

# Ella Fitzgerald, Strictly From Dixie

I didn't get my Dixie drawl  
A-drinkin' out of a Dixie cup  
Yes sir, I'm strictly from Dixie

And when I say, "I loves you all"  
It's meant to be on the up-and-up  
Yes sir, I'm strictly from Dixie

When I came up from the South  
I felt so down in the mouth  
Then I took one look at you  
And thought about Dixie skies of blue  
I thought about sweet magnolias too

I never missed a cotton bowl  
I like my tulips a trifle tall  
Yes sir, I'm strictly from Dixie