

Southern Nights

Allen Toussaint

Southern nights

Have you ever felt a southern night? Free as a breeze

Not to mention the trees Whistling tunes that you know and love
so.

Southern nights

Just as good even when closed yours eyes.

I apologize to anyone who can truly say

That he has found a better way Southern skies

Have you ever noticed southern skies? It's precious beauty lies
just beyond the eye.

It goes running through your soul

Like the stories told of old

Old man

He and his dog that walked the old land Every flower touched hi
s cold hand.

As he slowly walked by

Weeping willows

Would cry for joy, joy Feel so good

Feel so good

It's frightening.

Wish I could stop this world from fighting.

La da da da da da la da da da da da da da da . . .

Mysteries like this and many others in the trees

Blow in the night

In the southern skies. Southern nights

They feel so good it's frightening . . .