

Dixie Boy

Alabama

I was raised in the shadows by that old cotton mill
Back when believin' was the style
Small town heaven and a big-eyed boy
Made sweet music for a while.

My daddy worked hard down at the factory
Nights he went to G.I. school
He didn't know nothin' 'bout the silver spoon
But he lived by the golden rule.

Summer nights he was gone, me and mama stayed home
Out on the front porch swing
Wishin' on the stars in the southern sky
And sometimes we used to sing.

We were leaning, leaning on
The everlasting arms of love
Livin' all those simple joys
This Dixie boy is made of.

Got my real education from the T.V. station
And good ole boys down at the park
The say Hey, Willie and those rock-a-billies
Made their way into my heart.

I remember the old folks sittin' 'round talkin'
On laidback Sunday afternoons
They said them young folks sure got a hard road
Oh, they're growin' up too soon.

Now I know they were right, and as I sit here tonight
Out on the front porch swing
The stars are shinin' in my young boy's eyes
Just like they did for me.

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