

South Of Cincinnati

Dwight Yoakam

If you ever get south of Cincinnati, down where the dogwood trees grow
If you ever get south of the Mason Dixon, to the home you left so long ago
If you ever get south of the Ohio River, down where Dixieland begins
If you ever get south of Cincinnati, I'll be yours again

She pulled the letter from the pages of her bible
And a rose pressed inside the book of Luke
For fourteen years she'd write each day, but keep it hidden
Refused to even speak his name, but still she wrote

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At a cold gray apartment in Chicago
A cigarette drowns inside a glass of gin
He lies there drunk, but it don't matter drunk or sober
He'll never read the words that pride won't let her send

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