

Brenda Lee

"The South"

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I'm the Little Rock of Arkansas
The Smokie Mountains and a cross cut saw
Louisiana cooking, and a watermelon vine
I'm a tall Georgia pine and I got Georgia on my mind.

I'm the Tennessee waltz, and all night sings
That old Florida sun and Silver Springs
I'm Huck and Tom, and the old folks at home
I'm Claymons Dome, and Lord knows I'm cornpone.

I'm the star's that fell on Alabama
Hot coffee in the morning, and an old smoked ham
A dusty delta dawn, a Carolina moon, Magnolias in bloom
I'm a thorrabred, grazing on Kentucky blue grass
I'm pecan pie and I'm tea of sassafras.

I'm the Mississippi river as it rounds the bend
I'm gone with the wind, Yaw All Come Back Again!
I'm hanging moss from a live oak tree
Good old Southern fried chicken and the cypress limb.

The birth of the blues in New Orleans
The land of dreams.

I'm a antebellum home on the Natchez Trails.

A rusted old plough on the old home place
Azaleas blooming on Mobile bend.

I'm the Virginia reel, Louisville.

Yes; I'm that southern hospitality
And I got that Nashville sound.

I'm a cotton patch and I'm an old flop-eared
coonhound.

I'm Daniel Boone and I'm Robert E. Lee
The Seminole, The Choctaw and the Cherokee.

I'm grits for breakfast and I'm a blue bayou
I'm turnip green's and I'm telling you
I'm everything good yaw all ever dreamed about
So Hush Your Mouth cause, "I'm the South!"
I wish I were in Dixie, away, away.

In Dixie Land I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie
Look away, Look away, Look away.

"I Love ya Dixie!!..."

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