

Bill Anderson

"Son Of The South"

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SON OF THE SOUTH

Writer Bill Anderson

I was born eatin' gravy and black-eyed peas
Cracklin' bread and turnip greens
Washin' 'em down with a big
I'm a son of the south
I've picked tomatoes off of the vine
Watermelon in the summertime
Ate 'em in the shade of a Georgia pine
I'm a son of the south
I'm a son of a son of a son of the south
For generations of 'em... "bless your
heart
And 'em... "honey chile, hush your
mouth
My great granddaddy knew Robert E. Lee
I knew Elvis and he knew me
I learned about Jesus at my mama's knee
Like every good son of the south
I had one granddaddy was a preacher man
He loved the lord and he hated sin
He used to let me go to church with him
He was a son of the south
My other grandpappy ran a moonshine still
Up in the woods high on a hill
He took me there once and that was a thrill
He was a son of the south
Now I've got a little boy six years old
He knows and he didn't have to be told
He was born with a whole lot of soul
He's a son of the south
He's already picked cotton and a little guitar
Drank his milk from a mason jar
He knows good and well where his roots are
He's a son of the south
Spoken:
Save your confederate money, boys
I'm a son of the south.

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