

# Dixie Chicken

Songwriters: GEORGE LOWELL T / KIBBEE MARTIN FYODOR

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t2XXIXXMsXs>

[ Intro ] Drums and keys

**A** I've seen the bright lights of Memphis

And the Commodore **E7** Hotel

**E7** And underneath a street lamp I met a Southern **A** belle

**D** Well she took me to the **A** river, where she cast her **E7** spell

**E7** And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so **A** well

**A** If you'll be my dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee **E7** lamb

**E7** And we can walk together down in **A** dixieland

**E7** Down in **A** dixieland

**A** Well we made all the hot spots. My money flowed like **E7** wine

**E7** Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog **A** my mind

**A** And I don't remember **A** church bells or the money I put **E7** down

**E7** On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the **A** edge of town

**D** But boy do I remember **A** the strain of her **E7** ain

**E7** The nights we spent together, and the way she called my **A** name

**A** If you'll be my dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee **E7** lamb

**E7** And we can walk together down in **A** dixieland

**E7** Down in **A** dixieland

[ Riff over **A** followed by guitar leads. ]

**A** Well it's been a year since she ran away

Yes that guitar player **E7** sure could play

**E7** She always liked to sing along

She's always handy with **A** a song

**D** Then one night in the **A** lobby of the Commodore **E7** Hotel

**E7** I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her **A** well

**D** And as he handed me a drink he began to **E7** hum a song

**E7** And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sign **A** along

**A** If you'll be my dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee **E7** lamb

**E7** And we can walk together down in **A** dixieland

**E7** Down in **A** dixieland

[ Riff over **A** ]