

**Alan Jackson****"You Ain't Just Whistling Dixie"**

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Album: Angels & Outlaws Volume 1

By: The Bellamy Brothers

The Bellamy Brothers & Alan Jackson

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

Chorus:

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your knee  
I'm a grandson of the southland and heir to the

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So put me down there where I want to be, plant my feet  
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