

Alan Jackson "Dixie Highway"

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I was born on the Dixie Highway, red clay and Georgia pines

I was raised on the Dixie Highway, no sweeter place youâ€™™ ll ever find.

Wood frame house, and gravel driveway

Willow trees and an old front porch

Just outside the city limits, down ol' highway 34.

I was born on the Dixie Highway, red clay and Georgia pines

I was raised on the Dixie Highway, no sweeter place youâ€™™ ll ever find (You won't ever find it).

That pappy Tobacco, growin' on the roadside

Rolled it up and we smoked it down.

Donâ€™™ t do much, but it makes you feel big

When youâ€™™ re ten years old in a tiny town.

Yeah I was born on the Dixie Highway, red clay and Georgia pines

Yeah I was raised on the Dixie Highway, no sweeter place youâ€™™ ll ever find.

And a chicken pen, right in the backyard

Clothes line running east to west

Butterbean, and tomato garden, six days and a Sunday rest.

Yeah I was born (I was born) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), red clay and Georgia pines

I was raised (I was raised) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), no sweeter place youâ€™™ ll ever find.

(Awww, lets get it... Woo!)

Summertime, hot and hazy, bare feet and a water hose

Melon ripe, on a concrete table

Lightnin' bugs, when the sun goes down.

I was born (Yeah I was born) on the Dixie Highway (Way down in Dixie), red clay and Georgia pines

Yeah I was raised (Yeah I was raised) on the Dixie Highway (That Dixie Highway), no sweeter place youâ€™™ ll ever find.

And the holy ghost on Sunday morning,

Gospel songs and a Bible read

Sunday lunch at mommaâ€™™ s table, thank the Lord and break the bread.

I was born (I was born) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), red clay and Georgia pines

I was raised (I was raised) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), no sweeter place youâ€™ll ever find.
Had a screened in porch, right out the backdoor
Washing machine and an old wood stove
Mommaâ€™s singing in the kitchen, rollin' homemade biscuit dough.

I was born (I was born) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), red clay and Georgia pines
Yeah I was raised (Yeah I was raised) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), no sweeter place youâ€™ll ever find.

When Iâ€™m old and Heavenâ€™s calling
And they come to carry me away
Just lay me down, down in south land
Bury me in the Georgia clay
Yeah I was born on the Dixie Highway, red clay and Georgia pines

I was raised (Yeah I was raised) on the Dixie Highway,
no sweeter place youâ€™ll ever find.
No sweeter place you'll ever find
No sweeter place- you'll ever- find.

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