

# Good Directions

Billy Currington

I was sittin' there sellin' turnips on a flatbed truck  
Crunchin' on a pork rind when she pulled up  
She had to be thinkin' this is where rednecks come from  
She had Hollywood written on her license plate  
She was lost and lookin' for the interstate  
Needin' directions, and I was the man for the job[Chorus]  
I told her way up yonder past the caution light  
There's a little country store with an old Coke sign  
You gotta stop in and ask Miss Bell for some of her sweet tea  
Then a left will take you to the interstate  
But a right will bring you right back here to meI was sittin' there thinkin' 'bout her pretty face  
Kickin' myself for not catchin' her name  
I threw my hat and thought, 'you fool, that it coulda been love.  
I knew my old Ford couldn't run her down  
She probably didn't like me anyhow  
So I watched her disappear in a cloud of dustI told her way up yonder past the caution light  
There's a little country store with an old Coke sign  
You gotta stop in and ask Miss Bell for some of her sweet tea  
Then a left will take you to the interstate  
But a right will bring you right back here to meIs this Georgia heat playin' tricks on me  
Or am I really seein' what I think I see?  
The woman of my dreams comin' back to meShe went way up yonder past the caution light  
Don't know why, but somethin' felt right  
When she stopped in and asked Miss Bell for some of her sweet tea  
Mama gave her a big 'ol glass and sent her right back here to meThank God for good directions...and turnip  
greens

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