

I will hang with the Spanish moss, over you
By this well water that keeps you cool
I will wait for the signal of distress
To drop another ice cube down the front of your dress

Cypress knees and shallow bays
We will sweat it, spend our days
There is a sunshine state I never knew
But I can re-write time with you

I will be the flounder on your southern shores
On your southern sandy beaches
If you would only show me where your sunshine reaches
Where it reaches

I will be the steward of your southern lands
If you would only take my, take my shaking hands

Will you build your half of the bridge?