

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