

# On Your Way Down

## Little Feat

I've seen the bright lights of Memphis  
And the Commodore Hotel  
And underneath a street lamp I met a Southern belle  
Well she took me to the river, where she cast her spell  
And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so well  
If you'll be my dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee  
lamb  
And we can walk together down in dixieland  
Down in dixieland  
Well we made all the hot spots. My money flowed like wine  
Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog my mind  
And I don't remember church bells or the money I put down  
On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the edge of town  
But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain  
The nights we spent together, and the way she called my name  
If you'll be my dixie chicken, I'll be your  
Tennessee lamb  
And we can walk together down in dixieland  
Down in dixieland  
Well it's been a year since she ran away  
Yes that guitar player sure could play  
She always liked to sing along  
She's always handy with a song  
Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel  
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well  
And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song  
And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sign along  
If you'll be my dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb  
And we can walk together down in dixieland  
Down in dixieland

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