

Headed South

Van Zant

Out on the road 200 days a year
Blowin' smoke and grindin' gears
My bones are achin' from this northern cold
Baby's cryin' on the telephone
Momma says I've been gone too long
This whiskey I've been drinkin' along is sure gettin' old
This old highway don't seem to end
Countin' the days 'til I'm home again
Bus wheels turnin' from town to town
I wish I could set this circus down
I've had enough, I'm punchin' out
'Cause this whole thing is headed south, headed south
One more night at the 8 Days Inn
I need to hold my baby again
These four damn walls are closin' in on me
Unpackin' my bags just to pack 'em again
Don't want you to see the shape I'm in
I could sure use some shade from a live oak tree
This old highway don't seem to end
Countin' the days until I'm home again
Bus wheels turnin' from town to town
I wish I could set this circus down
I've had enough, I'm punchin' out
'Cause this old boy is headed south
The Sewanee River, The Mason Dixon
Her pretty face are the things I'm missin'
I'm headed south, headed south
This old highway's comin' to an end
Today's the day I'm comin' home again
Bus wheels comin' right to my town
I just set this circus down
I've had enough, I'm punchin' out
I'm comin' home, I'm headed south
Headed south, I'm headed south
I'm headed, I'm headed south
Talk to me, boys
I'm blowin' smoke, grindin' gears
Man, my bones are achin', I'm headed south
Ooh, I'm headed south, I'm headed south
Oh, I'm headed south