

# Gator Country\_(Dixie)

[Molly Hatchet](#)

I've been to Alabama, people ain't a whole lot to see  
Skynyrd says it's a real sweet home but it ain't nothing to me  
Charlie Daniels will tell you the good lord lives in Tennessee, ha  
But I'm going back to gator country where the wine and the women are free  
There's a gator in the bushes, he's  
calling my name  
And a saying come on boy, you better make it back home again  
There's many roads I've traveled but they all kind of look the same  
There's a gator in the bushes, lord, he calling my name  
Old Richard Betts will tell ya lord he was born a ramblin'  
man  
Well he can ramble back to Georgia but I won't give a damn  
Elvin Bishop out struttin his stuff with little miss slick titty boom  
But I'm going back to gator country to get me some elbow room  
There's a gator in the bushes he's calling my  
name  
And saying come on boy, you better make it back home again  
There's many roads I've traveled but they all kinda look the same  
There's a gator in the bushes, lord, he calling my name. yep  
There's Marshall Tucker riding a rainbow searching  
for a pot of gold  
Well they can take the highway, baby, and they can take all they can hold  
The outlaws down in Tampa town it's a mighty fine place to be  
They got green grass and got high tides and sure looks good to me  
There's a gator in the bushes, he's calling my  
name  
Saying come on boy, you better make it back home again  
There's so many roads I've traveled but they all kinda look the same  
There's a gator in the bushes , lord, he's calling my name  
Oh gator country  
A little bit of that chomp chomp

Songwriters

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