

# Southern Boys

**Kate & Anna McGarrigle**

Southern boys are warm and lovely  
They speak gently of their homes and show you pictures of the folks  
Their breath in your ear is as soft as the cotton  
Whether they're wooing or whispering the latest racist joke I get knocked right off my feet  
When I hear that Southern drawl  
And I don't mind the pain  
'Cause the feeling's worth the fall Buttered grits is fare for breakfast  
And if you like and your aim is good, maybe a squirrel  
Then around nine, we pop that moonshine  
And it's on out to the porch for a moonlight swing with me your Northern girl I get knocked right off my feet  
When I hear that Southern drawl  
And I don't mind the pain  
'Cause the feeling's worth the fall Were you born? Where do you come from?  
Is your tropic in Cancer and is your sun sign divine?  
Ah let it out, please don't hide it  
All that good ol' stuff down below that Mason-Dixon Line I get knocked right off my feet  
When I hear that Southern drawl  
And I don't mind the pain  
'Cause the feeling's worth the fall And don't extend your hand  
'Cause I couldn't move at all

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