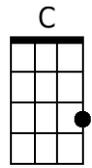


Dixie Chicken (Lowell George & Fred Martin, ca. 1973) (C)

Dixie Chicken by Little Feat (1973)

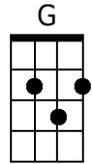
C **G**
I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel



G7 **G** **G7** **C**
And underneath a street lamp, I met a Southern belle

F **C** **G**
Well she took me to the river, where she cast her spell

G7 **G** **G7** **C**
And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so well

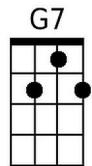


Chorus

C **G**
If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb

G7 **G** **C** **F** **C**
And we can walk together down in Dix-ie-land

G7 **C** **F** **C**
Down in Dix-ie-land



C **G**
Well we made all the hot spots, my money flowed like wine

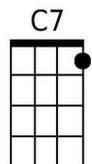
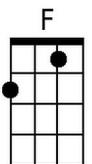
G7 **G** **G7** **C**
Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog my mind

F **C** **G**
And I don't remember church bells or the money I put down

G7 **G** **G7** **G** **C** **C7**
On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the edge of town

F **C** **G**
But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain

G7 **G** **G7** **G** **C** **Chorus**
The nights we spent together, and the way she called my name



C **G**
Well it's been a year since she ran away. Yes, that guitar player sure could play

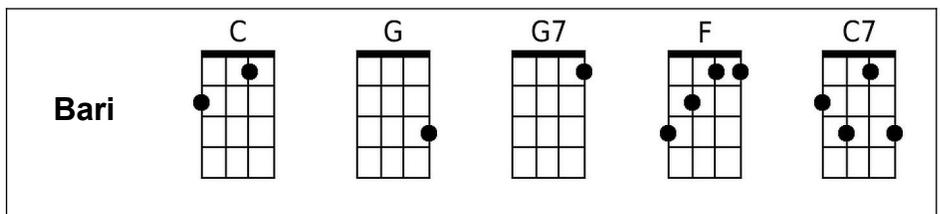
G7 **G** **G7** **G** **C**
She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song.

F **C** **G**
Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel

G7 **G** **G7** **G** **C**
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well

F **C** **G**
And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song

G7 **G** **G7** **G** **C** **Chorus**
And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing along.



Dixie Chicken (Lowell George & Fred Martin, ca. 1973) (G)

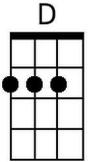
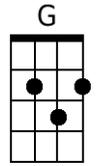
[Dixie Chicken](#) by Little Feat (1973)

G I've seen the bright lights of Memphis and the Commodore Hotel **D**

D7 And underneath a street lamp, I met a Southern belle **D** **G**

C Well she took me to the river, where she cast her spell **D**

D7 And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so well **D7** **G**

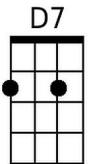


Chorus

G If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb **D**

D7 And we can walk together down in Dix-ie-land **D** **G** **C** **G**

D7 Down in Dix-ie-land **G** **C** **G**



G Well we made all the hot spots, my money flowed like wine **D**

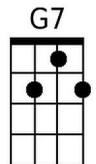
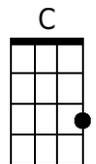
D7 Then that low down Southern whiskey began to fog my mind **D** **D7** **G**

C And I don't remember church bells or the money I put down **D**

D7 On the white picket fence and boardwalk of the house at the edge of town **D** **G** **G7**

C But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain **D**

D7 The nights we spent together, and the way she called my name **D7** **D** **G** **Chorus**



G Well it's been a year since she ran away. Yes, that guitar player sure could play **D**

D7 She always liked to sing along, she's always handy with a song. **D** **G**

C Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel **D**

D7 I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well **D** **G**

C And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song **D**

D7 And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sing along. **D7** **D** **G** **Chorus**

