

Chattahoochee

Alan Jackson

Well, way down yonder on the Chattahoochee
It gets hotter than a hoochie coochie
We laid rubber on the Georgia asphalt
We got a little crazy but we never got caught. Down by the river on a Friday night
Pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight
Talkin' 'bout cars and dreamin' 'bout women
Never had a plan, just a livin' for the minute. Yeah, way down yonder on the Chattahoochee
Never knew how much that muddy water meant to me
But I learned how to swim and I learned who I was
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love.
Ya ha Well, we fogged up the windows in my old Chevy
I was willin' but she wasn't ready
So I settled for a burger and a grape sno-cone
I dropped her off early but I didn't go home. Down by the river on a Friday night
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But I learned how to swim and I learned who I was
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love. A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love. Ya he That's
right...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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