**Dixie Chicken (Lowell George, Fred Martin)**

**C**



C



G7



G

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**

F



C7

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

**BARITONE**

**(Chorus)**



C7

C



G



G7



F

**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)**