

A Southern Thing

Better Than Ezra

Kelly was a blackjack dealer living on the Gulf of Mexico
Kelly had a taste for guns and pills; he was looking for a mark
to roll

Sarah was a Kappa from Tulane; she was looking for a little change of pace

When a cop pulled 'em over on the interstate, Kelly blew that car away

(I heard him singin')

[Chorus:]

Gulf breeze, on the porch, me and my honey rockin' back and forth

Ridin' up again with my kin and friends, underneath the yellow moon

Sweet dream, New Orleans, Mississippi River running over me

Pretty mama come and take me by the hand

Don't mock what you don't understand

It's a southern thing

(it's a southern thing)

Now when they held up the bank in Mobile, they finally made it on the evening news

She's a Georgia peach, never within reach; he's a felon from Baton Rouge

I heard Robert Johnson playing on the steel guitar in the heat of the Delta sun

Kelly drove 'em back up to Memphis to finish what the king had once begun

(come on and sing it now:)

[Chorus]

(come on baby, now

Come on baby now

It's a southern thing)

If we ever get out of here

I want you to promise me you'll go

Down to the Gulf and swim

Deep in the sea

And you'll think of me

The way you used to sing that silly song to me:

Sing: "M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter-humpback-humpback"

Get a little closer

"M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter-humpback-humpback"

Get a little closer!

[Chorus]