

Freddy Jones Band

"Dixie Dynamite"

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Well, here's a story 'bout a southern gal
She got all the parts and she's built quite well
And her name is Dixie Dynamite
She's a lady with beauty and grace
And she's got all this till you see her face
A pair so big they'll really grab your eyes

Big bad Bill was a man of means
When he come around you hear Dixie scream
They jumped in his Cadillac
Everyday for them was fun
Cruisin' on the highway called 101
They ain't comin' back, no

Dixie, won't you be my wife
Dixie, Dixie Dynamite?

The truckers on their way back from Arkansas
Couldn't believe now what they saw
Dixie driving with her top on down
When the sun come out, she don't waste no time
Her and Bill drive to county line
They sit there and talk about their dairy farm

Bill said, "Dixie, won't you be my wife?"
She said, "Yeah, babe let's share our life
You seem to be the man for me"
Dixie got as fat as a horse
Bill dumped her and gave her a divorce
He ran out the back door as fast as he could

Well, he traded in his Caddy for some spandex jeans
Now he's a stud and drives a Limousine
He owns a disco club in Hollywood

Dixie, won't you be my wife
Dixie, Dixie Dynamite?

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