

Hine Rupert**"Ass All"**

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Summer finds me needing just

To feel Kentucky rain.

Well, hush your mouth,

Find me a train, gonna walk me to the South again.

Crissacrossin highway five

The phasin moon my friend

Well I'll sleep the day

Travel out the night

Gonna drink me the South again

An thasright,

I'm pickin up dreams of home.

Jusapain that calls my name

Takes me back

Jusathousan miles

Ass all.

Tell me what I'd give to get insider

that Southern drawl.

Well a turn of phrase,

a talkin smile

A voice that soothes my soul.

Waiting somewhere, spiral me,

The drifting smoke of home

Will reach me here

Wait for me

Gonna breathe me

the South again

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