

Johnny Cash

"Southern Comfort"

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I've been a thrill seeking rambler
And often came into this town
But the thrills were too high for my little sky
So I dug in and I've settled down

And I got a good job in Nashville
No way they can pay me enough
For grindin' up tobacco leaves
Making brut and snuff

Southern comfort is killin' me

I'm slowly chokin' in Tennessee
I shovel the snuff until late afternoon
Then I crawl with the traffic and I choke on its fumes
And fall on the face when I get to my room

Southern comfort is killin' me

I met a woman in Nashville
For a while we were carryin' on
She'd washed snuff out of my shirts every night
And keep me with clean ones on

But I guess she got tired of tobacco
At least of the regular kind
Now I'm still workin' where nicotine
And memories are burnin' in my mind

And Southern comfort is killin' me

The Cumberland cannot enhermit each bee
I'm sniffin' and dippin' and livin' alone
I smell funny smoke and I know where she's gone
She's in some other county now proving her own

Southern comfort is killin' me
Southern comfort is killin' me

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