

Son Of The New South

Travis Tritt

Raised a child of farmer folks down in the Southern land
I worked all day in the summer sun 'til my back was leather tan
Now I've been called hillbilly, I've been called a redneck too
But I ain't backwards, dumb or poor, I'm just red, white and blue

Son of the New South, step-child to Uncle Sam
Baptized in 100 proof and saved by the blood of the lamb
This is the New South, still drink our tea from a Mason jar
We're the backbone of this country and we're proud of who we are

From Richmond to Montgomery
From San Antone to Caroline
There's a brand new spirit sweepin' in
Like wind through Georgia pines

I hold on to some old ways
I ain't scared to try the new
But what it comes to what I change
I'll be the one to choose

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Well the times are a changin'
And the South has come of age
We've put the past behind us
It's time to turn the page