

Pat Green, Southbound 35

What the hell am I doing up in Kansas City
Know damn well it ain't where I belong, no no
Think I'll quit my job come five o'clock
Find my lonely way back home
Well, my baby said just what are you trying to prove here
Really want to leave me here all alone
Said I'm tired of staring at this ocean full of Yankees
I'd rather be in Texas on my own, oh yeah

Chorus:

Now we were southbound 35
We were headed down the road
Hit the border by the morning
To let Texas fill my soul
To let Texas fill my soul
Well, the tears start to flow about the time that I was leaving
She said I guess you better take me along
She said that God might have made her born a little Yankee child
She said it's time that I made Texas now her home
So we loaded her stuff on down into my pickup truck
Said adios to all my friends
Called my brother Dave living down in *AUSTIN*
Said I'm headed home again

Chorus:

Now we were southbound 35
We were headed down the road
Hit the border by the morning
To let Texas fill my soul
To let Texas fill my soul
Had her feet up on there on the dashboard
Holding my hand and wearing only a smile
Said it's gonna be hard just to start all over
The feeling I have well it makes it all worthwhile

Chorus:

Now we were southbound 35
We were headed down the road
Hit the border by the morning
To let Texas fill my soul
To let Texas fill my soul
I got Texas in my soul
I got Texas in my soul