

## 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

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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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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  
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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  
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