

## Asleep At The Wheel "That's What I Like 'Bout The South"

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Let's go down to Alabama  
Let's go see my dear old mama  
Fryin' eggs and cookin' hammy  
That's what I like 'bout the South

She's got baked ribs and candied yams  
Sugar-cured Virginia hams  
Basement full of those berry jams  
And that's what I like about the South

Ham hocks and turnip greens  
Hog jolls and butter beans  
Mardi Gras down in New Orleans  
That's what I like 'bout the South

Down where the trees grow tall  
Where everybody says y'all  
Walk on in with that Southern drawl  
And that's what I like about the South

Here comes old Parson with all the news  
Box back coat and button shoes  
All paid up with his union dues  
That's what I like 'bout the South

Did I tell you about the place called Doo-wah-diddy?  
But it ain't no town and it ain't no city  
It's awful small but it's mighty pretty  
Doo-wah-diddy

Well, I'm not here to criticize  
I'm not here to sympathize  
But don't tell me them no good lies  
'Cause a lyin' gal like you can devise

Every time I pass your door  
You act like you don't want me no more  
You just raise your head and sigh  
Well I'm gonna trackin' right on by

That's what I like 'bout the South

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