

Raised By The Tide

Maylene and the Sons of Disaster

I feel change don't know if it's them or me.
Hard going from a stanger to an old face that's just out of place.
I feel stuck on fast-forward, and I'm passing the best parts all too fast.
Locked in this movement, I pray the sky comes to life.

Way out in the cold west
But I'm soaring home to Alabam.
These states have taken me
But not for better things.

I've covered this country far and wide
BUT I'LL ALWAYS BE A SON OF THE SOUTH
I'll fight to the death to make our name proud.
Cause I ain't got nothin' to lose!
Feelin' stuck on fast forward, and I'm passing the best parts all to fast.

Out in the cold west
But I'm soaring home to Alabam.
These states have taken me
But not for better things.

These miles have got me thinkin' about missin' home and all.
I'm just laying here restless...
But there is no reason for me to be hangin' my head.

We can't help but be blessed
When you've been raised by God's Finest.

Way out in the cold west
But I'm soaring home to Alabam.
These states have taken me
But not for better things.