

Rodney Carrington

"Jewel Of The South"

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JEWEL OF THE SOUTH
WRITER RODNEY CROWELL

One fine morning when the wild geese fly
I'm taking my chances on the sunny side
I'm headed down south where the grass grows tall
Where the mockingbirds singing and the whippoorwill
calls
Spanish moss on the Natchez Trace gulf wind blowing
wide across my face
French girls dancing to a big bang drum back down
south where I come from
Where the river flows like warm molasses rain fogs up
my reading glasses
Honey suckle strong enough to curl your hair back
down there
One fine morning gonna pull up stakes
I'm gonna chalk it all up as just a bad mistake
Gonna hit the decks runnin' bid a fond farewell
By the time I get to Memphis I'll be outta my shell
Cottonfields just as white as snow sweet magnolia
blossoms grow
Big moon shinin' like an ice cream cone back down
south where I belong
Where the river flows like milk and honey
The nights are slow and the eggs are runny
I wouldn't mind sittin' in a rocking chair back down
there
Jewel of the south cross my heart shut my mouth
Come the morning I'll be home in the sweet Delta dawn
One fine morning and it won't be long
I'm leaving put early with my glad rags on
I'm gonna pull a load of wool off of my own two eyes
And sharpen my senses countin' railroad ties
When the mile long trestle makes a clickity-clack
The whole dang town is gonna welcome me back
Ticket to the land of the sugar cane back down on the
Ponchartrain
Where the river flows like a grand mariner
Sweet olive takes my breath away
Sunday morning walkin' on the Jackson Square back

down there
Jewel of the south cross my heart shut my mouth
Come the morning I'll be home in the sweet Delta dawn
Come the morning I'll be home in the sweet Delta dawn

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