

Southern Comfort

Larkin Poe

Blacktop, down in the ditches
Hitching a ride back to where I'm from
Catching second hand smoke or a greyhound bus
Pretty or not, baby, here I come

I had high hopes, it was all downhill
Life flying by like I was standing still
I'm a little nobody from the middle of nowhere
Gotta get home, I know I will, cause

I'm missing that southern comfort
Deep water, I'm going under
Counting down, my days are numbered
Gimme gimme that southern comfort
Left my soul in the Nickajack
God willing, I'll find my way back
Counting down, my days are numbered
Gimme gimme that southern comfort
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Blue jeans, leaning on a hot car
Broke every string on my old guitar
I got 99 miles as the crow flies
Headed east along the ridge line

Kudzu, weighing down the chain link
Don't give a damn what folks like you think
I'll take the mud you wash from the river
Gold ain't the only thing that glitters

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