

# Rodney Crowell, Jewel Of The South

JEWEL OF THE SOUTH  
WRITER RODNEY CROWELL

One fine morning when the wild geese fly  
I'm taking my chances on the sunny side  
I'm headed down south where the grass grows tall  
Where the mockingbirds singing and the whippoorwill calls  
Spanish moss on the Natchez Trace gulf wind blowing wide across my face  
French girls dancing to a big bang drum back down south where I come from  
Where the river flows like warm molasses rain fogs up my reading glasses  
Honey suckle strong enough to curl your hair back down there  
One fine morning gonna pull up stakes  
I'm gonna chalk it all up as just a bad mistake  
Gonna hit the decks runnin' bid a fond farewell  
By the time I get to Memphis I'll be outta my shell  
Cottonfields just as white as snow sweet magnolia blossoms grow  
Big moon shinin' like an ice cream cone back down south where I belong  
Where the river flows like milk and honey  
The nights are slow and the eggs are runny  
I wouldn't mind sittin' in a rocking chair back down there  
Jewel of the south cross my heart shut my mouth  
Come the morning I'll be home in the sweet Delta dawn  
One fine morning and it won't be long  
I'm leaving put early with my glad rags on  
I'm gonna pull a load of wool off of my own two eyes  
And sharpen my senses countin' railroad ties  
When the mile long trestle makes a clickity-clack  
The whole dang town is gonna welcome me back  
Ticket to the land of the sugar cane back down on the Ponchartrain  
Where the river flows like a grand mariner  
Sweet olive takes my breath away  
Sunday morning walkin' on the Jackson Square back down there  
Jewel of the south cross my heart shut my mouth  
Come the morning I'll be home in the sweet Delta dawn  
Come the morning I'll be home in the sweet Delta dawn