Head South

Neal McCoy

Head south in the mornin'
Just take off with no warnin'
Tell your boss you need a change of scene
Head south if you're feelin'
Your homesick heart is reelin'
An' get yourself a bowl of butter beansAnywhere east of the Rio Grande
Get you a cane pole in your hand
Fry a mess of fish up on the bank
You cross that Mason-Dixon line
Leave your cares an' worries behind
Sit out under a Willow tree an' thinkHead south, are you listenin'?
You don't know what you're missin'
From Virgina shores to the Gulf of Mexico
Well, head south to Kentucky
Blue Ridge Mountains if you're lucky
From the Florida Keys to the banks of the Ohio
(Ohio)You will feel the heart of Texas swing
Dixieland down in New Orleans
Delta blues on the side of a riverbank
Your Country Soul down in Tennessee
An' that Mountain Music's all right by me
Hot Jambalaya, you're in the land of HankOh, hit it
Tickle that ivory, yeah, aw, yeah
Mmm, mm, that's alright
Oh yeahHead south, good God Almighty
Ain't the thought of it excitin'?
Crab cakes, corn bread, craw fish an' barbecue
Head south, horn of plenty
For the few an' the manyAll the south is missin', man, is you, yeah
All the south is missin', man, is you
(Da, da, da, da, da, da)
Aw, hah

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