

Buddy Jewell

"Southern Side Of Heaven"

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On April 2nd 1865, confederate forces evacuated their capital, Richmond Virginia
Within a matter of weeks the civil war ended, with thousands of men, good men, death on the other side of the conflict.
Some men fought because they wanted to, other men fought because they needed to.
This is the story of a man who fought because he had to.

April 2nd 1865 the smoke from Richmond burnin' filled the skies
Yankee bluecoat, rebel graves where old men cried and good men died
when the devil laught that day

On the southern side of heaven
Hear the rush of angel wings
Come to carry Johnny home, now his marching days are gone
Carve his stone, let his soul rest in peace
On the southern side of eternity

A soldiers rifle don't fit a farmers hands
That are used to plowing fields and clearing land
Never had no money, never owned a slave
But they still burn my crops of wood my brother in the grave

On the southern side of heaven
Hear the rush of angel wings
Come to carry Johnny home, now his marching days are gone
Carve his stone, let his soul rest in peace
On the southern side of eternity

Above the fray I heard it comin'
The shop had robbed me to my knees
When a dying soldier prays does the lord see blue or gray
I could hear it as my spirit found it's ways

The southern side of heaven's calling me

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