

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