

# Southbound

Sammy Kershaw

Grease in our hair  
Hands in our pockets  
We stood and stared  
At cars goin' past  
We placed our bets  
Where they were headed  
And held our cigarettes  
Like movie stars

Grandmother's hands  
Hard from the garden  
She had a plan  
For me to preach one day  
She prayed for rain  
She watched and she waited  
And never complained  
When it did not fall

Southbound  
Breezes blowing  
This town ain't my home  
You can slow me down  
But I'm going  
If I can turn this road I'm on  
Southbound

Stories I tell  
Reek of nostalgia  
And those that know me well  
Have heard 'em all before  
How far I've come  
Mostly I'm proud of  
But where I'm comin' from  
Is calling me

Southbound  
Breezes blowing  
This town ain't my home  
You can slow me down  
But I'm going  
If I can turn this road I'm on  
Southbound...

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But I'm going  
If I can turn this road I'm on  
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