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Dessa "Dixon's Girl"

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Oh someone taught Your walls to talk But if they ask me I ain't heard a thing...

Back to the wall, bat to the ball Back to the drawing board Back to the wall, bat to the ball Back to the drawing board Back to the wall, bat to the ball Back to the drawing board Again

There was a snowstorm in Jackson When you and I met At a club called Saint Sebastian's But the sign said something different I remember thinking that I didn't Have a shot at Mississippi Television told us which roads they were closing There goes a rap show Everybody knew you As the wife of a famous man Everyone who knew said "there goes Dixon's girl again Even the walls will lean closer When she plays the piano real slow" I haven't met too many women In this business that I really like But you could hold a little liquor You could hold a conversation You could hold your own mic And even that night I learned the truth about your man You gotta be big To treat pretty girls bad

It's not much, but my money's on you It's not much, but my money's on you It's not much, but my money... Not much but my money... Not much but my money...

My money's on you.

Well I heard from the rest of the world you're in trouble Bad news moves like fire that you fight on the phone And I'm too far away, my well-wishing can't touch you But I think of you still, more than you might suppose. Everybody wanna see you with your hair down Wanna hear you hit the high note Wanna know if they can get you for a little less, Girl I don't I know how the stones can fly Had some hard goodbyes Call me up, day or night Free drinks and bad advice

It's not much, but my money's on you It's not much, but my money's on you It's not much, but my money... Not much but my money... Not much but my money... My money's on you.

Back to the wall, bat to the ball Back at the drawing board Back to the wall, bat to the ball Back at the drawing board Back to the wall, bat to the ball Back at the drawing board Back to the wall, bat to the ball And it's not much but my money's on you

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