

## 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

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