

That's what I like about the South

For the last time

F Dm G7 C7
Let's go back to Al-a-bamy

F Dm G7 C7
Let's go see my dear old Mammy

F F#0 Bb B07
Fryin' eggs and cookin' hammy

C7 F
Say That's what I like about the South

Well there won't make no mistakey
And your nerves are never shakey
You should taste that layer cake
That's what I like about the South

solo

She's got baked ribs and candied yams
Sugar-cured Virginia hams
A basement full of them berry jams
An' that's what I like about the South

Corn bread an' turnip greens
Ham hocks an' buttered beans
Mardi Gras down in New Orleans
And That's what I like about the South

solo

Here comes that man with all the news
Bocks backed coat and buttoned shoes
Paid up with his union dues
And That's what I like about the South

Well there's a place down south called Doo-wah-diddy
It ain't no town and it ain't no city
It's pretty, it sure is pretty
Doo - wah - diddy

solo

Well every time I pass your door
You act like you don't want me now more
Just shake and head inside
And I'll go truckin right on by

I ain't here to criticize
And I'm not here to sympathize
Don't tell me them no good lies
Because lyin gals I do despise

Solo until last line in form then sing:

C7 F
That's what I like about the South

Alternate lyrics

Now way down west the cane grows tall
Down where they say "you all"
Walk right in with that Southern drawl
That's what I like about the South

Here come Lance he's got the news
And baby needs a pair of shoes
He's caught up with his union dues
An' that's what I like about the South

There goes ol' Billy Pete
You can hear those chunkin' feet
He would rather tote than eat
An' that's what I like about the South