

# You Ain't Just Whistlin' Dixie

Bellamy Brothers

Pine trees grow so tall in the bright sunshine  
A young boy steals his daddy's fishin' line  
An alligator lays on the banks of a riverbed  
And if you didn't know any better you'd swear he's dead.

Now these are a few things I'm in love with  
A small part of the reason I go back  
To Carolina, Missississippi, Florida, gorgeous Georgia  
Now if you think I'm happy down there you're on the right track

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And you ain't just whistlin' Dixie  
You ain't just slappin' your knee  
I'm a grandson of the Southland  
An heir to the Confederacy.

You ain't just whistlin' Dixie  
'Cause the cattle call's callin' me home  
So put me down there where I wanna be  
Plant my feet with Robert E. Lee.  
Bury my bones under a cypress tree  
And never let me roam.

And you ain't just whistlin' Dixie  
You ain't just slappin' your knee  
I'm a grandson of the Southland  
An heir to the Confederacy.

Cotton balls gleam and the cow gives cream  
For the baby's sake  
Pa comes in full of gin  
And he's mean as a rattlesnake.

And if the well runs dry  
and we cry and cuss the garden hose  
Mama draws a bucket full of creek water  
Just to wash our clothes.

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