

Porter Wagoner, Highway Headin' South

On a highway headed south somewhere to Dixie
Where the cotton blooms in spring and snow don't fly
I'm gonna rest these chilly bones in southern sunshine
And live where the weather's warm until I die

North Dakota you've got my better years Montana you've got five years of my life
But your subzero wind will never touch me again
Southern folks can't live on snow and ice
On a highway headed south...

When I cross the Dixie line I'll throw away my coat
And my goods down underwear will have to go
I'll never live again where the weather chills you to the bone
I'm tired of livin' like an Eskimo
On a highway headed south...
On a highway headed south...