

Chattahoochee

- Well, way down yonder on the Chattahoochee
- It gets hotter than a hoochie coochie
- We laid rubber on the Georgie asphalt
- We got a little crazy but we never got caught

Down by the river on a Friday night
A pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight
Talking 'bout cars and dreaming 'bout women
Never had a plan just a livin' for the minute
Yeah, way down yonder on the Chattahoochee
Never knew how much that muddy water meant to me
But I learned how to swim and I learned who I was
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love

(check out this nested `d11ty` goodness)

- Well, we fogged up the windows in my old Chevy
- I was willing but she wasn't ready
- So a settled for a burger and a grape snow cone
- Dropped her off early but I didn't go home

(reverse works, too)

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