

# Texarkana To Panama City

Lee Rocker

Oh there's a pick-up truck that's rusting in the yard  
And a barkin' dog out front like he's on guard  
Well, the birds are singin' in the trees  
Ain't nothing like the summer breeze  
A hot wind is blowing through the trailer park

Well, just a mile further ain't that far  
Well, Main street looks like an old postcard  
Won't you check the aisle, take the dollar gas  
And watch the convicts pick up trash  
Livin' on the land of the brave and free

Georgia, Carolina and Tennessee  
Here's the place you really just gotta be  
Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi  
From Texarkana down to Panama City

Well, past the tracks on the other side of town  
They got a little shack that's almost fallin' down  
They were drinkin' whiskey with their friends  
Well, don't you know they're drunk again  
And you know that nothing is ever gonna change

Well, they got themselves a rockabilly band  
And I went there once to try to lend a hand  
Yeah, the music is hot and the beers are cold  
I ain' that young, I ain't that old  
It's the little things gonna satisfy our souls

They got the Nascar, NFL and the NRA  
I'm so glad I'm livin' in the USA  
Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi  
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