

Dixie Chicken

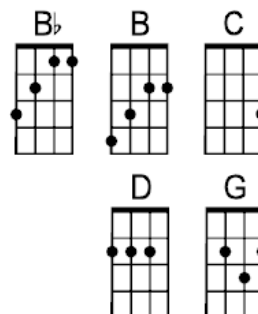
Lowell George, Fred Martin (Little Feat)

I've seen the bright lights of Memphis, and the Commodore Hotel

And underneath a street lamp, I met a southern belle

Oh she took me to the river, where she cast her spell

And in that southern 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 Dix-ie-land. Down in Dix-ie-land

Well we made all the hotspots, my money flowed like wine

Then that low-down southern whiskey, yea, began to fog my mind

And I don't remember church bells, or the money I put down

On the white picket fence and boardwalk on the house at the end of town

Oh but boy do I remember, the strain of her refrain

And the nights we spent together, and the way she called my name

<Chorus>

Well it's been a year since she ran away, Yes that guitar player sure could play

She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song

But then one night at the lobby of the Commodore Hotel

I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well

As he handed me a drink he began to hum a song

And all the boys there at the bar, began to sing along <Chorus>