

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)