

When It All Goes South

Alabama

It'll creep up on you like a kudzu vine
Even miles above the Mason-Dixon line
'Til one day you're craving hominy grits
And scanning the jukebox for George Jones hits
Drinkin' Jack Black tryin' to kick back
'til the condo's looking like a shotgun shack
You'll be one of us no matter where you're at
When it all goes south When it all goes south
You'll be drivin' around on a John Deere tractor
When it all goes south
Wearing baseball caps but they won't be backwards
When it all goes south
It really don't matter what state you're in
Someday the south's gonna rise again There's a Wall Street wonderboy
Sittin' up north
Throwing darts like a monkey at a stock report
Got two homes, car loans, in debt
And his third divorce ain't even final yet
Traded his MBA for a SUV
On a backwoods road in Tennessee
Cause Manhattan ain't the place to be
When it all goes south When it all goes south
With the live oak trees and the sweet magnolias
When it all goes south
Eatin' moon pies , drinking RC colas
When it all goes south
It really don't matter what state you're in
One day the south's gonna rise again Vicksburg, Birmingham, Natchez and Savannah, Panama City
Y'all sure look pretty in the sunshine
Getting' dixiefried
Get yourself some rebel pride When it all goes south
Where the fog's as thick as Mississippi mud
When it all goes south
You'll be singing the blues 'cause it's in your blood
It really don't matter what state you're in
Someday the south's gonna rise again
When it all goes south

Songwriters

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