

Alan Jackson, Whistling Dixie

(feat. Bellamy Brothers)

The pines trees grow so tall in the bright sunshine
Young boy steals his daddy's fishing line
Alligator lays on the banks of the river bed
And if you did not know any better you'd swear he's dead
Now these are a few things I'm in love with
A small part of the reasons I go back to Carolina, Mississippi, Florida
gorgeous Georgia
Now if you think I'm happy down there your on the right track
chorus- And you ain't just whistling Dixie you ain't just slapping your knee
I'm a grandson of the southland and heir to the confederacy
You ain't just whistling Dixie cause the cattle calls calling me home
So put me down there where I want to be, plant my feet with Robert E. Lee
Bury my bones under a cypress tree and never let me roam
The cotton balls gleam and the cows give cream for the baby's sake
And pa comes in full of gin and he's mean as a rattle snake
And the well runs dry and we cry and cuss the garden hose
And mama draws a bucket full of sweet water just to wash our cloths
(repeat chorus)