

# Neal McCoy, Head South

Head south in the mornin':  
Just take off with no warnin'.  
Tell your boss you need a change of scene.  
Head south if you're feelin',  
Your homesick heart is reelin',  
An' get yourself a bowl of butter beans.

Anywhere east of the Rio Grande,  
Get you a cane pole in your hand:  
Fry a mess of fish up on the bank.  
You cross that Mason-Dixon line,  
Leave your cares an' worries behind:  
Sit out under a Willow tree an' think.

Head south: are you listenin'?  
You don't know what you're missin'.  
From Virginia shores to the Gulf of Mexico.  
Well, head south to Kentucky,  
Blue Ridge Mountains if you're lucky.  
From the Florida Keys to the banks of the Ohio. (Ohio.)

You will feel the heart of Texas swing;  
Dixieland down in New Orleans;  
Delta blues on the side of a riverbank.  
Your Country Soul down in Tennessee;  
An' that Mountain Music's all right by me.  
Hot Jambalaya, you're in the land of Hank.

(Oh, hit it.)  
(Tickle that ivory, yeah, aw yeah.)  
(Mmm, mm, that's all right.)  
(Oh, yeah.)

Head south, good God almighty,  
Ain't the thought of it excitin'?  
Crab cakes, corn bread, crawfish an' barbecyue.  
Head south, horn of plenty,  
For the few an' the many.  
All the south is missin', man, is you, yeah.  
All the south is missin', man, is you.  
(Da, da, da. Da, da, da.)  
Aw, hah.