

# Chattahoochee

Alan Jackson

Way down yonder on the Chattahoochee  
It gets hotter than a hoochie coochie  
We laid rubber on the Georgia asphalt  
We got a little crazy but we never got caught

Down by the river on a Friday night  
Pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight  
Talkin' 'bout cars and dreamin' 'bout women  
Never had a plan, just a livin' for the minute

Yeah way down yonder on the Chattahoochee  
Never knew how much that muddy water meant to me  
But I learned how to swim and I learned who I was  
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love

Well we fogged up the windows in my old Chevy  
I was willin' but she wasn't ready  
So I settled for a burger and a grape sno-cone  
I dropped her off early but I didn't go home

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