

**I Sang Dixie**  
**Dwight Yoakam**

**D**

I sang Dixie as he died

**D**

**D7**

The people just walked on by as I cried

**G**

**D**

The bottle had robbed him of all his rebel pride

**D A7**

**D**

So I sang Dixie as he died

**D**

He said way down yonder in the land of cotton

**G**

**D**

Old times there ain t near as rotten as they are

**D**

**A7**

On these damned ole L.A streets

**D**

He drew his dying breath

**G**

Laid his head against my chest

**D**

**A7**

**D**

Oh please lord take his soul back home to Dixie

**D**

I sang Dixie as he died

**D**

**D7**

The people just walked on by as I cried

**G**

**D**

The bottle had robbed him of all his rebel pride

**D A7**

**D**

So I sang Dixie as he died

**D**

He said listen to me son while you still can

**G**

Run back home to that Southern land

**D**

**A7**

Don't you see what life here has done to me

**D**

Then he closed those old blue eyes

**G**

**D**

Fell limp against my side, no more pain

**A7**

**D**

Now his soul's back home in Dixie

**D**

I sang Dixie as he died

**D**

**D7**

the people just walked on by as I cried

**G**

**D**

The bottle had robbed him of all his rebel pride

**D A7**

**D**

So I sang Dixie as he died