

Southland In The Springtime

Indigo Girls

Maybe we'll make Texas by the morning
Light the bayou with our taillights in the night
Eight hundred miles to El Paso from the state line
And we never have the money for the flight I'm in the back seat sleepy from the travel
Played our hearts out all night long in New Orleans
I'm dirty from the diesel fumes, drinking coffee black
When the first breath of Texas comes in clean And there's something bout the Southland in the springtime
Where the waters flow with confidence and reason
Though I miss her when I'm gone it won't ever be too long
'Til I'm home again to spend my favorite season When God made me born a Yankee He was teasin'
There's no place like home and none more pleasin'
Than the Southland in the springtime In Georgia nights are softer than a whisper
Beneath a quilt somebody's mother made by hand
With the farmland like a tapestry passed down through generations
And the peach trees stitched across the land There'll be cider up near Helen off the roadside
And boiled peanuts in a bag to warm your fingers
And the smoke from the chimney meets its maker in the sky
With a song that winter wrote whose melody lingers.

Songwriters

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