

# Guitar Slinger

## Crossin Dixon

I've got southern comfort runnin' through my veins  
My mama was the wind and my daddy was the train  
I'm the second coming of the midnight rider  
I'm a modern day old soul singer  
Son of a gun and guitar slinger I spent ten years pickin' on a six string  
Working the bar seed, burnin' it down to the ground  
Lookin' for a sound that ain't been found  
By no one else stickin' true to myself So I took it up the highway south bound interstate  
Counting on a big brake, trickin' my licks for tips  
Learning to live like I never did  
I was dead broke like a bad joke I've got southern comfort runnin' through my veins  
My mama was the wind and my daddy was the train  
I'm the second coming of the midnight rider  
I'm a modern day old soul singer  
Son of a gun and guitar slinger I thought I found the right thing sittin' in the wrong town  
Out in the crowd, throwin' all the signs with her eyes  
Looking mighty fine in the line of a honky tonk  
Just singing along But I never had a chance 'cause after the last song  
We had to get along down the road with the show  
Doing it again with some new friends under the spotlight  
Yeah, this is my life Southern comfort runnin' through my veins  
My mama was the wind and my daddy was the train  
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Son of a gun and guitar slinger

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