

Pat Green - Southbound 35

Tom: **D**
Intro: (As played @ Billy Bob's 4-30-99)

Mamma raised a Christian boy
Children of the Son
Daddy was a son of a bitch
And I'm a hard hittin' son of a gun

F C D F C D F C D F C D

F C D
What the hell am I doing down in Kansas City,
F C D
I know damn well it ain't where I belong,
F C D
think I'll quit my job come 5 o'clock,
F C D
find my lonely way back home,
F C D
My baby said just what are you trying to prove here,
F C D
do you really want to leave me here alone,
F C D
I said I'm staring at this ocean full of Yankees,
C G D
and I'd rather be in Texas on my own.

A G D
So we were southbound 35, we were headed down the road,
A G F C D
hit the border by the morning, let Texas fill my soul,
F C D
yeah let Texas fill my soul.

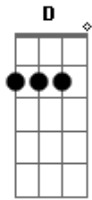
The tears start to flow about the time that I was leaving,
she said I guess you better take me along,
God might have made me born a Yankee,
but it's time that I made Texas my home,
So we loaded her stuff into my pickup,
said good-bye to all my friends,
called my brother down in Austin,
said I'm headed home again.

Chorus

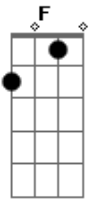
A
She had her feet up on the dashboard,
A
she was holding my hand and wearing only a smile,
A
she said it's gonna be hard to start all over,
C G D
but the feeling I have will make it all worth while.

Chorus

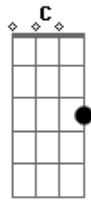
Acordes



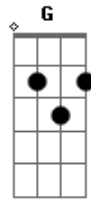
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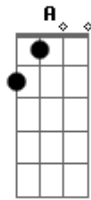
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