

# Drive By Truckers, The Southern Thing

Ain't about my pistol  
Ain't about my boots  
Ain't about no northern drives  
Ain't about my southern roots  
Ain't about my guitars, ain't about my big old amps  
&quot;It ain't rained in weeks, but the weather sure feels damp&quot;  
Ain't about excuses or alibis  
Ain't about no cotton fields or cotton picking lies  
Ain't about the races, the crying shame  
To the fucking rich man all poor people look the same

Don't get me wrong It just ain't right  
May not look strong, but I ain't afraid to fight  
If you want to live another day  
Stay out the way of the southern thing

Ain't about no hatred better raise a glass  
It's a little about some rebels but it ain't about the past  
Ain't about no foolish pride, Ain't about no flag  
Hate's the only thing that my truck would want to drag

You think I'm dumb, maybe not too bright  
You wonder how I sleep at night  
Proud of the glory, stare down the shame  
Duality of the southern thing

My Great Great Granddad had a hole in his side  
He used to tell the story to the family Christmas night  
Got shot at Shiloh, thought he'd die alone  
From a Yankee bullet, less than thirty miles from home  
Ain't no plantations in my family tree  
Did NOT believe in slavery, thought that all men should be free  
&quot;But, who are these soldiers marching through my land?&quot;  
His bride could hear the cannons and she worried about her man

I heard the story as it was passed down  
About guts and glory and Rebel stands  
Four generations, a whole lot has changed  
Robert E. Lee  
Martin Luther King  
We've come a long way rising from the flame  
Stay out the way of the southern thing