

Travis Tritt

"Son Of The New South"

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Raised a child of farmin' folks down in the southern
land
I worked all day in the summer sun till my back was
leather tan
I've been called hillbilly, I've been called a redneck too
But I ain't backwards, dumb or poor, just red white and
blue

Son of the new South, step child of Uncle Sam
Baptized in 100 proof and saved by the blood of the
Lamb
This is the new South, still drink our tea from a mason
jar
We're the backbone of this country and we're proud of
who we are

From Richmond to Montgomery, San Antoine to
Caroline
There's a brand new spirit sweepin' in like wind through
Georgia pines
I hold on to some old ways, I ain't scared to try the new
But when it comes to what I change I'll be the one to
choose

Son of the new South, step child of Uncle Sam
Baptized in 100 proof and saved by the blood of the
Lamb
This is the new South, still drink our tea from a mason
jar
We're the backbone of this country and we're proud of
who we are, yeah

Well the times are a changin' and the South has come
of age
We put the past behind us it's time to turn the page

Son of the new South, step child of Uncle Sam
Baptized in 100 proof and saved by the blood of the
Lamb
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