

# I Believe the South Is Gonna Rise Again

**Tanya Tucker**

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Mama never had a flower garden  
'Cause cotton grew right up to our front door  
Daddy never went on a vacation  
He died a tired old man at forty-four Our neighbors in the big house called us redneck  
'Cause we lived in a poor sharecropper shack  
The Jackson's down the road were poor like we were  
But our skin was white and theirs was black But I believe the south is gonna rise again  
But not the way we thought it would back then  
I mean everybody hand in hand  
I believe the south is gonna rise again I see wooded parks and big skyscrapers  
Where dirty rundown shack stood once before  
I see sons and daughters and sharecroppers  
But they're not pickin' cotton anymore But more important I see human kindness  
As we forget the bad and keep the good  
A brand new breeze is blowing cross the southland  
And I see a brand new kind of brotherhood Yes I believe the south is gonna rise again  
Oh but not the way we thought it would back then  
I mean everybody hand in hand  
I believe the south is gonna rise again I believe the south is gonna rise again  
I believe the south is gonna rise again

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