

The Fighting Hukills "Southern Son"

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It's 51 miles to Cedar Key.
The sun is nice but I would rather be with you,
with you.

Those trees are tall see how they sway.
If I could just wish for a longer stay with you,
with you.

The southern son is on you. (x3)

I'd trade that sand and those ocean waves
for a one room shack and another day with you,
with you.

There's not enough stars in the tropical sky,
to make me want to think about changing my mind with
you,
with you.

The southern son is on you. (x3)

The southern son is on you. (x4)

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