

Dixie Highway
Alan Jackson

Chorus & Solos:

4 1 5 1
4 1 5 1

Verse:

1 1 4 1
1 1 5 1

Intro: Banjo lick then, four bar electric riff then, **G G G G** (1 1 1 1)

Chorus:

C **G** **D** **G**
I was born on the Dixie Highway, red clay and Georgia pines
C **G** **D** **G**
I was raised on the Dixie Highway, no sweeter place youll ever find.

Verse:

G
Wood frame house and a gravel driveway
C **G**
Willow trees and old front porch

Just outside the city limits,
D **G**
Down on highway 34.

Repeat Chorus:

Electric Solo: Chorus Progression

That crappy tobacco growing on the roadside
Rolled it up and we smoked it down.
Dont do much, but it makes you feel big
When youâ€™re ten years old in a tiny town.

Repeat Chorus:

Fiddle Solo: Chorus Progression

Had a chicken pen right in the backyard
Clothes line running east to west
Butter bean and Tomato garden,
Six days and a Sunday rest.

Repeat Chorus:

Piano Solo: Chorus Progression

Summertime, hot and hazy,
Bare feet and a water hose
Melon rind on a country table
Lightning bugs when the sun goes down.

Repeat Chorus:

Electric Guitar Solo: Chorus Progression

And the holy ghost on a Sunday morning,
Gospel songs and a Bible read
Sunday lunch at mommas table,
Thank the Lord and break the bread.

Repeat Chorus:

Electric Guitar & Banjo Solos: Chorus Progression

Had a screened in porch right out the backdoor,
Washing machine and an old wood stove
Momma singing in the kitchen,
Rolling homemade biscuit dough.

Repeat Chorus:

Acoustic Guitar Solo: Chorus Progression

Spoken: Alright were gonna break down this next verse

(Nc. or scratch it out if playing on your own)

When Im old Heavens calling
And they come to carr-me go away
Just lay me down, down in the south land
Bury me in the Georgia clay.

Repeat Chorus and tag (No sweeter place you ll ever find) - X2