

Texarkana To Panama City

Lee Rocker

Oh there's a pick-up truck that's rusting in the yard
And a barkin' dog out front like he's on guard
Well, the birds are singin' in the trees
Ain't nothing like the summer breeze
A hot wind is blowing through the trailer park

Well, just a mile further ain't that far
Well, Main street looks like an old postcard
Won't you check the aisle, take the dollar gas
And watch the convicts pick up trash
Livin' on the land of the brave and free

Georgia, Carolina and Tennessee
Here's the place you really just gotta be
Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi
From Texarkana down to Panama City

Well, past the tracks on the other side of town
They got a little shack that's almost fallin' down
They were drinkin' whiskey with their friends
Well, don't you know they're drunk again
And you know that nothing is ever gonna change

Well, they got themselves a rockabilly band
And I went there once to try to lend a hand
Yeah, the music is hot and the beers are cold
I ain' that young, I ain't that old
It's the little things gonna satisfy our souls

They got the Nascar, NFL and the NRA
I'm so glad I'm livin' in the USA
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