

Guitar Slinger

Crossin Dixon

I've got southern comfort runnin' through my veins
My mama was the wind, my daddy was the train.
I'm the second coming of the midnight rider
I'm a modern day old soul singer
Son of a gun and guitar slinger

I spent 10 years pickin on a six string
Working the bar scene
Burnin it down to the ground
Lookin for a sound that ain't been found
By no one else
Stickin true to myself
So I took it up the highway
South bound interstate
Counting on a big brake
Tradein my licks for tips
Learning to live like I never did
I was dead broke
Like a bad joke

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I thought I found the right thing sittin in the wrong town
Out in the crowd throwin all the signs with her eyes
Looking mighty fine in the line of a honkytonk
Just singing along
But I never had a chance cause after the last song
We had to get along down the road with the show
Doing it again with some new friends under the spotlight
Yeah this is my life

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