

## Road To Baxley

Anthony David

Yep, headed on down to Baxley, Georgia  
Family reunion and all that (hey, cous', hey, kinfolk)  
Uh, uh, oh, yay  
Hahaha, uh, ay

Seventy-five, headed through Macon  
Sixteen, w-w-we on the road, yeah  
C-cotton fields, gettin' off of Dublin  
31 through the country we roll  
C-cuttin' up, drinkin' with my cousins  
Small town, where's everything slow, yeah  
Eatin'-eatin' blue crab, pickin' out the dead men  
Show the babies everything we know

Through the good and bad, our tradition survived  
And now it's our turn to keep it alive, yeah

Fire up the grill, we finna have a fish fry, we goin' back with  
it  
Headed on back to Baxley, yeah (ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Fire up the grill, we finna have a fish fry, we goin' back with  
it  
Headed on back to Baxley, yeah (ay, ay, ay, ay)

Skin so soft, j-just to get the gnats off  
Good Lord, some of y'all don't know, yeah  
Snappin' beans, sittin' up on the back porch  
Got a bushel and a half let to go, oh, ho-ho yeah

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Headed on back to Baxley, yeah (ay, ay, ay, ay)  
Fire up the grill, we finna have a fish fry, we goin' back with  
it  
Oh we're headed on back to Baxley, yay-yeah (ay, ay, ay, ay)