

About the South

Rodney Atkins

Fried pickles, drunk chicken, craw fishing in the creek
Wild turkey, deer jerky tough as Tarzan's feet
Hot women skinny swimmin', barely belly button deep
Turn muddy river water into sweet, sweet tea
Hayloft lovin' in the holler behind the house
No doubt about what I love about the south

Loretta Lynn, maker's mark, that's Kentucky as can be
Jack Daniels, Dolly Parton, oh the hills of Tennessee
Finger pickin', bluegrass blowing in the wind around here
We believe the book of John and we drive John Deeres
The devil came to Georgia, Mr. Daniels showed him out
No doubt about it what I love about the south

What I love about the south
If you need a Dixie Fix just come on down
That's what I love about the south
Southern bells with a drawl
Make you stop and drop your jaw
Come on ya'll shut your mouth
That's what I love about the south

Grew up down here and it's where I'll grow my kids
Old McDonald had a daughter, get her done got her did
Corn grows in rows on a cob but it flows from a jar
In a rocky top bar
A little fountain from the mountain
Even made the possum shout
That's what I love about the south

[Repeat chorus]