

# Dixie Boy

## April Smith and The Great Picture Show

I was raised in the shadows of an old cotton mill  
Back when believin' was in style  
Small town heaven and a big eyed boy  
Made sweet music for a while  
My daddy worked hard down at the factory  
Nights he went to G.I. school  
He didn't know nothin' 'bout the silver spoon  
But he lived by the golden rule  
Summer nights he was gone  
Me and mama stayed home  
Out on the front porch swing  
Wishin' on the stars in the southern sky  
And sometimes we used to sing  
We were leaning  
Leaning on the everlasting arms of love  
Livin' all the simple joys  
This Dixie boy is made of  
Got my real education from the TV station  
And good ole boys down at the park  
The say, "Hey, Willie" and those rock-a-billies  
Made their way into my heart  
I remember the old folks sittin' 'round talkin'  
On laid back Sunday afternoons  
They said them young folks sure got a hard road  
Oh, they're growin' up too soon  
Now I know they were right and as I sit here tonight  
Out on the front porch swing  
The stars are shinin' in my young boy's eyes  
Just like they did for me  
We were leaning  
Leaning on the everlasting arms of love  
Livin' all the simple joys  
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