

Dixie Chicken

Deep Purple

I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel
And underneath a street lamp I met a Southern Belle
Well, she took me to the river where she casts her spell
And in that southern moonlight, she sang the song so well

If you'll be my Dixie Chicken, I'll be your Tennessee Lamb
And we can walk together down in Dixieland
Down in Dixieland

Well, we made all the hot spots, my money flowed like wine
Then that lowdown southern whiskey began to fog my mind
And I don't remember church bells or the money I put down
On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the edge of town
But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain
And the nights we spent together, and the way she called my name

If you'll be my Dixie Chicken, I'll be your Tennessee Lamb
And we can walk together down in Dixieland
Down in Dixieland

Well, it's been a year since she ran away, guess that banjo player sure could play
She always liked to sing along, she's handy with a song
Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well
And as he handed me a drink, he began to hum a song
And all the boys there at the bar began to sing along

If you'll be my Dixie Chicken, I'll be your Tennessee Lamb
And we can walk together down in Dixieland
Down in Dixieland