

# Billy Currington, Good Directions

I was sittin' at sellin' turnips on a flatbed truck  
Crunchin' on a pork rind when she pulled up  
She had to be thinkin' this is where rednecks come from  
She had hollywood written on her license plate  
She was lost and lookin' for the interstate  
Needin' directions and I was the man for the job

I told her way up yonder past the caution light  
There's a little country store with an old coke sign  
Ya gotta stop in and ask Mrs. Bill fer suma her sweet tea  
Then a left will take ya to the interstate  
But a right will bring ya right back here to me

I was sittin' at thinkin' 'bout her pretty face  
Kickin' myself for not catchin' her name  
I threw my hat and thought you fool it coulda been love  
I knew my old Ford couldn't run her down  
She probably didn't like me anyhow  
So I watched her disappear into a cloud of dust

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But a right will bring ya right back here to me

Is this Georgia heat playin' tricks on me  
Or am I really seein' what I think I see  
The woman of my dreams comin' back to me

She went way up yonder past the caution light  
Don't know what but somethin' felt right  
When she stopped in and asked Mrs. Bill fer suma her sweet tea  
Mama gave her a big 'ol glass and sent 'er right back her to me  
Thank God for good directions and turnip greens

Written by heart from Shelby Harvey