

## Zac Brown Band

### "Smoke Rise"

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She was something in her formative years  
She'd hide her accent, it would reappear  
When she would brag on what Daddy Bought last night  
Only pretty girls were in that crowd  
They'd tease a handful of poor kids out loud  
And even then I knew it wasn't right

Smoke rises,  
You were never kind  
Good news,  
I've left you all behind  
Some who  
Hoped that it would last  
Smoke rise, I'm glad you're in my past

Most of the kids were better than me  
Or at least they thought so,  
And it was plain to see  
That children are cruel  
And I didn't have a fighting chance  
I wasn't a jock, I wasn't a brain  
We weren't well-off and Mama couldn't explain  
Why no one would take a poor boy to the dance

Smoke rises,  
You were never kind  
Good news,  
I've left you all behind  
Some who,  
Hoped that it would last  
Smoke rise, I'm glad you're in my past  
[X2]

Those bold rich kids find it hard to embrace  
When they bus black kids in from all over the place  
The county tried to prove their schools were all the  
same  
Old Jim Crow tried to integrate  
But in the South it's hard to relate  
When Grandpa used the n-word with no shame

Oh, Smoke rises,  
You were never kind  
Good news,  
I've left you all behind  
Some who,  
Hoped that it would last  
Smoke rise, I'm glad you're in my past

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