

Orenda Fink "Dirty South"

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In a flatbed, in a trailer
You are royalty there
Among keys and their jailers
You speak the truth with open mouth
Oh to be a boy
In the dirty south

In the rec room
When the rains came
She opened her arms to you
You tried to love her well
You only ended up in jail

Oh the dirty south
Is your living hell

The trees standing
While they sharpen their blades
To cut you down

Beautiful things can come from
The dark I once said and I
Hoped that you would believe and
Rise up from the ashes but now
You've been beaten down
By the dirty south

So let's give a crown
A gold shining crown
To the dirty south

To be a boy, to be a boy
In the dirty south
To be a boy, to be a boy
In the dirty south

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