Dixie Boy

Alabama

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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