

## **Don Dixon**

### **"Southside Girl"**

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She was fifteen, quiet and lean  
Digging the music, making the scene  
People would stare at her long golden hair  
My baby's in black was the colour she'd wear  
When I first saw her, my heart did flips  
Feel our first kiss still burning my lips  
Holding her near, year after year, my Southside Girl?

She was so fine that after a time I found myself hoping  
she would be mine  
She spotted my plan, did not understand  
She thought I was crazy holding her hand  
When I first saw her my heart did flips  
Feel our first kiss still burning my lips  
Holding her near, year after year, my Southside girl  
I called upon her mother, she told me "There's another,  
why don't you just quit and go home?"  
I thought for just a minute, I knew that I was in it  
I said "I'll never go home alone"

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