Dixie Fried

Carl Perkins

On the outskirts of town, there's a little night spot.
Dan dropped in about five o'clock.
Pulled off his coat, said "The night is short."
He reached in his pocket and he flashed a quart.

He hollered, "Rave on, children, I'm with ya!
Rave on, cats," he cried.
"It's almost dawn, the cops are gone.
Let's all get Dixie fried."

Well, Dan got happy and he started raving.
He pulled out a razor, but he wasn't shaving.
And all the cats knew to jump and hop,
Cause he was born and raised in a butcher shop.

He hollered, "Rave on, children, I'm with ya!
Rave on, cats," he cried.
"It's almost dawn, the cops are gone.
Let's all get Dixie fried."

The cops heard Dan when he started to shout.
They all ran in to see what it was about.
And I heard him holler as they led him away.
He turned his head, and this is what he had to say.

He hollered, "Rave on children, I'm with ya!
Rave on, cats," he cried.
"It's almost dawn, the cops are gone.
Let's all get Dixie fried."

Now, Dan was the bravest man that we ever saw.
He let us all know he wasn't scared of the law.
And through The black crossed bar he tossed a note.
And it said "It ain't my fault, hon, that I'm in here."

But He hollered, "Rave on, children, I'm with you!
Rave on, cats," he cried.

"It's almost dawn, the cops ain't gone,
And I've been Dixie fried.

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