

# Dixieland

John Cafferty & the Beaver Brown Band

Grandpa took the boat from the old country,  
He raised himself a family in the land of the free,  
And my papa worked the mills right by his side,  
When my turn came it seems the well ran dry

We're gonna raise up the flag,  
Strike up the band,  
Everybody's going down to Dixieland,  
So honey pack up your bags,  
Let's make some new plans,  
Everybody's going down to Dixieland

Papa said "Son this yours someday"  
But then something happened blew this old town away,  
I gotta find a new place where the sun will shine,  
Winter's cold up here on the unemployment line

We're gonna raise up the flag,  
Strike up the band,  
Everybody's going down to Dixieland,  
So honey pack up your bags,  
Let's make some new plans,  
Everybody's going down to Dixieland

Hey-lah-de-lah-de-la-deh,  
Hey-lah-de-lah-de-la-deh-oh,  
Hey-lah-de-lah-de-la-deh,  
Hey-lah-de-lah-de-la-dah-oh

Goodbye little Johnny,  
Goodbye little Sue,  
You know we'll still be friends,  
But I don't know when we're coming back again

We're gonna raise up the flag,  
Strike up the band,  
Everybody's going down to Dixieland,  
So honey pack up your bags,  
Let's make some new plans,  
Everybody's going down to Dixieland

Hey-la-deh-la-deh-la-deh,  
Hey-la-deh-la-deh-ohh  
Hey-la-deh-la-deh-la-deh,  
Hey-la-deh-la-deh-ohh.