

# Dickey Lee, On The Southbound

Well I woke up this morning when the cold Chicago wind  
Blew my newspaper blanket off my back  
Through my dirty broken window the grey sun filtered in  
As I dreamed about the Southbound railroad track  
I could almost hear the crickets in a sleepy cottonfield  
As daddy drove our vagon to Virgin  
But today I'd give a fortune for a twenty five cent meal  
And I wish I was a country boy again  
So let me ride on the Southbound  
Back to where I came from I don't care or where I am  
Let me ride on the Southbound and put me off somewhere near Birmingham  
[ guitar ]  
What happened to my vision of a mansion on a hill  
And the fame and fortune I came here to win  
I've got nothing but the roaches running cross my window sill  
And I wish I was a country boy again  
So let me ride...