

Little Feat, Dixie Chicken

I've seen the bright lights of Memphis
And the Commodore Hotel
And underneath a street lamp, I met a southern belle
Oh she took me to the river, where she cast her spell
And in that southern moonlight, she sang this 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

We made all the hotspots, my money flowed like wine
Then the low-down southern whiskey, yea, 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
On the house at the end 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

Many years since she ran away
Yes that guitar player sure could play
She always liked to sing along
She always handy with a song
But then one night at 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 there, 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, Down in Dixieland