

Dixieland

Steve Earle

I am Kilrain and I'm a fightin' man
And I come from County Clare
And the brits would hang me for a fenian
So I took me leave of there

And I crossed the ocean in the "Arrienne"
The vilest tub afloat
And the captain's brother was a railroad man and he met us at the boat
So I joined up with the 20th Maine
Like I said my friend I'm a fighting man
And we're marchin' south in the pouring rain
And we're all goin' down to dixieland

I am Kilrain of the 20th Maine
And we fight for Chamberlain
'Cause he stood right with us
When the johnnies came like a banshee on the wind
When the smoke cleared out of Gettysburg many a mother wept
For many a good boy died there, sure
And the air smelted just like death

I am Kilrain of the 20th Maine
And I'd march to hell and back again
For colonel Joshua Chamberlain
We're all goin' down to dixieland

I am Kilrain of the 20th Maine
And I damn all gentlemen
Whose only worth is their father's name
And the sweat of a workin' man
Well we come from the farms
And the city streets and a hundred foreign lands
And we spilled our blood in the battle's heat
Now we're all Americans