

Alan Jackson, Chattahoochee

(Alan Jackson, Jim McBride)

Way down yonder on the Chattahoochee
It gets hotter than a hoochie coochie
We laid rubber on the Georgia asphalt
Got a little crazy but we never got caught

Chorus

Down by the river on a Friday night
Pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight
Talking 'bout cars and dreamin' '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 who I was
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love

Well we fogged up the windows in my old Chevy
I was willin' but she wasn't ready
So I settled for a burger and a grape sno-cone
I dropped her off early but I didn't go home

(Chorus)

(First and Second Verses)

(Chorus)