

Hank Locklin "Flying South"

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Winter's gone and summertime's a coming and where I
am ain't where I wanna be
I can hear my southern home a calling and it's calling
out the old wild goose and me
Flying flying south to Dixie Lord I been so lonesome
and alone
Stayin' ain't no use because my heart's an old wild
goose
And tomorrow I'll be flying south and home
[brass]
I've got kids and kin down in Kentucky I've got lots of
aunts in Alabam
Mom's a waitin' down in Mississippi and my sist's in
Carolina's honey land
Grandma and grandpa's down in Georgia and my
Tootsie's back in Tennessee
There's a little part of southland in my heart
And honey in the south is where I wanna be

[brass]
Way back home in Nashville Tennessee
[brass]
With the Nashville Brass is where I wanna be

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