

Southern Star

David Allan Coe

Oh, southern star, how I wish you would shine
And show me the way to get home

I'm blue-collar branded and stuck in a mill
My life is a stranger to me
I'm too young to live like I'm over the hill
And too old to be young and free

Tired and nowhere bound
Lost in the eighties that's where I am
I need a guiding light
Shining down to help me make it through the night
Oh southern star, how I wish you would shine
And show me the way to go home

Oh, radio won't you play me some old song
And let my mind drift back to '68
We all have a time and a place where we belong
Somewhere we can go to escape

Tired and nowhere bound
Lost in the eighties that's where I am
I need a guiding light
Shining down to help me make it through the night
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