

The Paper Tongues

"Southern Boys"

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Southern boys are warm and lovely
They speak gently of their homes and show you
pictures
Of the folks
Their breath in your ear is as soft as the cotton
Whether they're wooing or whispering the latest racist
Joke

I get knocked right off my feet
When I hear that Southern drawl
And I don't mind the pain
'Cause the feeling's worth the fall

Buttered grits is fare for breakfast
And if you like and your aim is good, maybe a squirrel
Then around nine, we pop that moonshine
And it's on out to the porch for a moonlight swing with
Me your Northern girl

I get knocked right off my feet
When I hear that Southern drawl
And I don't mind the pain
'Cause the feeling's worth the fall

Were you born? Where do you come from?
Is your tropic in Cancer and is your sun sign divine?
Ah let it out, please don't hide it
All that good ol' stuff down below that Mason-Dixon
Line

I get knocked right off my feet
When I hear that Southern drawl
And I don't mind the pain
'Cause the feeling's worth the fall

And don't extend your hand
'Cause I couldn't move at all

