

Southern Belle

The Kentucky Headhunters

Way down in old South Georgia where the sweet magnolias grow
There's a girl in that city that I left so long ago.
We were getting married in the courthouse yard that day.
But her daddy was the judge and he said, "Son, there ain't no way."
She was waitin' at the courthouse. As she waved, I waved goodbye.
When I looked back for the last time, there were tears in her eye.

He said, "Boy, you ain't our kind. You don't belong here anymore.
Gather up your Yankee ways. Take that ring back to that store."

One day, I'll ring that southern belle
And I'll go back to that town and they'll hear my rebel yell.
I'll say, "The war is over. We're all one, can't you tell?
Old Dixie, hear me callin'." - when I ring that southern belle.

Way down in old South Georgia where the sweet magnolias grow
There's a girl in that city that I left so long ago.

She never did get married. She's still waitin' there for me.
Like that dear old south I love, some things are meant to be.

One day, I'll ring that southern belle
And I'll go back to that town and they'll hear my rebel yell.
I'll say, "The war is over. We're all one, can't you tell?
Old Dixie, hear me callin'." - when I ring that southern belle.
Old Dixie, hear me callin' - when I ring that southern belle.