

## **Freddy Jones Band, The**

### **"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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