

Orenda Fink, Dirty South

In a flatbed, in a trailer
You are who you deal with
Among keys and their jailers
You speak the truth with open eyes
Oh to be a boy,
In the dirty south

In the rec room, when the rains came
She opened her arms to you
You tried to love around
You only ended up jail

Oh the dirty south
Is your living hell

The trees standing
While they sharpen their blades
To cut you down

Beautiful things can come from
The dark one-side end
I hope that you would believe that
Rise up from the ashes but now

You've been eaten down
By the dirty south

So let's give a crown
A gold shining crown
To the dirty south

To be a boy, to be a boy
In the dirty south
To be a boy, to be a boy
In the dirty south