

## Dixie Flyer

Travis Tritt

Well, the first thing I remember was the smell of burnin' cinders

And the sound of that old whistle on the wind  
I always wondered where the train was goin'  
But I never cared at all where it had been

Yeah, the first chance I got, I was gone like a shot  
Followin' that old dream of mine  
My only desire was to catch that flyer  
And ride it to the end of the line

My life is like a Dixie Flyer  
She don't ever look back  
So pour on the coal, let the good times roll  
Till the train runs out of track

Full speed ahead, no, I ain't stoppin' yet  
I feel that drivin' wheel down in my soul  
I been some places where the train don't stop  
Some places where the train don't even go

Yeah, some are satisfied just to sit on the side  
And watch as the trains roll by  
But that ain't me, there's just too much to see  
Gonna roll until the day that I die

My life is like a Dixie Flyer  
She don't ever look back  
So pour on the coal, let the good times roll  
Till the train runs out of track

Till the train runs out of track  
Yeah, till the train runs out of track