

## Dixie Storms

Maria McKee

I received a letter, like so many others  
Mama said, How's life in the city?  
My your sister's grown  
And you just missed those awful dixie storms  
Thank God they've passed  
Those awful dixie storms

I left so long ago  
I'd forgotten just what for  
But they say  
When a big city beckons  
You have no choice but to go  
And here, there are no dixie storms  
Thank God, there are no dixie storms

And the smoke on the street  
Makes me wonder why I stay away  
From those gentle dixie storms

When I was younger  
How I would wonder  
What made the sweet Georgia rain  
Make me feel so warm  
And how God made a dixie storm  
And how I loved those dixie storms

And the rumble in the sky  
Brings a shudder to my soul  
Oh how I loved those dixie storms