

## Eddie Floyd

### "Fly South"

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By the skeleton of nature we gauge it's time to go  
The last corps of my life we dodge the storm  
We trace a path down 95 and merge with cousin flocks  
All in hopes to keep our feathers warm  
Fatigue has got the best of me  
My wings have gotten sore  
Im not prepared for long-term aviation  
Im sleeping in tomorrow, so don't knock upon my door  
I wont be falling in that flight formation.  
Tell ya what Im gonna do  
You might think Im bold  
Don't like to travel  
Don't mind the cold  
Don't misread my intentions, but Mama, if you don't  
mind  
You can fly south  
Im staying behind.  
Now I can be sentimental, there are some things I'll  
miss  
The Carolina stops were good to me  
And when you cross that Georgia line, please give em  
all my love  
And to my robin friend from Tennessee.  
But don't lead family to believe they wont see me no  
more  
They just must understand it's a vacation  
Im sleeping in tomorrow, so don't knock upon my door  
I wont be falling in that flight formation  
Chorus  
When you get to Tallahassee, find that boy with the BB  
gun  
That last year shot my brother from the sky  
Track that yard rat down  
And you make sure that he aint armed  
And with all my best you can drop one in his eye.  
Chorus

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