

Southbound

Doc Watson

I've been here a month or more, stuck in this old city.
The people that have to call it home they're the ones I pity,
Lord, I'm homesick, and the blues are the only songs I ever seem to pick.
I get out and walk the street 'til I get blisters on my feet,
I'm southbound.
(What do you think about it, son?)[guitar]I'm all right 'til late at night I'm sitting by my window,
Counting sheep but I couldn't sleep for listening to that train blow
I begin to pine when I hear that big old engine rolling down the line
I'm going back to spend some time where I can have fun if I ain't got a dime,
I'm southbound.[guitar]Southbound! She's burnin' the ground and I don't mean maybe!
Sure I'm glad I caught this train cos I'd like to see my baby -
I've been lonesome, I long to see them hills that I come from.
Listen to the engine rattle and roar, she's taking me back home once more! I'm southbound.
(Ride it on out of here, now!)

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