

Better Than Ezra "Southern Thang"

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Kelly was a Blackjack dealer
Living on the Gulf of Mexico
Kelly had a taste for guns and pills
He was looking for a mark to roll

Sara was a Kappa from Tulane
She was looking for a little change of pace
When a cop pulled them over on the Interstate
Kelly blew that car away
(I heard him singing)

Go freeze on the porch
Me and my honey rocking back and forth
Light it up again with my ? friends
Underneath the yellow moon

Sweet Dream
New Orleans
Mississippi river running over me
Pretty mamma come and take me by the hand
Don't mock what you don't understand
It's a southern thing
It's a southern thing

Now when they held up a bank in Mobile
They finally made it on the evening news
She's a Georgia peach
Never within reach
He's a felon from Baton Rouge

I heard Robert Johnson playing on the steel guitar
In the heat of the delta sun
Kelly drove 'em back up to Memphis
Finished what the king had once begun
(Go on and sign it now)

Go freeze on the porch
Me and my honey rocking back and forth
Light it up again with my ? friends
Underneath the yellow moon

Sweet dream

New Orleans
Mississippi river running over me
Pretty mamma come and take me by the hand
Don't mock what you don't understand
It's a southern thing
It's a southern thing

Common baby now
Common baby
Common baby now

It's a Southern thing

Common baby now
Common baby
Common baby now

It's a Southern thing

If we ever get out of here
I want you to promise me you'll go down to the Gulf and
swim
And you sing
And you'll think of me
The way you used to sing that silly song to me

Singing M I crooked letter, crooked letter, humpback,
humpback, get a little closer

Common baby now
Common baby
Common baby now
It's a Southern thing

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