

Ella Fitzgerald, Strictly From Dixie

I didn't get my Dixie drawl
A-drinkin' out of a Dixie cup
Yes sir, I'm strictly from Dixie

And when I say, "I loves you all"
It's meant to be on the up-and-up
Yes sir, I'm strictly from Dixie

When I came up from the South
I felt so down in the mouth
Then I took one look at you
And thought about Dixie skies of blue
I thought about sweet magnolias too

I never missed a cotton bowl
I like my tulips a trifle tall
Yes sir, I'm strictly from Dixie