

RED DIRT GIRL (EMMYLOU HARRIS, 2000)
(Capo 3)

(2P)

G
Me and my best friend Lillian, and her blue tick hound dog Gideon

C
Sittin' on the front porch' coolin' in the shade

G
Singin' every song that the radio played

D
Waitin' for the Alabama sun to go down

C **G**
Two red dirt girls in a red dirt town, me and Lillian

G **D** **C** **G**
Just across the line and a little southeast of Meridian

G
She loved her brother I remember back when He was fixin' up a '49 Indian

C
He told her "Little sister, gonna ride the wind

G **D**
Up around the moon and back again" He never got farther than Vietnam

C **G**
I was standin' there with her when the telegram come for Lillian

G **D** **C** **G**
Now he's lyin' somewhere about a million miles from Meridian

D
She said "There's not much hope for a red dirt girl

C **G**
Somewhere out there is a great big world, that's where I'm bound

D **C**
And the stars might fall on Alabama, but one of these days

G **D**
I'm gonna swing my hammer down; away from this red dirt town

G
I'm gonna make a joyful sound"

G
She grew up tall and she grew up thin. Buried that old dog Gideon

C
By a crepe myrtle bush at the back of the yard

G
Her daddy turned mean and her mama leaned hard
D
Got in trouble with a boy from town
C G
Figured that she might as well settle down, so she dug right in
G D C G
Across a red dirt line just a little southeast of Meridian

D
She tried hard to love him but it never did take
C G
It was just another way for a heart to break, so she learned to bend
D
But one thing they don't tell you 'bout the blues when you got 'em
C
You keep on fallin' 'cause there ain't no bottom
G D G
There ain't no end, at least not for Lillian

G
Nobody knows when she started her skid. She was only 27 and she had 5 kids
C
Coulda been the whiskey, coulda been the pills
G
Coulda been the dream she was tryin' to kill
D
But there won't be a mention in the news of the world
C G
About the life and the death of a red dirt girl named Lillian
G D C G
Who never got any farther across the line than Meridian

D
Now the stars still fall on Alabama
C G
The night she finally laid that hammer down
D G
Without a sound, in the red dirt ground