

Dixie Chicken (Live On The Old Grey Whistle Test)

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

Songwriters

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