

I Believe The South Is Gonna Rise Again

Tanya Tucker

Mama never had a flower garden
'Cause cotton grew right up to our front door
Daddy never went on a vacation
He died a tired old man at forty-four

Our neighbors in the big house called us redneck
'Cause we lived in a poor sharecropper shack
The Jackson's down the road were poor like we were
But our skin was white and theirs was black

But I believe the south is gonna rise again
But not the way we thought it would back then
I mean everybody hand in hand
I believe the south is gonna rise again

I see wooded parks and big skyscrapers
Where dirty rundown shack stood once before
I see sons and daughters and sharecroppers
But they're not pickin' cotton anymore

But more important I see human kindness
As we forget the bad and keep the good
A brand new breeze is blowing cross the southland
And I see a brand new kind of brotherhood

Yes I believe the south is gonna rise again
Oh but not the way we thought it would back then
I mean everybody hand in hand
I believe the south is gonna rise again

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