

Dixie Babylon

Cracker

We went down to the old part of town
By the stinking canal and the cotton mill
Under a ghetto palm with her bicycle shorts on
With a gesture she said to me I really must confess
I'd like to get undressed with you
And though the thought had never really crossed my mind
Oh, but that was a lie, so we went along We went out under the turning leaves
The fetid earth was damp and cool
Autumn's feeble light on her salty neck
All innocence, it was lost I really must confess
I'm feeling quite distressed, my stars are always crossed
And I have always taken more than I have given back
And as a matter of fact, I've given nothing up.

Songwriters

LOWERY, DAVID CHARLES/HICKMAN, JOHN Published by
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