

# Alan Jackson, Chatahoochie

Way down yonder on the Chattahoochee  
It gets hotter than a hoochie coochie  
We laid rubber on the Georgie asphalt  
We got a little crazy but we never got caught  
Down by the river on a Friday night  
A pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight  
Talking 'bout cars and dreaming 'bout women  
Never had a plan just a livin' for the minute  
Yeah, way down yonder on the Chattahoochee  
Never knew how much that muddy water meant to me  
But I learned how to swim and I learned who I was  
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love  
Well, we fogged up the windows in my old Chevy  
I was willing but she wasn't ready  
So I settled for a burger and a grape snow cone  
Dropped her off early but I didn't go home  
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