

Eyes of the South

Down

Goddamn! This time it's real
It's a love that I feel
I may be tainted but God knows
It's good to me, could you see? I leave my woes
At strangers road dispose
And let the sun back on my face, whoa! It's a soul sense of pride
Good Lord, the South is blind
But she gives me so much suffrage with my pain, heah! I feel the strain
When I get behind a big slow day
I've fucked it all
Was that down? Was that family? I leave my woes
At stranger's road dispose
And let the blood back in my veins, whoa! It's a soul sense of pride
Good Lord, the South is blind
But she will never let me go insane, hoah! Please let me die there
(Please let me)
Cold war leaves me there
(Cold war, yeah) Let!

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