

## Southbound 35

Pat Green

What the hell am I doing up in Kansas City?  
Know damn well it ain't where I belong, no no  
I think I'll quit my job, come five o'clock  
Find my lonely way back home

Well, my baby said, "Just what are you trying to prove here?  
Really want to leave me here all alone?"  
Said, "I'm tired of staring at this ocean full of Yankees  
I'd rather be in Texas on my own", oh yeah

Now we were southbound 35  
We were headed down the road  
Hit the border by the morning  
To let Texas fill my soul, to let Texas fill my soul

Well, the tears start to flow about the time that I was leaving  
She said, "I guess you better take me along"  
She said that, "God might have made her born a little Yankee child"  
She said, "It's time that I made Texas now her home"

So we loaded her stuff on down into my pickup truck  
Said, "Adios" to all my friends  
Called my brother Dave living down in Austin  
I said, "I'm headed home again" oh yeah

Now we were southbound 35  
We were headed down the road  
Hit the border by the morning  
To let Texas fill my soul, to let Texas fill my soul

He had her feet up there on the dashboard  
Holding my hand and wearing only a smile  
Said, "It's gonna be hard just to start all over  
The feeling I have well it makes it all worthwhile", oh yeah

Now we were southbound 35  
We were headed down the road  
Hit the border by the morning  
To let Texas fill my soul, to let Texas fill my soul  
I got Texas in my soul, I got Texas in my soul