

# Dirty South

Orenda Fink

In a flatbed, in a trailer  
You are royalty there  
Among kings and their jailers  
You speak the truth with your open mouth  
Oh, to be a boy  
In the dirty south

In the rec room  
When the rains came  
She opened her arms to you  
You tried to love her, well,  
You only ended up in jail  
The dirty south  
Is your living hell

A tree, you stand there  
While they sharpen their blades  
To cut you down

Beautiful things can come from  
The dark I once said and I  
Hoped that you would believe and  
Rise up from the ashes, but now  
You've been beaten down  
By the dirty south  
So, let's give a crown  
A gold, shining crown  
To the dirty south

To be a boy  
In the dirty south

---

Lyrics powered by [lyrics.tancode.com](http://lyrics.tancode.com)

written by ORENDA FINK

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>