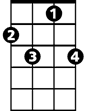
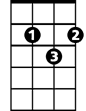
**Dixie Chicken (Lowell George & Fred Martin, ca. 1973) (C)**



[**Dixie Chicken**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yaHEfJApEVM) **by Little Feat (1973)**

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| **C G**  I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel  **G7 G G7 C**  And underneath a street lamp, I met a Southern belle  **F C G**  Well she took me to the river, where she cast her spell  **G7 G G7 C**  And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so well  **Chorus**  **C G**  If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb  **G7 G C F C**  And we can walk together down in Dix-ie-land  **G7 C F C**  Down in Dix-ie-land  **C G**  Well we made all the hot spots, my money flowed like wine  **G7 G G7 C**  Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog my mind  **F C G**  And I don't remember church bells or the money I put down  **G7 G G7 G C C7**  On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the edge of town  **F C G**  But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain  **G7 G G7 G C**  The nights we spent together, and the way she called my name **Chorus**  **C G**  Well it's been a year since she ran away. Yes, that guitar player sure could play  **G7 G G7 G C**  She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song.  **F C G**  Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel  **G7 G G7 G C**  I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well  **F C G**  And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song  **G7 G G7 G C**  And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing along. **Chorus** | | | | | | | |  |
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**Dixie Chicken (Lowell George & Fred Martin, ca. 1973) (G)**

[**Dixie Chicken**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yaHEfJApEVM) **by Little Feat (1973)**

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| **G D**  I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel  **D7 D D7 G**  And underneath a street lamp, I met a Southern belle  **C G D**  Well she took me to the river, where she cast her spell  **D7 D D7 G**  And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so well  **Chorus**  **G D**  If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb  **D7 D G C G**  And we can walk together down in Dix-ie-land  **D7 G C G**  Down in Dix-ie-land  **G D**  Well we made all the hot spots, my money flowed like wine  **D7 D D7 G**  Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog my mind  **C G D**  And I don't remember church bells or the money I put down  **D7 D D7 D G G7**  On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the edge of town  **C G D**  But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain  **D7 D D7 D G**  The nights we spent together, and the way she called my name **Chorus**  **G D**  Well it's been a year since she ran away. Yes, that guitar player sure could play  **D7 D D7 D G**  She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song.  **C G D**  Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel  **D7 D D7 D G**  I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well  **C G D**  And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song  **D7 D D7 D G**  And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing along. **Chorus** | | | | | | | |  |
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