

Southland In the Springtime

Indigo Girls

maybe we'll make texas by the morning
light the bayou with our tail lights in the night
800 miles to el paso from the state line
and we never have the money for the flight
i'm in the back seat sleepy from the travel
we played our hearts out all night long in new orleans
and i'm dirty from the diesel fumes, drinking coffee black
when the first breath of texas comes in clean
and there's something bout the southland in the springtime
where the waters flow with confidence and reason
though i miss her when i'm gone
it won't ever be too long
till i'm home again to spend my favorite season
when god made me born a yankee he was teasin'
there's no place like home and none more pleasin'
than the southland in the springtime
in georgia nights are softer than a whisper
beneath a quilt somebody's mother made by hand
with the farmland like a tapestry
passed down through generations
and the peach trees stitched across the land
there'll be cider up near helen off the roadside
and boiled peanuts in a bag to warm your fingers
and the smoke from the chimneys meets its maker in the sky
with a song that winter wrote whose melody lingers
and there's something bout the southland in the springtime
where the waters flow with confidence and reason
though i miss her when i'm gone
it won't ever be too long
till i'm home again to spend my favorite season
when god made me born a yankee he was teasin'
there's no place like home and none more pleasin'
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>