

Southern

Muscadine Bloodline

We love Burt Reynolds in Cannonball Run
John Wayne ridin' into the sun
Richard Petty in pole position
The dirty version of "Family Tradition"
Mama's in the kitchen, hummin' along
To a hymn that you learn that you sing on Sunday
Daddy's in the back throwin' a ball
To a kid with a dream of the big leagues one day

Southern
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It's more than just magnolias and a slower pace of livin'
It's knowin' who you are and what you do with what you're given
People say that we were raised a way that may seem stubborn
It's just southern
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We love sweet tea from a mason jar
Porch swing pickin' on an old guitar
Cane pole fishin' with a cricket on a hook
A Colonel Tom Kelly book may look a little bit

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Mm
It ain't the cliches, it ain't the jokes
It ain't the drawl when you talk to folks
By the grace of God, we love one another
Ain't no room for hate
No, that ain't my southern