

Dixie Hummingbird

Captain & Tennille

Okay here's a song about my sweetheart down south
Now you might ask, "is he a fox?" oh, shut your mouth!
Now his mama taught him to be seen and not heard
So, when he's having a good time, oh he coo's like a bird

Well, he hails from Atlanta, he's got a soft southern style
And the way he's put together, holy Mackrel, honey chile
He don't like conversation, no he's never been one to chat
But when he holds me close, good lord, he knows exactly where i
t's at

He gets down to the nitty gritty, he don't waste a lot of time
We start to spoon and pretty soon he's humming "Georgia On My M
ind"
And then he makes those kinky little sounds in my ear
They're not in any dictionary but it's coming through loud and
clear

When my baby says he loves me without a single word
He's my dixie hummingbird

Well now, he hardly ever speaks, I guess he never finds the nee
d
But you must admit that a thousand words don't stack up to the
deed
He lets his actions do the talking and he tries so hard to plea
se
And he's mighty fine, he's all mine and I'm his main squeeze

Yeah, he's really saying something with a language all his own
Well, he may not know the words but he can really hum along
And then he makes those kinky little sounds in my ear
They're not in any dictionary but he's coming through loud and
clear

When my baby says he loves me without a single word
He's my dixie hummingbird

When my baby says he loves me without a single word
He's my dixie, he's my dixie hummingbird...