

## 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

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

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

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, I'll be yours again