

Southeastern Son

Turnpike Troubadours

Well I guess I was born with a gun in my hand
We'd walk the big clearcuts in the pine timberland
Well the army man told me that I could defend the free
Aw and draw me a paycheck, get a tech school degree
I said hey now sergeant, that sure does sound fine
Well the sawmill ain't hiring, tell me where do I sign

Won't you light a lantern for me
I'll be gone but not for long
Won't you keep a candle burnin'
Won't you leave a porch light on

Well my hands are still steady and they still hold a gun
And this suit of a soldier for your southeastern son
Well tell mom not to worry if she's taking it hard
Never thought I'd see action back when I joined the guard
Well all this will be over more later than soon
As I wote in a letter beneath the big afghan moon

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