

Brooks Garth

"Dixie Chicken"

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(Lowell George, Martin Kibbee)

I seen the bright lights of Memphis
And the Commodore Hotel
And it was there beneath the streetlamp
Where I met a southern belle
Well she took me to the river
Where she cast her spell
And it was 'neath that Memphis moonlight
She sang this song so well

If you'll be my Dixie chicken
I'll be your Tennessee lamb
And we can walk together
Down in Dixie land
Down in Dixie land

We hit all the hotspots
My money flowed like wine
Till the lowdown southern whiskey
Began to fog my mind
Well I don't remember church bells
Or the money I put down
On the white picket fence and boardwalk
At the house on the edge of town
Now but boy do I remember
The strain of her refrain
And the nights we spent together
And the way she called my name

If you'll be my Dixie chicken
I'll be your Tennessee lamb
And we can walk together
Down in Dixie land
Down in Dixie land

It's been a year since she ran away
Guess that guitar player sure could play
She always liked to sing along
He was always handy with a song
Then one night in the lobby

Of the Commodore Hotel
I by chance met a bartender
Who said he knew her well
And as he handed me a drink
He began to hum a song
And all the boys there at the bar
Began to sing along

If you'll be my Dixie chicken
I'll be your Tennessee lamb
And we can walk together
Down in Dixie land
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