

# Your Southern Heart

Rosanne Cash

Hold the wine and think it over  
In this nest of noise  
Then cut them off like criminals  
They were crazy boys I'll be your witness in the morning and the dark  
Running through these flooded fields  
With the madness of your heart  
It's just your southern heart So pour the wine and talk it over  
Everyone must fight  
Let the river wash you over  
And fill your southern heart It's just your southern heart

Songwriters

JOHN B LEVENTHAL, ROSANNE CASH Published by  
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