

Pat Boone

"Southbound 35"

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By Pat Boone
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What the hell am I doing down in Kansas City, I know
damn well it ain't where I belong, think I'll quit my job
come 5 o'clock, find my lonely way back home, My
baby said just what are you trying to prove here, do you
really want to leave me here alone, I said I'm staring at
this ocean full of Yankees, and I'd rather be in Texas on
my own.

Chorus

So we were southbound 35, we were headed down the
road,
Hit the border by the morning, let Texas fill my soul,
Yeah let Texas fill my soul.

The tears start to flow about the time that I was leaving,
she said I guess you better take me along, God might
have made me born a Yankee, but it's time that I made
Texas my home, So we loaded her stuff into my pickup,
said good-bye to all my friends, called my brother
down in Austin, said I'm headed home again.

Chorus

She had her feet up on the dashboard, she was holding
my hand and wearing only a smile, she said it's gonna
be hard to start all over, but the feeling I have will make
it all worth while.

Chorus

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