

Dixie Highway

Alan Jackson

I was born on the Dixie Highway, red clay and Georgia pines
I was raised on the Dixie Highway, no sweeter place you'll ever find.

Wood frame house and gravel driveway
Willow trees and old front porch
Just outside the city limits, on the highway 34.

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And having tobacco growing on the roadside
Rolled it up and we smoked it down.
Don't do much, but it makes you feel big
When you're ten years old in a tiny town.

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Have a chicken pen right in the backyard
Clothes line running east to west
Butter bean and Tomato garden, six days and a Sunday rest.

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Summertime, hot and hazy, bare feet and a water hose
Melon rind on a country table
Lightning bugs when the sun goes down.

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And the holy ghost on a Sunday morning,
Gospel songs and a Bible read
Sunday lunch at momma's table, thank the Lord and break the bread.

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Screened in porch right at the backdoor,
Washing machine and an old wood stove
Momma's singing in the kitchen, rolling homemade biscuit dough.

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When I'm old and Heaven's calling
And they come to carry me away
Just lay me down, down in south land
Bury me in the Georgia clay.

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