Good Directions

The Cowboy Band

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
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 me
I was sittin' there thinkin' 'bout her pretty face
Kickin' myself for not catchin' her name
I threw my hat and thought, 'You fool, that 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 dust
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 me
Is 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 me
She 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 me
Thank God for good directions and turnip greens

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