

Alan Jackson

"Chattahoochee"

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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 fooged up the windows in my old chevy
I was willing but she wasnt ready
So a settled for a burger and a grape sno-cone
Dropped her off early but I didnt go home

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