

# Dixie Chicken

by Little Feat

[G] x 4

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 [G] 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