

Dixie Chicken

I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel
And, underneath a street lamp I met a Southern Belle
She took me to the river where she cast her spell
And, in that southern moonlight she sang the song so well

If you'll be my Dixie Chicken, I'll be your Tennessee Lamb
And we can walk together down in Dixieland
Down in Dixieland

Well, we made all the hot spots - my money flowed like wine
And then that lowdown southern whiskey began to fog my mind
And I don't remember church bells or the money I put down
On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the edge of town
Oh, But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain
And the nights we spent together, and the way she called my name

If you'll be my Dixie Chicken, I'll be your Tennessee Lamb
And we can walk together down in Dixieland
Down in Dixieland

It's been a year since she went away - guess that guitar player sure could play
She always liked to sing along - she's always handy with a song
Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well
And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song
And all the boys at the bar began to sing along

If you'll be my Dixie Chicken, I'll be your Tennessee Lamb
And we can walk together down in Dixieland
Down in Dixieland