

# Headed South

[Van Zant](#)

Out on the road 200 days a year  
Blowin' smoke and grindin' gears  
My bones are achin' from this northern cold  
Baby's cryin' on the telephone  
Momma says I've been gone too long  
This whiskey I've been drinkin' along is sure gettin' old  
This old highway don't seem to end  
Countin' the days 'til I'm home again  
Bus wheels turnin' from town to town  
I wish I could set this circus down  
I've had enough, I'm punchin' out  
'Cause this whole thing is headed south, headed south  
One more night at the 8 Days Inn  
I need to hold my baby again  
These four damn walls are closin' in on me  
Unpackin' my bags just to pack 'em again  
Don't want you to see the shape I'm in  
I could sure use some shade from a live oak tree  
This old highway don't seem to end  
Countin' the days until I'm home again  
Bus wheels turnin' from town to town  
I wish I could set this circus down  
I've had enough, I'm punchin' out  
'Cause this old boy is headed south  
The Sewanee River, The Mason Dixon  
Her pretty face are the things I'm missin'  
I'm headed south, headed south  
This old highway's comin' to an end  
Today's the day I'm comin' home again  
Bus wheels comin' right to my town  
I just set this circus down  
I've had enough, I'm punchin' out  
I'm comin' home, I'm headed south  
Headed south, I'm headed south  
I'm headed, I'm headed south  
Talk to me, boys  
I'm blowin' smoke, grindin' gears  
Man, my bones are achin', I'm headed south  
Ooh, I'm headed south, I'm headed south  
Oh, I'm headed south

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