

## Southern Justice

Travis Tritt

He was born in the big iron city  
Deep in the heart of Dixie, yes he was now  
Raised on the good book  
Taught to take a good look at what's going on

His daddy was Birmingham lawman  
A servant of the people through and through  
They say blood is thicker than water  
So the boy got a badge and a suit of blue

He was long on southern justice  
Practiced his law out on the street  
Drew the line for the criminal mind to see  
Dedicated to keep God's children free

There are two sides to every big city  
And he walked on the side that wasn't pretty  
A solitary ranger, he had to deal with the danger  
'Round every turn

Every day was a tightrope of decision  
Between a forty-four and a heart of gold  
Some of those hard case confrontations  
Would cut him like a switch-blade to his soul

He was long on southern justice  
Practiced his law out on the street  
Drew the line for the criminal mind to see  
Dedicated to keep God's children free

Late one night down on Crack Street Alley  
He walked up on a bad deal goin' down  
He knew what he'd done  
When he saw that shotgun swing around

He drew then froze in hesitation  
When he saw that fourteen year old face  
Then the fire from that shotgun barrel  
Blew all his burdens away, oh blew his burdens away

He was long on southern justice  
Practiced his law out on the street  
Drew the line for the criminal mind to see, heaven  
Dedicated to keep God's children free

Yeah he was long, long, long on southern justice  
Practiced his law out on the street  
Drew the line, oh no for the criminal mind to see  
Dedicated to keep God's children free  
Dedicate, dedicated to keep God's children free  
Oh Lord keep them free, gotta keep them free, baby  
Oh now the southern justice practicing