

Son Of The New South

Travis Tritt

Raised a child of farmin' folks down in the southern land
I worked all day in the summer sun till my back was leather tan
I've been called hillbilly, I've been called a redneck too
But I ain't backwards, dumb or poor, just red white and blue
Son of the new South, step child of Uncle Sam
Baptized in 100 proof and saved by the blood of the Lamb
This is the new South, still drink our tea from a mason jar
We're the backbone of this country and we're proud of who we are
From Richmond to Montgomery, San Antoine to Caroline
There's a brand new spirit sweepin' in like wind through Georgia pines
I hold on to some old ways, I ain't scared to try the new
But when it comes to what I change I'll be the one to choose
Son of the new South, step child of Uncle Sam
Baptized in 100 proof and saved by the blood of the Lamb

This is the new South, still drink our tea from a mason jar
We're the backbone of this country and we're proud of who we are, yeah
Well the times are a changin' and the South has come of age
We put the past behind us it's time to turn the page
Son of the new South, step child of Uncle Sam
Baptized in 100 proof and saved by the blood of the Lamb
This is the new South, still drink our tea from a mason jar
We're the backbone of this country and we're proud of who we are
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