

## Dixie Boy

Alabama

I was raised in the shadows by that old cotton mill  
Back when believin' was the style  
Small town heaven and a big-eyed boy  
Made sweet music for a while.

My daddy worked hard down at the factory  
Nights he went to G.I. school  
He didn't know nothin' 'bout the silver spoon  
But he lived by the golden rule.

Summer nights he was gone, me and mama stayed home  
Out on the front porch swing  
Wishin' on the stars in the southern sky  
And sometimes we used to sing.

We were leaning, leaning on  
The everlasting arms of love  
Livin' all those simple joys  
This Dixie boy is made of.

Got my real education from the T.V. station  
And good ole boys down at the park  
The say Hey, Willie and those rock-a-billies  
Made their way into my heart.

I remember the old folks sittin' 'round talkin'  
On laidback Sunday afternoons  
They said them young folks sure got a hard road  
Oh, they're growin' up too soon.

Now I know they were right, and as I sit here tonight  
Out on the front porch swing  
The stars are shinin' in my young boy's eyes  
Just like they did for me.

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