

Southern Gravity

Kristian Bush

Credit card on the counter room 213
Started popping bottle tops on the balcony
Listening to the waves whispering to me
Welcome back down down
Thank God I'm down

Denim-blue eyes the pride of some small town
Dirty blonde hair like honey dripping down
The Georgia in her voice is such a sweet sweet sound
Calling me me
And it's calling me

Like southern gravity
Getting lost in the moss and the shade of an old oak tree
Nothing takes the troubles of this world from me
Like the pull of southern gravity

You shower off the sun and run into the night
Bare feet on the boulevard ready to take flight
Every neon's buzzing but the house band ain't tight
Still it feels so right right
Not a cloud in sight

Don't you know rivers run this way for a reason
'Cause it's all downhill once you catch that feeling

Of southern gravity
Getting lost in the moss and the shade of an old oak tree
Nothing takes the troubles of this world from me
Like the pull of southern gravity

Tomorrow we'll wake up with a memory
So I don't dare move with her lying next to me

'Cause she's my southern gravity
And I'm lost in the moss and the shade of an old oak tree
Nothing takes the troubles of this world from me
Like the pull of southern gravity

Southern gravity
Getting lost in the moss and the shade of an old oak tree
Nothing takes the weight of the world off of me
Like the pull of southern gravity

Like the pull of southern gravity
Like the pull of southern gravity