

# Alan Jackson, Chattahoochee

Alan Jackson  
Miscellaneous  
Chattahoochee

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 how i was  
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love

Well we fooged up the windows in my old chevvy  
I was willing but she wasn't ready  
So a settled for a burger and a grape sno-cone  
Dropped her off early but i didn't go home

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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 how i was  
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love

Way down yonder on the chattahoochee  
It gets hotter than a old jacuze  
We laid rubber on the georgie asphalt  
We got a little crazy but we never got caught

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