

# Southern Justice

## Travis Tritt

He was born in the big iron city  
Deep in the heart of dixie, yes he was now  
Raised on the good book  
Taught to take a good look at what's going on  
His daddy was a Birmingham lawman  
A servant of the people through and through  
They say blood is thicker than water  
So the boy got a badge and a suit of blue  
He was long on southern justice  
Practiced his law out on the street  
He drew the line for the criminal mind to see  
Dedicated to keep God's children free  
There are two sides to every big city  
And he walked on the one that wasn't pretty  
A solitary ranger  
He had to deal with danger 'round every turn  
Every day was a tightrope of decision  
Between a forty four and a heart of gold  
Some of those hard case confrontations  
Cut him like a switch blade to his soul  
He was long on southern justice  
Practiced his law out on the street  
Drew the line for the criminal mind to see  
Dedicated to keep God's children free  
Late one night down on crack street alley  
He walked up on a bad deal goin' down  
He knew what he'd done  
When he saw that shotgun swing around  
He drew then froze in hesitation  
When he saw that fourteen year old face  
Then the fire from that shotgun barrel  
Blew all his burdens away  
Blew his burdens away  
He was long on southern justice  
Practiced his law out on the street  
He drew the line for the criminal mind to see  
Dedicated to keep God's children free  
Yeah, he was long, long on southern justice  
Practiced his law out on the street

Drew the line for the criminal mind to see  
Dedicated to keep God's children free  
Dedicated to keep God's children free  
Oh Lord, keep them free  
Ohh got to keep them free, yeah yeah  
Ohh [incomprehensible] to see

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