

## South

Kip Moore

Faded sky, faded tan, floorboard still full of sand  
Summer heat's droppin', closin' up shoppin'  
Lonely boardwalk empty rides, ghosts of lovers wave goodbye  
The carnival's cryin', birds all flyin', south

I take a turn on your Mama's street wishin' I could catch a peek  
Of you on that front step, like "Boy are you here yet?"  
But I know the truth in the lonesome sound of the choked leaves  
when they hit the ground  
Summertime's dyin' birds all flyin', south

Well it might be over you might be gone  
Might not miss me you might've moved on  
But my love will still be hangin' around  
When the birds fly south

I'm Passin' Burke's and that neon sign I laugh about the punch  
you threw that night  
No you never did like her, but I never thought you'd fight her  
And if I close my eyes I can feel your kiss taste the salt drip  
pin' off your lips  
But I'm brought back down to Earth by a breeze so cold it hurts

Well it might be over you might be gone  
Might not miss me you might've moved on  
But my love will still be hangin' around  
When the birds fly south

When winter sets in  
When springtime rolls back to summer again

Well it might be over you might be gone  
Might not miss me you might've moved on  
But my love will still be hangin' around  
When the birds fly south