

# Somewhere South

Michael Ray

I think about blazing heat  
I think about small talk  
I think about the trash piling up in the back of a truck on cinder blocks  
I think about lawn chairs  
Watermelon on a paper plate  
I think about tea in a pitcher on a porch that's drowning in sugar cane  
Oh I think I need to catch a plane Somewhere south  
Where when they open that smile  
They smile, that long, slow drawl falls out  
Where I can be me getting lost in a sea of a down home crowd  
Oh, I gotta get back down, somewhere south I think about stars and bars  
I think about stubborn pride  
And fighting over Fords and Chevy's  
A war damn eagle  
Or a crimson tide  
And I think about amazing grace  
And I think about raising hell  
How walking that line's a bitch  
'Cause every momma's gotta switch in the bible belt  
Oh I think I need to find myself Somewhere south  
Where when they open that smile  
They smile, that long, slow drawl falls out  
Where I can be me getting lost in a sea of a down home crowd  
Oh, I gotta get back down, somewhere south Like kudzu on those pines my heart stays wrapped around  
My roots my truth my boots, they miss their stomping grounds  
Think they wanna run right now, somewhere south I think about a pretty girl  
Wearing my grandma's ring  
And I think about a baby boy  
Carrying on my grandpa's name  
And I think I wanna plant that dream Somewhere south  
Somewhere south  
Somewhere south

Songwriters

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