

Capsule

"Dixie Hummingbird"

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Okay here's a song about my sweetheart down south
Now you might ask, "is he a fox?" oh, shut your mouth!
Now his mama taught him to be seen and not heard
So, when he's having a good time, oh he coo's like a
Bird

Well, he hails from Atlanta, he's got a soft southern
Style
And the way he's put together, holy mackrel, honey
Chile
He don't like conversation, no he's never been one to
Chat
But when he holds me close, Good Lord, he knows
exactly
Where it's at

He gets down to the nitty gritty, he don't waste a lot
Of time
We start to spoon and pretty soon he's humming
"Georgia
On My Mind"
And then he makes those kinky little sounds in my ear
They're not in any dictionary but it's coming through
Loud and clear

When my baby says he loves me without a single word,

He's my dixie hummingbird

Well now, he hardly ever speaks, I guess he never
finds
The need
But you must admit that a thousand words don't stack
up
To the deed
He lets his actions do the talking and he tries so hard
To please
And he's mighty fine, he's all mine and I'm his main
Squeeze

Yeah, he's really saying something with a language all

His own
Well, he may not know the words but he can really hum
Along
And then he makes those kinky little sounds in my ear
They're not in any dictionary but he's coming through
Loud and clear

When my baby says he loves me without a single word,
He's my dixie hummingbird

When my baby says he loves me without a single word,
He's my Dixie, he's my Dixie Hummingbird

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