

Dixie Chicken

Little Feat

III-26

I've seen the bright lights of Memphis, And the Commodore Hotel
And underneath a street lamp, I met a Southern belle

/ D - / - A / - - / - D /

Well, she took me to the river, Where she cast a spell
And in that Southern moonlight, She sang this song so well

/ G D / - A / - - / - D /

Refrain: If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb
And we can walk together, Down in Dixieland
Down in Dixieland, whoa whoa whoo

/ D - / - A / - - / D - / - - /

Yeah well, we made all the hot spots, My money flowed like wine
And then that low-down Southern whiskey, Began to fog my mind

And I don't remember church bells, Or the money I put down
On the white picket-fence and boardwalk, Of the house at the edge 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

Refrain

Yeah, well it's been a year since she ran away,
Guess that guitar player sure could play
She always liked to sing along, She's always handy with a song

Then one night in 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

Refrain