

# My Carolina

Lee Brice

Ten years ago I had to fly  
Been living my dream trying to stay alive  
I missed my buddies, I miss my home  
Yea I do  
I ain't seen my momma in way too long  
Give me skinny cane pole and a hot bream bed  
Catch me a little blue gill and a big flat head now  
Some fresh boiled peanuts and shrimp and grits, mmm  
Some jack in a barrel and a hog in the pit now  
Need some hard red clay and a soft sand hill  
Some black water healing some time to kill  
I'm doing pretty good man but I ain't lying  
I'm just trying to get back to my Carolina, yeah  
Give me some beagles barking down in a hole  
Running a cotton till soothing my soul  
I need a live oak tree and a soy bean field  
I wish I could take it like a pill  
Need some hard red clay and a soft sand hill  
Some black water healing some time to kill  
I'm doing pretty good man but I ain't lying  
I'm just trying to get back to my Carolina, yeah!  
I need some dirty smoke and a jar of shine  
Burn my tongue and ease my mind  
I need some hard red clay and a soft sand hill  
Some black water healing some time to kill  
I'm doing pretty good man but I ain't lying  
I'm just trying to get back to  
I'm just trying to get back to my Carolina  
Ten years ago I had to fly  
I've been living my dream trying to stay alive

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>