

Eddie From Ohio, Fly South

By the skeleton of nature we gauge it's time to go
The last corps of my life we dodge the storm
We trace a path down '95 and merge with cousin flocks
All in hopes to keep our feathers warm

Fatigue has got the best of me
My wings have gotten sore
I'm not prepared for long-term aviation
I'm sleeping in tomorrow, so don't knock upon my door
I won't be falling in that flight formation.

Tell ya what I'm gonna do
You might think I'm bold
Don't like to travel
Don't mind the cold
Don't misread my intentions, but Mama, if you don't mind
You can fly south
I'm staying behind.

Now I can be sentimental, there are some things I'll miss
The Carolina stops were good to me
And when you cross that Georgia line, please give 'em all my love
And to my robin friend from Tennessee.

But don't lead family to believe they won't see me no more
They just must understand it's a vacation
I'm sleeping in tomorrow, so don't knock upon my door
I won't be falling in that flight formation

Chorus

When you get to Tallahassee, find that boy with the BB gun
That last year shot my brother from the sky
Track that yard rat down
And you make sure that he ain't armed
And with all my best you can drop one in his eye.

Chorus