

Back Down South

Larkin Poe

The trees down in Georgia
Grow as tall as a cross
Where Little Richard was singing
Where rock n roll learned to walk
Country blues in a bottle
Get those tubes running hot
Til the serpent starts hissing
"Y'all let me out of this box"

Streets of gold
Ain't that red dirt clay
Leave some peaches in a basket by the pearly gates
When my race is run
Hear that angel sound
May the good Lord show me mercy
Send me back down south
Send me back down south

Sweet Carolina
From the north to the south
Where those reapers be hot
And they put those tears in your mouth
Papa's got a new bag
He gave it to Mr. Brown
And Charlie got him a fiddle
Before the devil went down

Streets of gold
Ain't that red dirt clay
Leave some peaches in a basket by the pearly gates
When my race is run
Hear that angel sound
May the good Lord show me mercy
Send me back down south
Send me back down south

Way down in Macon
Put your ear to the ground
Where the Brothers are sleeping
And you can still hear the sound
Of a band that was singing
About a sky that was blue
They sang it for me
And now I'll sing it for you

Streets of gold
Ain't that red dirt clay
Leave some peaches in a basket by the pearly gates
When my race is run
Hear that angel sound
May the good Lord show me mercy
Send me back down south

Those streets of gold
Ain't that red dirt clay
Leave some peaches in a basket by the pearly gates
When my race is run

Hear that angel sound
May the good Lord show me mercy
Send me back down south

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