

Dixie Chicken
Lowell George, Martin Kibbee - Little Feat (1972)

INTRO: | A | A | A | E7 A | (x2)

| A | | | E7
I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel
| | | A
And underneath a street lamp, I met a southern belle
| D | A | E7
Oh she took me to the river, where she cast her spell
| E7 | E7 | E7 | A
And in that southern moonlight, she sang this song so well

CHO:

| A | | | E7
If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb
| E7 | | A | |
And we can walk together down, in Dixieland - Down in Dixieland

INSTR: | A | A | A | E7 A | (x2)

V2:

A | | A | E7
We made all the hotspots, my money flowed like wine
| | | A
Then that low-down southern whiskey, began to fog my mind
| D | A | E7
And I don't remember church bells, or the money I put down
| E7 | E7
On the white picket fence and boardwalk
| E7 | A
At the house on the end of town
| D | A | E7
Oh but boy do I remember, the strain of her refrain
| E7 | E7
And the nights we spent together,

| E7 | A
And the way she called my name

CHO:

 | A | | E7
If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb
 | E7 | A | |
And we can walk together down, in Dixieland - Down in Dixieland

INSTR: | A | A | A | E7 A | (x2)

V3:

 | A |
It's been a year since she ran away
 | | E7
I guess that guitar player sure could play
 | | | A
She always liked to sing along, he was always handy with a song
 | D | A | E7
Then then one night in the lobby, of the Commodore Hotel
 | E7 | | A
I chanced to meet a bartender, who said he knew her well
 | D | A | E7
And as he handed me a drink, he began to hum a song
 | E7 | | A
And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing along

CHO:

 | A | | E7
If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb
 | E7 | A | |
And we can walk together down, in Dixieland - Down in Dixieland

OUTRO:

| A | A | A | E7 | E7 | E7 | A | A | A |