## 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