

Flying South

Hank Locklin

Winter's gone and summertime's a coming and where I am ain't where I wanna be
I can hear my southern home a calling and it's calling out the old wild goose and me
Flying flying south to Dixie Lord I been so lonesome and alone
Stayin' ain't no use because my heart's an old wild goose
And tomorrow I'll be flying south and home
I've got kids and kin down in Kentucky I've got lots of aunts in Alabam
Mom's a waitin' down in Mississippi and my sist's in Carolina's honey land
Grandma and grandpa's down in Georgia and my Tootsie's back in Tennessee
There's a little part of southland in my heart
And honey in the south is where I wanna be
Way back home in Nashville Tennessee
With the Nashville Brass is where I wanna be