

I Dream in Southern (feat. Kelly Clarkson)

[Kaleb Lee](#)

Some people dream of what they may be
Where they may go, what they may see
Just down the road around the bend Oh, but me, I dream of where I've already been I dream in
blue jeans, ol' Fords
Boxe fans, back porch
Cotton growin' up to your knees
I dream in Mississippi moon
Past Mason Jars Fireflies
William Faulkner, ol' New Orleans
The only Paris for me is in West Tennessee
If I'm never any other when I lay down to sleep
I dream in ham stew, Church pews
No, ain't you never 'round, oh no
I dream in Southern
I've hung my hat in so many places
I've seen the beauty in so many faces that don't feel like home
But that's alright
'Cause every time I close my eyes I dream in blue bell, ice cream
Momma calling through the screen
Someone's almost ready to hit
I dream in football, Graceland
Barbecue in Alabama sand slippin' under my feet
If I can spend my time in sweet Carolina
Don't take too long for Georgia's back on my mind
I dream in symphonies of trains and crickets
Where it's always Christmas for summer (Yeah, yeah)
I dream in Southern They say you can't go back
But I can always come back
I dream in blue jeans, ol' Fords
Boxe fans, back porch
Cotton growin' up to your knees
I dream in Mississippi moon
Past Mason Jars Fireflies
William Faulkner, ol' New Orleans
The only Paris for me is in West Tennessee
If I'm never any other when I lay down to sleep
I dream in ham stew, Church pews
No, ain't you never 'round, oh no
I dream in Southern Oh yeah
I dream in Southern

