

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

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bpm = 140 length = 7:18

Verse 1:

G **C**
Where I'm from don't much still exist, but mister it once did.
G **D**
'Cause I still recall some better years in Dixie as a kid.
G **D**
Before the shoppin' malls and the interstates, when the passenger train still came to town,
G **D** **D7**
But what's good before they don't want no more; they're tearin' the Old South down.
G **C**
Johnny Reb's statue still stands out in that lonesome, empty courthouse square.
G **D**
It's a ghost town now after five o'clock; folks don't go down there.
G **C**
That big-box store out on the county line, it musta broke that rebel's heart.
G **D** **G**
He didn't fight for much that's right, but he never damn died for Walmart.

Chorus 1:

C **G** **C** **(D)**
They're tearin' the Old South down, tramplin' on the beauty they found.
G **D** **Em**
But One Great Mornin' Dixie's gonna wake up,
C **G** **D** **G**
And then the South is gonna rise again.

Verse 2:

When the poor folks lost their neighborhoods and the suburbs ate the farms,
They bragged about "The New South", claimin' progress was the charm.
So the TV stole the evenings we used t'watch for a shootin' star.
And 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 this Bible Belt; and it hurts more with every notch.
I guess collection plates on Sunday pay more than knockin' off a Seven-Eleven.
Squeezin' more and more while the poor stay poor—tell 'em their reward's in heaven.

Chorus 2:

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

Verse 3:

**And them swaggerin' politicians down here, wavin' their flags and talkin' so tough,
But ignorin' what folks really need, and we've heard just about enough.
'Cause fools we've been for way too long, but of brains we ain't bereft.
And no conservative's ever helped folks live; time to turn hard 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, they won't push us apart.
For jobs and schools and neighborhoods, where all doors open wide.
With a helpin' of brotherly love, we stand tall on the same side.**

Chorus 3:

**They've been beatin' the Old South down, drivin' good folks underground.
But One Great Mornin' Dixie's gonna wake up,
And then the South is gonna rise again.**

Verse 4:

**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.
So keep on mouthin' 'bout yer New South, but my home remains Old Dixie.
They'd claim no harm was intended, but that's sure as hell what came to pass,
When they traded in all our glory for the tawdry and the crass.
But my sleepy homeland 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.**

Chorus 4:

**They been pushin' the Old South down, but what I know for truth is profound.
And what goes around comes back around.
One Great Mornin' Dixie's gonna wake up,
Yes, the South is gonna rise again.**