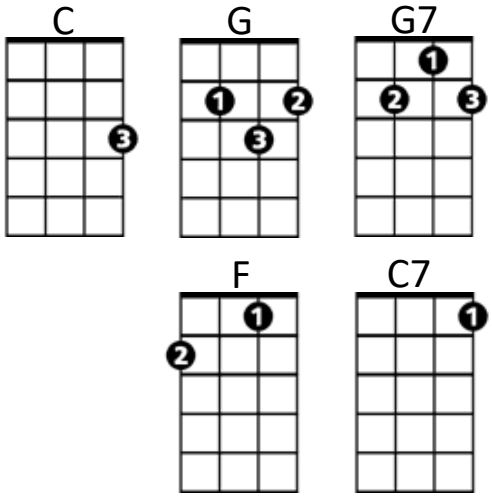
Dixie Chicken (Lowell George, Fred Martin)



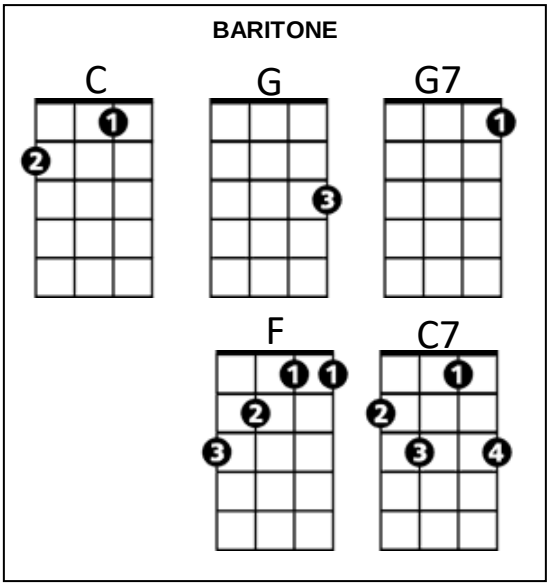
C
I've seen the bright lights of Memphis
G
And the Commodore Hotel
G7 G G7 C
And underneath a street lamp, I met a Southern belle
F C G
Well she took me to the river, where she cast her spell
G7 G G7 C
And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so well

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
On the white picket fence and boardwalk
G7 G C C7
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
Well it's been a year since she ran away
G
Yes, that guitar player sure could play
G7 G
She always liked to sing along
G7 G C
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)