

Alabama, When It All Goes South

It'll creep up on you like a kudzu vine
Even miles above the Mason-Dixon line
'Til one day you're craving hominy grits
And scanning the jukebox for George Jones hits
Drinkin' Jack Black tryin' to kick back
'Til the condo's looking like a shotgun shack
You'll be one of us no matter where you're at
When it all goes south

When it all goes south
(You'll be drivin' around on a John Deere tractor)
When it all goes south
(Wearing baseball caps but they won't be backwards)
Now it really don't matter what state you're in
One day the south's gonna rise again

There's a Wall Street wonderboy sittin' up north
Throwing darts like a monkey at a stock report
He's got two homes, car loans, in debt
And his third divorce ain't even final yet
Traded his MBA for a SUV
On a backwoods road down in Tennessee
'Cause man Manhattan ain't the place to be

When it all goes south
(With the live oak trees and the sweet magnolias)
When it all goes south
(Eatin' moon pies, drinking RC colas)
Now it really don't matter what state you're in
Someday the south's gonna rise again

Vicksburg, Birmingham, Natchez
And Savannah, Panama City
Y'all sure look pretty in the sunshine
Gettin' dixiefried
Get yourself some rebel pride

When it all goes south
(Where the fog's as thick as Mississippi mud)
When it all goes south
(You'll be singing the blues 'cause it's in your blood)
Now it really don't matter what state you're in
One day the south's gonna rise again
When it all goes south

When it all goes south
(Where the fog's as thick as Mississippi mud)
When it all goes south
(You'll be singing the blues 'cause it's in your blood)...