

# Glen Campbell, Southern Nights

Southern nights

Have you ever felt a southern night

Free as a breeze

Not to mention the trees

Whistling tunes that you know and love so

Southern nights

Just as good even when closed your eyes

I apologize

To any one who can truly say

That he's found a better way

Southern skies

Have you ever noticed

Southern skies

It's precious beauty

Lies just beyond the eye

It goes running through the soul

Like the stories told of old

Old man

He and his dog that walk the old land

Every flower touched his cold hand

As he slowly walked by

Weeping willows would cry for joy

Joy

Feels so good

Feels so good it's frightening

Wish I could

Stop this world from fighting

La-da-da-da-da, da-la-da-da-da

Da-da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da

Mystery

Like this and many others

In the trees

Blow in the night

In the southern skies

Southern nights

They feel so good it's frightening

Wish I could

Stop this world from fighting

La-da-da-da-da, da-la-da-da-da

Da-da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da