

# 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