

# Southbound

Sammy Kershaw

(Mac McAnally)

(Track 5 - Time 4: 32) 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 You can slow me down

But I'm going

If I can turn this road I'm on

If I can turn this road I'm on

Southbound 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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