

Hank Locklin, Flying South

Winter's gone and summertime's a coming and where I am ain't where I wanna be
I can hear my southern home a calling and it's calling out the old wild goose and me
Flying flying south to Dixie Lord I been so lonesome and alone
Stayin' ain't no use because my heart's an old wild goose
And tomorrow I'll be flying south and home

[brass]

I've got kids and kin down in Kentucky I've got lots of aunts in Alabam
Mom's a waitin' down in Mississippi and my sist's in Carolina's honey land
Grandma and grandpa's down in Georgia and my Tootsie's back in Tennessee
There's a little part of southland in my heart
And honey in the south is where I wanna be

[brass]

Way back home in Nashville Tennessee

[brass]

With the Nashville Brass is where I wanna be