

Tishamingo

"Hillbilly Wine"

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Slipped on my Red Wings, like I've done so many times
Notion fell upon me, to cross that county line

Sweetwater cornfields, you got your Hillbilly Wine
Freedom fell upon me, for the very first time

Silo is empty and the well runs dry
I've got to back go back, one last time
You see I 'm headed for some of your wine
I'm headed on down for a taste of your Hillbilly Wine

Well a halo sits above, those that do good
Just a simple little token, for doin' as we should

There'll be times, when we turn from the truth
A little Hillbilly Wine, will take me back to my roots

El Destino functions, in the strangest of ways
Well the future holds the promise, but do we forget
about today

There's a long dirt road, where my travels soon begin
I'm gonna slip on my Red Wings, and fly like the wind

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