

Heart of Gold

[Leyla McCalla](#)

If I had a heart of gold
As some folks I know
I'd up and sell my heart of gold
And head north with the dough But I don't have a heart of gold
My heart's not even lead
It's made of clay, old Georgia clay
And that's why my heart is red I wonder why red clay
So red and Georgia sky, so blue
I wonder why it's yes to me
And yessir, sir to you I wonder why the sky so blue
And why the clay so red
Way down south is always down
And never up instead

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