

Alan Jackson, Chatahoochee (Extended Mix)

Well way down yonder on a chatahoochie
It gets hotter than a hoochiecoochie
We laid rubber on the Georgian asphalt
We got a little crazy but we never got caught.
Down by the river on a Friday night
A pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight.
Talkn bout cars and dreamn bout women
Never had a plan just liven for the minute

Well way down yonder on a chatahoochie
Never knew how much that muddy water meant to me
But I learned how to swim and I learned who I was
Lotta bout livn and a little bout love

we fogged up the windows in my old chevy
I was willing but she wasn't ready
So I settled for a burger and a grape snow cone
Dropped her off early but I didn't go home.
Down by the river on a Friday night
A pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight
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yee whooo