southern drawl
And that's what I like about the South

Here comes old Parson with all the news
Box back coat and button shoes
All paid up with his union dues
That's what I like 'bout the South

Did I tell you about the place called Doo-wah-diddy?
But it ain't no town and it ain't no city
It's awful small but it's mighty pretty
Doo-wah-diddy

Well, I'm not here to criticize
I'm not here to sympathize
But don't tell me them no good lies
'Cause a lyin' gal like you can devise

Every time I pass your door
You act like you don't want me no more
You just raise your head and sigh
Well I'm gonna trackin' right on by

That's what I like 'bout the South