

# Thula Mntanami

Miriam Makeba

Down where I born it was heaven on earth. The Flint River washes that red Georgia dirt. The sun sets slow and the stars shine bright. We raised cotton, corn, a little cane, and kids. You either lived on a farm or wish you did. Jesus always walked close by our side. Where I grew up, we rode in trucks.

## Verse 2

There's a lot about life you can learn on a bus, How to lie, how to fight, how to kiss, how to cuss. The closer we sat to the back, the smarter we got. We were poor, we were ugly, we were all best friends. White-eyed, baptized, and still wantin' to sin. Thank God we get more than just one shot. Where I grew up, we rode in trucks.

## Chorus

That's us, haulin' hay in the field with the radio on. That's us, headin' straight into town when the work is done. In my mind, I can still see us now, ridin' down Buck Island Road. It wasn't that long ago.

## Verse 3

We thought tobacco and beer in a can Was all it would take to be like our old man. But I saw how it made my momma cry. It was huntin' and fishin' and football games. Then it was girls, and everything changed, In our lives. Fallin' in and out of love, we rode in trucks.

## Chorus 2

That's us with our tailgates down in the parking lot. That's us with mud on our tires when it rained a lot. In my mind, I can still see us now, ridin' down Buck Island Road. It wasn't that long ago, it's apart of my soul. Yeah.

Down where I was born, it was heaven on earth. The Flint River washes that red Georgia dirt. The sun sets slow and the stars shine bright. Where I grew up, we rode in trucks.