

Smoke Rise

Zac Brown Band

she was something in her formative years
she'd hide her accent, it would reappear
when she would brag on what daddy bought last nightonly pretty girls were in that crowd
to tease a handful of poor kids out loud
and even then I knew it wasn't rightSmoke Rise you were never kind
good news I left you all behind
there's some who hoped that it would last
Smoke Rise I'm glad you're in my pastmost of the kids were better than me
or at least they thought so and it was plain to see
the children are cruel and I didn't have a fighting chance
I wasn't a jock
I wasn't a brain
we weren't well off
and momma couldn't explain
why noone would take a poor boy to the danceSmoke Rise you were never kind
good news I left you all behind
there's some who hoped that it would last
Smoke Rise I'm glad you're in my pastSmoke Rise you were never kind
good news I left you all behind
there's some who hoped that it would last
Smoke Rise I'm glad you're in my pastthese old rich kids find it hard to embrance
when they bus black kids from all over the place
the county tried to prove their schools were all the same
ol' Jim Crow tried to integrate
But in the south it's hard to relate
when grandpa used the "N"-word with no shameSmoke Rise you were never kind
good news I left you all behind
there's some who hoped that it would last
Smoke Rise I'm glad you're in my past
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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