Dixie Fried (Alternate Version)

Carl Perkins

Well 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 quartAnd hollered, "Rave on, children, I'm with ya!
Rave on, cats," he cried
"It's almost dawn and the cops are gone
Let's all get Dixie fried"Now, Dan got happy and he started raving
He jerked out his razor, but he wasn't shaving
And all the cats knew to jump and hop,
'Cause he was born and raised in a butcher shopHe hollered, "Rave on, children, I'm with ya!
Rave on, cats," he cried
"It's almost dawn and 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 when they led him away
He turned his head, and this is what he had to sayHollered, "Rave on children, I'm with ya!
Rave on, cats," he cried
"It's almost dawn and 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 to his dig
It said "It ain't my fault, hun, that I'm in here"But hollered, "Rave on, children, I'm with you!
Rave on, cats," he cried"It's almost dawn and the cops ain't gone,
And I've been Dixie fried

Songwriters
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