

Alabama, Dixie Boy

Alabama

Closer You Get...

Dixie Boy

Words and music by jim mcbride

I was raised in the shadow of an old cotton mill, back when believin' was in
Style.

Smalltown heaven and a big-eyed boy made sweet music for a while.

My daddy worked hard down at the factory.

Nights he went to g.i. school.

He didn't know nothin' 'bout the silver spoon, but he lived by the golden
Rule.

Summer nights he was gone; me and mama stayed home, out on the front porch
Swing, wishin' on the stars in the southern sky, and sometimes we used to
Sing.

We were leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms of love, livin' all the
Simple joys this dixie boy is made of.

Got my real education from the t.v. station and good ole boys down at the
Park.

The say "hey, willie" and those rock-a-billies played their way into my
Heart.

I remember the old folks sittin' 'round talkin' on laidback sunday
Afternoons.

They said them young folks sure got a hard road.

Oh, they're growin' up too soon.

Now i know they were right, and as i sit here tonight out on the front porch
Swing, the stars are shinin' in my young boy's eyes, just like they did for
Me;

We are leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms of love, livin' all the
Simple joys this dixie boy is made of.