

## Southland in the Springtime

Indigo Girls

Maybe we'll make Texas by the morning  
Light the bayou with our taillights in the night  
800 miles to El Paso from the stateline  
And we never had the money for the flight  
In the backseat sleepy from our travels  
Played our hearts out all night long in New Orleans  
Dirty from the diesel fumes drinking coffee black  
When the first breath of Texas comes in clean

And there's something bout the Southland in the springtime  
Where the waters flow with confidence and reason  
Though I miss her when I'm gone, it won't ever be too long  
Till I'm home again to spend my favorite season  
When God made me born a yankee he was teasin'  
There's no place like home and none more pleasin'  
Than the Southland in the springtime

In Georgia nights are softer than a whisper  
Beneath the quilt somebody's mother made by hand  
And the farmland like a tapestry passed down through generation  
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And the peachtrees stitched across the land  
There'll be cider up near Helen off the roadside  
Boiled peanuts in a bag to warm your fingers  
And the smoke from the chimneys meets its maker in the sky  
A song that winter wrote this melody lingers

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