

Legend Of The South

Upchurch

There's a warm wind ablowin'
And a burnin' sun droppin' down
At the end of time I'll be rockin'
In a wooden chair like I'm still starin' at a crowd
Because this road I've traveled has been long and full of heartache
But the heartache's gone when nobody's around
When them Hollywood lights all go dim
And California looks like a dead town
You know where I'll be found

Yeah, I'll be the ghost on a hilltop overlookin' plains
With the coal smoke steady rollin' off of that train
And my songs will always live down in the country (Country)
When that young boy livin' for a Friday night
Plays an old lost song through the radio dial
When the words from the past speak up so loud (Speak up so loud)
Yeah, that's the voice, that's the voice, that's the voice
The voice from a legend in the south (In the south)

When I'm fifty years old I'll be on my back porch
Smokin' me a fuckin' stogie about the size of a torch
Gettin' pulled to rock music that's vibratin' the place
'Til the neighbors call the police on my dirty white ass
Yeah, I figured you thought this was the talkin' blues
Yeah, it's talkin' blues just in my shit kicked boots
I like to say stuff like 'fuck you' and some more
That's why you won't find my album at a Walmart store
Yeah, I'm the white horse that won't let nobody ride
No saddle for my back for the next half ass guy
Nobody yankin' my reins or stoppin' the go
I gallop with hooves courted and forty-nine are gold
Yeah, I'm the cheap ugly mutt that's faster than them million dollar quarter
horse in name
No catchin' me is a no go
I so grown into bein' the old soul so this soul goes
And the time ain't fadin' not none of my fuckin' vocals

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Well I'm obsessed with trucks and cars way too loud
Dump women if they don't like country sounds
Like Elvis, Johnny Cash, and a little bit of Waylon Jennings (You know that's true)
I still sip well water right out of the hose
Smoke so much weed that my eyes are closed
I write songs fucked up like I'm kin to old George Jones (Old George Jones)
Yeah, most the time I'm higher than a kite
And my arms are wings and I'm takin' flight
And don't plan on stoppin' 'til I run outta gas or crash (That'd be bad)
Yeah, my tattoos look like absolute shit

And my teeth are crooked as a crackhead's chin
But my knuckles still feel like a boat build Ford Tough (It's enough)

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