

Southward

It's cold enough in cowtown to turn golden into gone
I've lost twice as much as all I've ever found
I've been run out of ensenada held my mother to my chest
And whispered I'll be back next time winter rolls around

**I've got movin runnin through my veins
Gone drivin in the pourin rain
With nothing but Nebraska highways on my mind
Don't that southern sun look better all the time**

Send money if you got some I heard living's awful tough
And the land of opportunity is a scramble to the top
It's a slippery road to glory if you don't know heaven's name
And once you've crossed the border it's hard to feel the pain

You'd better run for shelter find a quiet hole to stay
They're finding ways to let hounddogs sing for every god-damned day
There's blood on every dinner plate and tears mixed in the wine
Wedding invitations drawn on every crooked line

Christina sings to me at night
And tells me things will all turn out alright

Cause leaving's just as hard as coming home

But I ain't alone

Keep my guitar in Alberta I won't need it anymore
Got 30 days to play these blues away.
And everytime I dance a jig I'll always think of home
Cause when I dance alone, I know I'm coming home to stay