

Southern Comfort Zone (Acoustic Version)

[Brad Paisley](#)

When your wheelhouse is the land of cotton,
The first time you leave it can be strange, it can be shocking
Not everybody drives a truck, not everybody drinks
sweet tea
Not everybody owns a gun, wears a ball cap boots and jeans
Not everybody goes to church or watches every NASCAR race
Not everybody knows the words to "Ring Of Fire" or "Amazing Grace"
Oh, Dixie Land,
I hope you understand
When I miss my Tennessee home
And I been away, way too long
I can't see this world unless I go
Outside my Southern Comfort zone
I have walked the streets of Rome, I have been to foreign lands
I know what it's like to talk and have nobody understand
I have seen the Eiffel Tower lit up on a Paris night
I have kissed a West Coast girl underneath the Northern Lights
I know what it's like to be the only one like me,
To take a good hard look around and be in the minority
And I miss my Tennessee home
I can see the ways that I've grown
I can't see this world unless I go
Outside my Southern Comfort zone
I miss your biscuits and your gravy
Fireflies dancing in the night
You have fed me, you have saved me
Billy Graham and Martha White
I have since become a drifter
And I just can't wait to pack
'Cause I know the route I leave on
It will always bring me back
When I miss my Tennessee home
And I've been away, way too long
I can't see this world unless I go
Outside my Southern Comfort zone
Look away, look away

Songwriters

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