

Tanya Tucker, I Believe The South Is Gonna Rise

Mama never had a flower garden
'Cause cotton grew right up to our front door
Daddy never went on a vacation
He died a tired old man at forty four
Our neighbors in the big house called us redneck
'Cause we lived in a poor share-croppers shack
The Jacksons down the road were poor like we were
But our skin was white and theirs was black
But I believe the south is gonna rise again
But not the way we thought it would back then
I mean everybody hand in hand
I believe the south is gonna rise again
I see wooded parks and big skyscrapers
Where dirty rundown shacks stood once before
I see sons and daughters of share-croppers
But they're not picking cotton anymore
But more important I see human kindness
As we forget the bad and keep the good
A brand new breeze is blowing 'cross the southland
And I see a brand new kind of brotherhood
Yes I believe the south is gonna rise again
Oh, but not the way we thought it would back then
I mean everybody hand in hand
I believe the south is gonna rise again
I believe the south is gonna rise again
I believe the south is gonna rise again