

I Sang Dixie

Dwight Yoakam

I sang 'Dixie' as he died
The people just walked on by as I cried
The bottle had robbed him, all his rebel pride
So I sang 'Dixie' as he died

He said, "Way down yonder in the land of cotton
Old times there ain't near as rotten as they are
On this damned old L.A. street"
Then he drew a dying breath
Laid his head against my chest
Please Lord, take his soul back home to Dixie

I sang 'Dixie' as he died
People just walked on by, as I cried
The bottle had robbed him, all his rebel pride
So I sang 'Dixie' as he died

He said, "Listen to me, son, while you still can
Run back home to that Southern land
Don't you see what life here has done to me?"
Then he closed those old blue eyes
And fell limp against my side
No more pain, and now he's safe back home in Dixie

I sang 'Dixie' as he died
People just walked on by, as I cried
The bottle had robbed him of all his rebel pride
So I sang 'Dixie' as he died

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