

Lil' Ol' Lonesome Dixie Town

Billy Currington

Some folks sit and wait
On government checks.
Some of us have the
Sun beatin' down on our necks.
We've all got the same damn thing in mind.
An ol' screen door that swings
'Neath the neon sign.

Nah, we don't need a reason
To get down.
Turn the jukebox up to ten.
Son, throw 'em down.
Keep those longnecks cold on ice.
Before too long it sure be nice.
Just might have to buy
The house around.
In this little ol' lonesome dixie town.

Someone throw some cornmeal
Down on the floor.
So me and my baby can shuffle
Just a little bit more.
Then, I think we look funny,
The way that we move.
That's our thing, and
We got our own groove.

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