

Southern Son

Kip Moore

I'm a Southern son, no matter where I run
Another Dixie Child, Mississippi River wild
I'm a Southern son, baptized in his crimson mud
I'll always claim the ground where I come from, I'm a Southern son

I'm a try and rise above her, I'm a keeper of my brother
My mother, now that Daddy's gone
I'm a cusser, I'm a prayer, I'm a get-in-my-wayer
I'm stubborn as a day is long
Had to pay a little bail at the Macon County jail when my buddy
lost a barroom fight
I'm a mover, I'm a shaker, I'm a pour-a-shot-and-taker
At the end of every day and night

I'm a Southern son, no matter where I run
Another Dixie Child, Mississippi River wild
I'm a Southern son, baptized in his crimson mud
I'll always claim the ground where I come from, 'cause I'm a Southern son

Her blue eyes called me up in BC, worked her northern magic on me
Had to say goodbye to being free
Someday, I'll probably take her hand, sink some roots down in the sand
In Georgia or Tennessee

'Cause I'm a Southern son, no matter where I run
Another Dixie Child, Mississippi River wild
Yeah, I'm a Southern son, baptized in his crimson mud
I'll always claim the ground where I come from, 'cause I'm a Southern son

Yeah, son
Yeah, son
Yeah, son

I've been a loner on my own, a damn rolling stone
Kind of feeling like those days are gone
Traveled on the gravel all around this world
Think it's time I go and raise me one

Son
A little Southern son
Yeah, son
A little Southern son