

Alan Jackson

"Whistling Dixie"

Visit "[Whistling Dixie](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(featuring Bellamy Brothers)

The pines trees grow so tall in the bright sunshine

Young boy steals his daddy's fishing line

Alligator lays on the banks of the river bed

And if you did not know any better you'd swear he's
dead

Now these are a few things I'm in love with

A small part of the reasons I go back to Carolina,
Mississippi, Florida
Gorgeous Georgia

Now if you think I'm happy down there your on the right
track

Chorus- And you ain't just whistling Dixie you ain't just
slapping your knee

I'm a grandson of the southland and heir to the
confederacy

You ain't just whistling Dixie cause the cattle calls
calling me home

So put me down there where I want to be, plant my feet
with Robert E. Lee

Bury my bones under a cypress tree and never let me
roam

The cotton balls gleam and the cows give cream for the
baby's sake

And pa comes in full of gin and he's mean as a rattle
snake

And the well runs dry and we cry and cuss the garden

hose

And mama draws a bucket full of sweet water just to
wash our cloths

(repeat chorus)

Visit [Alan Jackson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.