

Chris Cummings

"Dixie Beauxderaunt"

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She was born down in Thibodaux Lousian
The victim of a short attention span
She stayed in school just long enough to say that she
could quit

She got a job working with her hands
Graveyard shifts down at the curing plant
She saved up her money, bought a Greyhound ticket
then split

Here we go, singing
Come on Dixie, Dixie Beauxderaunt
Come on Dixie, who says you can't
Come on Dixie, little Dixie Beauxderaunt

Well in Pensicula Florida, thumb out in the air
Thinking that the leaving might have got her nowhere
When Tina pulled up in a black '82 Trans Am
Tina said, I hate my boss but I love to party
And I know a bar where we won't get carded
You can crash at the trailer, my drunk daddy he don't
give a damn

Well Tina said,
Come on Dixie, Dixie Beauxderaunt
Come on Dixie, who says you can't
Come on Dixie, little Dixie Beauxderaunt
Hey, now won't you come on

Well they pulled into the parking lot
They saw a flashing sign that said,
Wet t-shirt contest every Saturday night
Well Tina looked at Dixie, said one of us can win that
prize

Well Tina didn't win 'cause she danced to Twisted
Sister
But when Dixie told the DJ gimme three steps mister
All the gentlemen in the audience began to rise

They were singing now,
Come on Dixie, Dixie Beauxderaunt

Come on Dixie, who says you can't
Come on Dixie, little Dixie Beauxderaunt
Yeah, come on Dixie, Dixie Beauxderaunt
Come on Dixie, who says you can't
Come on Dixie, little Dixie Beauxderaunt
I said now, come on Dixie, little Dixie Beauxderaunt
I said it now, come on Dixie, little Dixie Beauxderaunt

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