

Southbound

[Sammy Kershaw](#)

Grease in our hair, hands in our pockets
We stood and stared at cars goin' past
We placed our bets, where they were headed
And held our cigarettes like movie stars
Grandmother's hands hard from the garden
She had a plan for me to preach one day
She prayed for rain, she watched and she waited
And never complained when it did not fall
Southbound breezes blowing
This town ain't my home
You can slow me down, but I'm going
If I can turn this road I'm on Southbound
Stories I tell, reek of nostalgia
And those that know me well, have heard 'em all before
How far I've come, mostly I'm proud of
But where I'm comin' from is calling me
Southbound breezes blowing
This town ain't my home
You can slow me down, but I'm going
If I can turn this road I'm on Southbound
You can slow me down, but I'm going
If I can turn this road I'm on
If I can turn this road I'm on Southbound
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