

# Little Feat, Dixie Chicken

Ive seen the bright lights of Memphis  
And the Commodore Hotel  
And underneath a street lamp, i met a southern belle  
Oh she took me to the river, where she cast her spell  
And in that southern moonlight, she sang this song so well

If youll be my Dixie chicken ill be your Tennessee lamb  
And we can walk together down in Dixieland  
Down in Dixieland

We made all the hotspots, my money flowed like wine  
Then the low-down southern whiskey, yea, began to fog my mind  
And i dont remember church bells, or the money i put down  
On the white picket fence and boardwalk  
On the house at the end of town  
Oh but boy do i remember the strain of her refrain  
And the nights we spent together  
And the way she called my name

If youll be my Dixie chicken ill be your Tennessee lamb  
And we can walk together down in Dixieland  
Down in Dixieland

Many years since she ran away  
Yes that guitar player sure could play  
She always liked to sing along  
She always handy with a song  
But then one night at the lobby of the Commodore Hotel  
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well  
And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song  
And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing along

If youll be my Dixie chicken ill be your Tennessee lamb  
And we can walk together down in Dixieland  
Down in Dixieland, Down in Dixieland