

# One Great Mornin' (The South's Gonna Rise Again)

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Recorded with the guitar tuned in standard E-A-D-G-B-E tuning and capo'ed at the second fret, played starting in a G chord position. (Chords below are for un-capo'ed guitars in standard tuning.)

A D  
Where I'm from don't much still exist, but mister it once did  
A E  
'Cause I remember some better years in Dixie as a kid  
A D  
Before the shopping malls and the interstates, when passenger trains still stopped in town  
A E  
But what's good before they don't want no more; they're tearin' the Old South down

A D  
Johnny Reb's statue still stands out in that lonesome, empty courthouse square  
A E  
It's a ghost town now at five o'clock; folks don't go down there  
A D  
That big-box store out by the county line, it musta broke that rebel's heart  
A E A  
He didn't fight for much that's right, but he never damn died for Walmart

D A D (E)  
They're tearin' the Old South down, they're tramplin' on the beauty they found  
A E F#m  
But One Great Mornin' Dixie's gonna wake up  
D A E A  
And then the South's gonna rise again

When the poor folks lost their neighborhoods and the suburbs ate the farms  
They bragged about "the New South", sayin' progress was the charm  
So the TV stole the evenings we used t'watch for a shootin' star  
Well I know the cost of what's been lost, 'cause I can see the mess things are

We got a plague of blow-dried preachers, like salesmen out in their used car lots  
They tighten up that bible belt, hurts more with every notch  
I guess collection plates on Sunday pay more than holdin'-up a Seven-Eleven  
Squeezin' more and more while the poor stay poor, just tell 'em their reward's in heaven

'Cause they been keepin' the Old South down, they've been bleachin' out the soul and the sound  
But One Great Mornin' Dixie's gonna wake up  
And then the South's gonna rise again.

And them swaggerin' politicians down here, wavin' their flags and talkin' so tough  
But ignorin' what folks really need, and we've had just about enough  
'Cause fools we've been for way too long, but of brains we ain't bereft  
No conservative's ever helped folks live; it's time for a hard turn to the left

But there's no more splittin' up black and white; we got the same blood and same heart  
We've each walked miles in the other man's shoes, and they won't push us apart  
Just wantin' jobs and schools and neighborhoods, where all doors open wide  
With a helpin' of brotherly love, we'll stand tall on the same side

'Cause they been beatin' the Old South down, drivin' good folks underground  
But One Great Mornin' Dixie's gonna wake up  
And then the South's gonna rise again

With Faulkner, Twain and Welty, Tom Jefferson and Martin King  
Our history is thinkin' in ways that never been  
And what you call "progress" mister, I know's a dead-end destiny  
Keep on mouthin' 'bout yer New South, but Old Dixie's still home to me

They'll claim no harm was intended, but that's sure as hell what came to pass  
When they replaced our glory with the tawdry and the crass  
But my sleepy darlin' Dixie, she's stirrin' now and in the end  
We'll lead the way to a brand new day, when the South comes to rise up again

'Cause they been tearin' our Old South down, but what goes around comes back around  
And what I know for truth is profound  
One Great Mornin' Dixie's gonna wake up  
Yes, the South is gonna rise again