No Southern Comfort

Jon Randall

Just another lazy southern Sunday
The time is hanging in the air
There's a hoot owl softly calling
Off in the distance somewhereThere's nothing left for me to go back home to
There's nothing left to do but drive around
And there's nothing left to say that'll make it be okay
There ain't no comfort in the southSo let the willow weep a little harder
Let the dirt roads all lead out of town
That old Magnolia wind done let me down
Sweet Dixie cannot fix me now
There ain't no southern comfort anyhowYeah, the honeysuckles growing the fence line
And Georgia sun keeps pouring down
And that shade beneath the pines was made to ease my mind
But there ain't no comfort in the southSo let the willow weep a little harder
And let the dirt roads all lead out of town
That old magnolia wind done let me down
Sweet Dixie cannot fix me now
There ain't no southern comfort anyhowYeah, that old magnolia wind let me down
Sweet Dixie cannot fix me now
There ain't no southern comfort anyhow
No, there ain't no southern comfort anyhow

Songwriters
RANDALL/SHERRILLPublished by
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