

# Dixie Lullaby

Pat Green

My father had skin like leather  
Hands like steel  
From a lifetime spent in the cotton fields  
Though he'd come home tired and dirty  
Almost every night  
He found the strength to smile at me and hold my mama tight  
While that old transistor radio would play the op'ry out in the  
hall  
I'd sit and watch their shadows glide across the wall

And they'd dance to a Dixie lullaby  
Picture of love beneath the southern sky  
Oh my, what a beautiful life  
Just like a Dixie lullaby

I left home at eighteen  
In a hand me down Chevrolet  
Packed my mamas goodness and my old man's stubborn ways  
It was college, work, and love  
Then the babies came  
The youngest one's got his granddaddy's name  
And in the early morning hours when my children could not sleep  
I'd rock them in my arms to a simple beat

And I'd sing them a Dixie lullaby  
Hush, baby, don't you start to cry  
Oh my, what a beautiful life  
Just like a Dixie lullaby

My father was a mountain of a man  
That was the description that I gave  
The morning that we laid him in his grave  
There with my mama by his side, we said our last goodbye  
To a man we thought would never die  
As I stood there in the fields of amazing grace  
Oh, how the tears ran down my face

And I sang him a Dixie lullaby  
We'll meet again, by and by  
Oh my, what a beautiful life  
Just like a Dixie lullaby

Oh my, what a beautiful life  
Just like a Dixie lullaby