

# 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