

Hank Snow, Snowbird

Ducks flying south and the rich men also
Heading for the beaches where the warm Gulf winds blow
And I'm going too, I can hear that whistle cry.
'Cause I'm the kinda' bird that has to navigate
Tourist class on a southbound freight
But this snowbird's gonna' come back by and by

CHORUS

'Cause the ground's too cold for this poor boy's sandals
People won't stop so I can't panhandle.
So goodbye Denver I'll see you again next spring.
The cop on the beat even seems a little friendly
He knows this cold weather's gonna send me
South to Dixie the snowbird's on the wing.

My health's good enough, but my wardrobes thinner
If I don't head south I'm gonna' freeze this winter.
So the railroad line's gonna' have an unknown guest.
I'm gonna' vacate, but it's no vacation.
When the train pulls into some southern station
You can tell every body that the snowbird's on his nest.