

Sam

"Southbound"

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Grease in our hair
Hands in our pockets
We stood and stared
At cars goin' past
We placed our bets
Where they were headed
And held our cigarettes
Like movie stars

Grandmother's hands
Hard from the garden
She had a plan
For me to preach one day
She prayed for rain
She watched and she waited
And never complained
When it did not fall

Southbound
Breezes blowing
This town ain't my home
You can slow me down
But I'm going
If I can turn this road I'm on
Southbound

Stories I tell
Reek of nostalgia
And those that know me well
Have heard 'em all before
How far I've come
Mostly I'm proud of
But where I'm comin' from
Is calling me

Southbound
Breezes blowing
This town ain't my home
You can slow me down
But I'm going
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