

C  
Way down yonder on the Chattahoochie  
                        G                        C  
It gets hotter than a hoochie coochie  
We laid rubber on the Georgia asphalt  
  G                        C  
We got a little crazy but we never got caught  
F  
Down by the river on a Friday night  
            C                                G                        C  
A pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight  
F  
Talking 'bout cars and dreaming 'bout women  
D  G  
Never had a plan just a livin' for the minute  
            C  
Yeah way down yonder on the Chattahoochie  
  G                        C  
Never knew how much that muddy water meant to me  
But I learned how to swim and I learned who I was  
  G                        C  
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love  
Well we fogged up the windows in my old Chevy  
  G                        C  
I was willing but she wasn't ready  
So a settled for a burger and a grape snow cone  
  G                        C  
Dropped her off early but I didn't go home  
F  
Down by the river on a Friday night  
            C                                G                        C  
A pyramid of cans in the pale moonlight  
F  
Talking 'bout cars and dreaming 'bout women  
D  G  
Never had a plan just a livin' for the minute  
            C  
Yeah way down yonder on the Chattahoochie  
  G                        C  
Never knew how much that muddy water meant to me  
But I learned how to swim and I learned who I was  
  G                        C  
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love  
  G                        C  
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love  
  G                        C (end on C)  
A lot about livin' and a little 'bout love