Van Zant, Headed South

Out on the road 200 days a year
Blowin' smoke and grindin' gears
My bones are achin' from this Northern cold
Baby's cryin' on the telephone
Momma says I've been gone too long
The whiskey I've been drinkin' alone is sure gettin' old

This old highway don't seem to end
Countin' the days until I'm home again
Bus wheels turnin' from town to town
I wish I could set this circus down
I've had enough, I'm punchin' out
'Cause this whole thing
Is headed south
Headed south

One more night at the 8 Days Inn
I need to hold my baby again
These four damn walls
Are closing in on me
Unpacking my bags just to pack 'em again
Don't want you to see the shape I'm in
I could sure use some shade from a live oak tree

This old highway don't seem to end
Countin' the days until I'm home again
Bus wheels turnin' from town to town

I wish I could set this circus down
I've had enough, I'm punchin' out
'Cause this old boy
Is headed south

The Sewanee River
The Mason Dixon
Her pretty face on the things I'm missing
Oh I'm headed south
Headed south

This old highway's coming to an end
Today's the day I'm coming home again
Bus wheels coming right to my town
I just set this circus down
I've had enough, I'm punchin' out
I'm comin' home
I'm headed south
I'm headed south
Headed South

I'm headed South
I'm blowing smoke, grinding gears

I'm headed south
I'm headed south
OH! Headed south