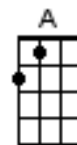


Dixie Chicken

Little Feat

[A] (suggested strum: d, d, u, u ,d) x 8 along with kazoo riff

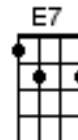


I've seen the [A] bright lights of Memphis,
and the Commodore [E7] Hotel

And [E7] underneath a street lamp, I met a southern [A] belle

Oh, she [D] took me to the [A] river, where she cast her [E7] spell

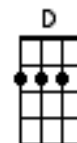
And in that southern [E7] moonlight, she sang this song so [A] well:



(tacit) If you'll [A] be my Dixie chicken I'll be your Tennessee [E7] lamb

And [E7] we can walk together down in [A] Dix - [D] ie- [A] land,

[E7] Down in [A] Dix - [D] ie- [A] land



[A] - [A]

We [A] made all the hotspots, my money flowed like [E7] wine

Then the [E7] low-down southern whiskey, yea, began to fog my [A] mind

And I don't [D] remember [A] church bells, or the money I put [E7] down

On the [E7] white picket fence and boardwalk

On the [E7] house at the end of [A] town

Oh, but [D] boy do I [A] remember the strain of her [E7] refrain

And the [E7] nights we spent together

And the [E7] way she called my [A] name

(tacit) If you'll [A] be my Dixie chicken I'll be your Tennessee [E7] lamb

And [E7] we can walk together down in [A] Dix - [D] ie- [A] land,

[E7] Down in [A] Dix - [D] ie- [A] land

[A] - [A]

Well, [A] it's many years since she ran away

Yes, that guitar player [E7] sure could play

She [E7] always liked to sing along

She was [E7] always handy [A] with a song

But then [D] one night at the [A] lobby of the Commodore [E7] Hotel

I chanced to meet a [E7] bartender who said he knew her [A] well

And as he [D] handed me a [A] drink he began to hum a [E7] song
And all the [E7] boys there, [E7] at the bar, began to sing [A] along:

(tacit) If you'll [A] be my Dixie chicken I'll be your Tennessee [E7] lamb
And [E7] we can walk together down in [A] Dix - [D] ie- [A] land,
[E7] Down in [A] Dix - [D] ie- [A] land

[A] . . .x 8 along with kazoo riff....