

Alan Jackson, Chatahoochie

Way down yonder on the Chattahoochee
It gets hotter than a hoochie coochie
We laid rubber on the Georgie asphalt
We got a little crazy but we never got caught
Down by the river on a Friday night
A pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight
Talking 'bout cars and dreaming 'bout women
Never had a plan just a livin' for the minute
Yeah, way down yonder on the Chattahoochee
Never knew how much that muddy water meant to me
But I learned how to swim and I learned who I was
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love
Well, we fogged up the windows in my old Chevy
I was willing but she wasn't ready
So I settled for a burger and a grape snow cone
Dropped her off early but I didn't go home
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