Southern Justice

Travis Tritt

He was born in the big iron city
Deep in the heart of Dixie, yes he was now
Raised on the good Book
Taught to take a good look at what's going on
His daddy was Birmingham lawman
A servant of the people through and through
They say blood is thicker than water
So the boy got a badge and a suit of blueHe was long on southern justice
Practiced his law out on the street
Drew the line for the criminal mind to see
Dedicated to keep God's children freeThere are two sides to every big city
And he walked on the side that wasn't pretty
A solitary ranger
He had to deal with the danger 'round every turn
Every day was a tightrope of decision
Between a forty-four and a heart of gold
Some of those hard case confrontations
Would cut him like a switch-blade to his soulHe was long on southern justice
Practiced his law out on the street
Drew the line for the criminal mind to see
Dedicated to keep God's children freeLate one night down on Crack Street Alley
He walked up on a bad deal goin' down
He knew what he'd done
When he saw that shotgun swing around
He drew then froze in hesitation
When he saw that fourteen year old face
Then the fire from that shotgun barrel
Blew all his burdens away
Blew his burdens awayHe was long on southern justice
Practiced his law out on the street
Drew the line for the criminal mind to see
Dedicated to keep God's children free

Songwriters
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