Sober Shell South

The Copyrights

She said her mom lives on the Hampton Shore
And her dad reenacts the Civil War
But she doesn't ever talk to him anymore

Curious, but smart enough no to ask
Right now let's leave the ghosts in the past
Besides, you'll keep those skeletons until you're ash

We'll keep fighting and keep trying
We'll have our poor excuse by the morning
I know you're fine here dressed to the nines, dear
But you'll be back in your sober shell by the weekend
So never go back home

We could drive into the Georgia heat
And drown in sweaty drinks for a couple of weeks
And talk through our obligations we'll never keep

Black powder and humidity keep us awake
Noisy trees keep us from thinking straight
But we're not trying to think straight anyway

We'll keep fighting and keep trying
We'll have our poor excuse by the morning
I know you're fine here dressed to the nines, dear
But you'll be back in your sober shell by the weekend
So never go back home

Stay close to your fears
It keeps us real, it keeps us clear
But then we'll dry out and with hats in our hands
We'll head back north smiling when we can

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