

Dixie Chicken Little Feat

(G)

I've seen the (G) bright lights of Memphis,
and the Commodore Ho(D)tel
And underneath a street lamp, I met a southern (G)belle
Oh, she (C)took me to the (G)river, where she cast her (D)spell
And in that southern moonlight, she sang this song so (G)well

CHORUS

If you'll (G)be my Dixie chicken I'll be your Tennessee (D)lamb
And (D)we can walk together down in (G)Dix(D)ie(G)land
(C)Down (D)in (G)Dix(C)ie(G)land

(G)We made all the hotspots, my money flowed like (D)wine
Then the (D)low-down southern whiskey,
began to fog my (G)mind
And I (C)don't remember church bells,
or the (G)money I put (D)down
On the (D)white picket fence and boardwalk
On the house at the end of (G)town
Oh, but (C)boy do I remember the (G)strain of her (D)refrain
And the (D)nights we spent together
And the way she called my (G)name

CHORUS

Well, it's (G)been a year since she ran away.
Guess that guitar player sure could (D)play!
She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song
But (C)then one night at the (G)lobby of the Commodore
Ho(D)tel
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her (G)well
And as he (C)handed me a (G)beer that night, he began to hum
a (D)song
And (D)all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing (G)along

CHORUS