

Another Sunday in the South

Miranda Lambert

Only thing moving out here is this swing on the front porch
And the sun's beating down heatin' up this house like blow torch
Sitting here singing Dixie with a whistle
Man, it's hotter than a two-dollar pistol
Baby, I know that it's only 11:30
But sure as hell or high water
I'm gettin' kinda thirsty
I don't need your mama's lemonade
I need something from a can or a bottle on ice

Just another Sunday in the South
Wanna put on some Shenandoah
and crank it loud
You and me go Fishin' in the Dark
Killin' time with Restless Heart
Just another Sunday in the South

There's church bells ringin'
Down the road and we ain't goin'
I'm singin' Hallelujah right here
with the warm wind blowin'
Next to you, Sitting next to me
and we're shaking that sugar tree

Just another Sunday in the South
Wanna put on some Shenandoah
and crank it loud
All you gotta do is give me that wink
Man, this ain't no thinkin' thing
Just another Sunday in the South

Well, honey, it's a far cry
From our crazy lives
All you gotta do is turn on the radio
It'll take us back
It'll take us home

Just another Sunday in the South
Wanna put on some Shenandoah and crank it loud
You and me go fishin' in the dark
Killin' time with Restless Heart
Just another Sunday in the South
I'm gonna put on some Shenandoah and crank it loud
All you gotta do is give me that wink
Man, this ain't no thinkin' thing
Just another Sunday in the South
Just another Sunday
Yeah
Just another Sunday
(I can hear my mama callin')
just another sunday
(Sweet Sunday)
Just another Sunday
Oooohh
In the South