

Alan Jackson, Chattahoochee

Alan Jackson
Miscellaneous
Chattahoochee

way down yonder on the chattahoochee
It gets hotter than a hoochie coochie
We laid rubber on the georgie 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
Talking 'bout cars and dreaming 'bout women
Never had a plan just a livin' for the minute
Yeah way down yonder on the chattahoochee
Never knew how much that muddy water meant to me
But i learned how to swim and i learned how i was
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love

Well we fooged up the windows in my old chevy
I was willing but she wasn't ready
So a settled for a burger and a grape sno-cone
Dropped her off early but i didn't go home

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Way down yonder on the chattahoochee
It gets hotter than a old jacuze
We laid rubber on the georgie asphalt
We got a little crazy but we never got caught

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