## 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 fourty 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