

# The Steel Woods, Southern Accents

There's a southern accent, where I come from  
The young 'uns call it country, the yankees call it dumb  
I got my own way of talking, but everything gets done  
With a southern accent, where I come from

Now that drunk tank in Atlanta, is just a motel room to me  
Think I might go work Orlando, if them orange groves don't freeze  
Got my own way of working, but everything is run  
With a southern accent, where I come from

For just a minute there I was dreaming  
For just a minute it was all so real  
For just a minute she was standing there, with me

There's a dream I keep having, where my momma comes to me  
And kneels down over by the window, and says a prayer for me  
Got my own way of praying, but everything one's begun  
With a southern accent, where I come from

Got my own way of living, but everything is done  
With a southern accent, where I come from