

I Sang Dixie
Dwight Yoakam

C#

I sang Dixie as he died

C#

C#7

The people just walked on by as I cried

F#

C#

The bottle had robbed him of all his rebel pride

C# G#7

C#

So I sang Dixie as he died

C#

He said way down yonder in the land of cotton

F#

C#

Old times there ain t near as rotten as they are

C#

G#7

On these damned ole L.A streets

C#

He drew his dying breath

F#

Laid his head against my chest

C#

G#7

C#

Oh please lord take his soul back home to Dixie

C#

I sang Dixie as he died

C#

C#7

The people just walked on by as I cried

F#

C#

The bottle had robbed him of all his rebel pride

C# G#7

C#

So I sang Dixie as he died

C#

He said listen to me son while you still can

F#

Run back home to that Southern land

C#

G#7

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

C#

Then he closed those old blue eyes

F#

C#

Fell limp against my side, no more pain

G#7

C#

Now his soul's back home in Dixie

C#

I sang Dixie as he died

C#

C#7

the people just walked on by as I cried

F#

C#

The bottle had robbed him of all his rebel pride

C# G#7

C#

So I sang Dixie as he died