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## Drive-by Truckers "The Southern Thing"

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Ain't about my pistol Ain't about my boots Ain't about no northern drives Ain't about my southern roots

Ain't about my guitars Ain't about my big old amps It ain't rained in weeks But the weather sure feels damp

Ain't about excuses or alibis Ain't about no cotton fields or cotton picking lies Ain't about the races, the crying shame To the fucking rich man all poor people look the same

Don't get me wrong, it just ain't right I ain't too strong, but I ain't afraid to fight If you want to live another day Stay out the way of the southern thing

Ain't about no hatred better raise a glass It's a little about some rebels but it ain't about the past Ain't about no foolish pride, ain't about no flag Hate's the only thing that my truck would want to drag

You think I'm dumb, maybe not too bright You wonder how I sleep at night Proud of the glory, stare down the shame Duality of the southern thing

My great great granddad had a hole in his side He used to tell the story to the family Christmas night Got shot at Shiloh, thought he'd die alone From a Yankee bullet, less than thirty miles from home

Ain't no plantations in my family tree Did not believe in slavery, thought that all men should be free But, who are these soldiers marching through my land? His bride could hear the cannons and she worried about her man I heard the story as it was passed down About guts and glory and rebel stands Four generations, a whole lot has changed Robert E. Lee, Martin Luther King We've come a long way rising from the flame Stay out the way of the southern thing Stay out the way of the southern thing Stay out the way of the southern thing Stay out the way of the southern thing

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