

Rodney Crowell "Jewel of the South"

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One fine mornin' when the wild geese fly
I'm takin' 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 blowin' wide across my face
French girls dancin' to a big bang drum
Back down south where I come from

Where the river flows like warm molasses
Rain fogs up my readin' glasses
Honey suckle strong enough to curl
Your hair back down there

One fine mornin', 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

Cotton fields 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 rockin' chair back down there
Jewel of the south cross my heart, shut my mouth
Come the mornin', I'll be home in the sweet Delta dawn

One fine mornin' and it won't be long
I'm leavin' 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 Pontchartrain

Where the river flows like a grand mariner
Sweet olive takes my breath away
Sunday mornin' walkin' on the Jackson Square back
down there
Jewel of the south cross my heart, shut my mouth
Come the mornin', I'll be home in the sweet Delta dawn
Come the mornin', I'll be home in the sweet Delta dawn

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