

Southern Symphony

[Russell Dickerson](#)

Where I come from
We wash up before supper
You don't talk back to your mother
Or you get your butt worn out
Where I come from
It's the same pew every Sunday
And the preacher says there's one way to Heaven
And you can ask the good Lord now

Yeah, something about you brings me back home
Girl, your kiss is like a trip down sun swept road

It's the sound of a magnolia breeze
Ice cubes in sweet tea
Fight song on a Friday
Bug zapper buzzin' in the driveway
It ain't much, but it sounds so sweet
A southern symphony
To sing along, let it play on and on
'Cause where I come from, that's a love song, mmm

Where I come from
The pot don't call the kettle
We settle down, but we don't settle
We take time to stop, just to feel the wind blow
Where I come from
We grow sweet corn and tobacco
And everybody waves back at you when you pass 'em
Girl, you take me back to that road

Like the sound of a magnolia breeze
Ice cubes in sweet tea
Fight song on a Friday
Bug zapper buzzin' in the driveway
It ain't much, but it sounds so sweet
A southern symphony
To sing along, let it play on and on
'Cause where I come from, that's a love song

It's the sound of a magnolia breeze

Ice cubes in sweet tea
Fight song on a Friday
Bug zapper buzzin' in the driveway
It's the sound of Hymn 112
Stories my Grandpa tells
Garth Brooks on a CD
And Rocky Top on TV
It ain't much, but it sounds so sweet
A southern symphony
Sing along, but we don't need a record on, no
Just let it play on and on
'Cause where I come from, that's a love song
Where I come from, that's a love song

Lyrics Submitted by Michael Ray

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