

# Going South (Country Style)

## The Wolfgang Press

Peace and love - a phoney kind of blubber  
My instincts tell me to crash  
You've got salt emissions and you know how to use them  
I somesow think this won't last So I'm moving south  
To the great unknown  
Yeah I'm moving south  
Where the head unloads You've got a reason  
Some funky little demons  
Telling me that life is a gas  
You're a deconstruction a euphemism nothing  
Motown gives it a blast  
So I'm moving south  
To the great unknown  
Yeah I'm going south  
Where the head unloads Called my brother - he said I need a lawyer  
And my life is sinking at best  
Called my brother - he said I've just become  
A moaner who lives in the past  
You've got a vision  
Some funky little 'isms  
Telling me that life is a gas  
Your misconception is a pitiful expression  
It's something I'll never possess So I'm moving south  
To the great unknown  
Yeah I'm moving south  
Where the head unloads  
Peace and love - a phoney kind of blubber  
My instincts tell me to crash  
You've got salt emissions and you know how to use them  
I somesow think this won't last So I'm moving south  
To the great unknown  
Yeah I'm moving south  
Where the head unloads (Allen, Gray, Cox) Bass: Dave Curtis.  
Percussion Programming: Robin Brown, Drostan Madden, Apollo 440.  
Dobro Guitar: Noko.  
Backing Vocals: Claudia Fontaine.  
Engineered: Drostan Madden, Andy Kowalski.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>