

# Dixie Highway (feat. Zac Brown)

Alan Jackson

I was born on the Dixie Highway, red clay and Georgia pines  
I was raised on the Dixie Highway, no sweeter place youll ever find.  
Wood frame house, and gravel driveway  
Willow trees and an old front porch  
Just outside the city limits, down ol' highway 34.

I was born on the Dixie Highway, red clay and Georgia pines  
I was raised on the Dixie Highway, no sweeter place youll ever find (You won't ever find it).  
That pappy Tobacco, growin' on the roadside  
Rolled it up and we smoked it down.  
Dont do much, but it makes you feel big  
When youre ten years old in a tiny town.

Yeah I was born on the Dixie Highway, red clay and Georgia pines  
Yeah I was raised on the Dixie Highway, no sweeter place youll ever find.  
And a chicken pen, right in the backyard  
Clothes line running east to west

Butterbean, and tomato garden, six days and a Sunday rest.  
Yeah I was born (I was born) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), red clay and Georgia pines  
I was raised (I was raised) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), no sweeter place youll ever find.  
(Awww, lets get it... Woo!)

Summertime, hot and hazy, bare feet and a water hose  
Melon ripe, on a concrete table  
Lightnin' bugs, when the sun goes down.

I was born (Yeah I was born) on the Dixie Highway (Way down in Dixie), red clay and Georgia pines  
Yeah I was raised (Yeah I was raised) on the Dixie Highway (That Dixie Highway), no sweeter place youll ever find.

And the holy ghost on Sunday morning,  
Gospel songs and a Bible read

Sunday lunch at mommas table, thank the Lord and break the bread.

I was born (I was born) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), red clay and Georgia pines  
I was raised (I was raised) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), no sweeter place youll ever find.

Had a screened in porch, right out the backdoor  
Washing machine and an old wood stove

Mommas singing in the kitchen, rollin' homemade biscuit dough.

I was born (I was born) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), red clay and Georgia pines  
Yeah I was raised (Yeah I was raised) on the Dixie Highway (Dixie Highway), no sweeter place youll ever find.

When Im old and Heavens calling  
And they come to carry me away  
Just lay me down, down in south land  
Bury me in the Georgia clay

Yeah I was born on the Dixie Highway, red clay and Georgia pines  
I was raised (Yeah I was raised) on the Dixie Highway, no sweeter place you'll ever find.  
No sweeter place you'll ever find  
No sweeter place- you'll ever- find.

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