

Dick Haymes

"On The Southbound"

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Well I woke up this morning when the cold Chicago
wind
blew my newspaper blanket off my back
Through my dirty broken window the grey sun filtered
in
As I dreamed about the Southbound railroad track
I could almost hear the crickets in a sleepy cottonfield
As daddy drove our vagon to Virgin
But today I'd give a fortune for a twenty five cent meal
And I wish I was a country boy again
So let me ride on the Southbound
Back to where I came from I don't care or where I am
Let me ride on the Southbound and put me off
somewhere near Birmingham
[guitar]
What happened to my vision of a mansion on a hill
And the fame and fortune I came here to win
I've got nothing but the roaches running cross my
window sill
And I wish I was a country boy again
So let me ride...

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