

You Ain't Just Whistlin' Dixie

Bellamy Brothers

Pine trees grow so tall in the bright sunshine
A young boy steals his daddy's fishin' line
An alligator lays on the banks of a riverbed
And if you didn't 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 reason I go back
To Carolina, Missississippi, Florida, gorgeous Georgia
Now if you think I'm happy down there you're on the right track
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And you ain't just whistlin' Dixie
You ain't just slappin' your knee
I'm a grandson of the Southland
An heir to the Confederacy.

You ain't just whistlin' Dixie
'Cause the cattle call's callin' me home
So put me down there where I wanna be
Plant my feet with Robert E. Lee.
Bury my bones under a cypress tree
And never let me roam.

And you ain't just whistlin' Dixie
You ain't just slappin' your knee
I'm a grandson of the Southland
An heir to the Confederacy.

Cotton balls gleam and the cow gives cream
For the baby's sake
Pa comes in full of gin
And he's mean as a rattlesnake.

And if the well runs dry
and we cry and cuss the garden hose
Mama draws a bucket full of creek water
Just to wash our clothes.

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