

# Son of the South

[Del Reeves](#)

## SON OF THE SOUTH

Writer Bill Anderson  
I was born eatin' gravy and black-eyed peas  
Cracklin' bread and turnip greens  
Washin' 'em down with a big  
I'm a son of the south  
I've picked tomatoes off of the vine  
Watermelon in the summertime  
Ate 'em in the shade of a Georgia pine  
I'm a son of the south  
I'm a son of a son of a son of the south  
For generations of "bless your heart"  
And "honey chile, hush your mouth"  
My great granddaddy knew Robert E. Lee  
I knew Elvis and he knew me  
I learned about Jesus at my mama's knee  
Like every good son of the south  
I had one granddaddy was a preacher man  
He loved the lord and he hated sin  
He used to let me go to church with him  
He was a son of the south  
My other grandpappy ran a moonshine still  
Up in the woods high on a hill  
He took me there once and that was a thrill  
He was a son of the south  
Now I've got a little boy six years old  
He knows and he didn't have to be told  
He was born with a whole lot of soul  
He's a son of the south  
He's already picked cotton and a little guitar  
Drank his milk from a mason jar  
He knows good and well where his roots are  
He's a son of the south  
Spoken:  
Save your confederate money, boys  
I'm a son of the south.

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