Slave To the South

The Weeks

I'm a slave to the south there's a curse on this house
I've been dying to leave but I just can't get out
I've always been drawn to one wooden shack
And a man with the weight of the world on his backI've got dust on my boots, I've got tears in my eyes
And ill work in these fields for the rest of my life
Like my father before me who worked every day
And I'll be damned if I let someone take that from meWell a life full of riches means nothing to me
With a full of joy there that no one can see
And a poor hungry heart that still wants to be free
And somebody there who's still waiting for me
And I know of a place that gets slow when it rains
With a sky that's as blue as the blood in my veins
And a burnt cigarette sits on some window pane
With the loud laughs and thunder in a slow southern stateI've been raising my hands, I've been praying for rain
And I screamed at them skies but the drops never came
Well with sun on my face and with god on my side
Who will I blame if those crops, they don't riseWell I always hoped life wouldn't end up like this
With a well that's gone dry and a cross in my fist
Well if my hair has gone gray and those rains still ain't came
Well then well wade in that river, let it take us awayWell a life full of riches means nothing to me
With a full of joy there that no one can see
And a poor hungry heart that still wants to be free
And somebody there who's still waiting for me
And I know of a place that gets slow when it rains
With a sky that's as blue as the blood in my veins
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