

# Dwight Yoakam, I Sang Dixie

I sang Dixie as he died  
People just walked on by as I cried  
The bottle had robbed him of all his rebel pride  
So I sang Dixie as he died

He said, way down yonder in the land of cotton  
Old times there ain't near as rotten  
As they are on this damned old L.A. street  
Then he drew a dying breath  
And laid his head against my chest  
Please Lord, take his soul back home to Dixie

And I sang Dixie as he died  
People just walked on by as I cried  
The bottle had robbed him of all his rebel pride  
So I sang Dixie as he died

He said, listen to me son, while you still can  
Run back home to that southern land  
Don't you see what life here has done to me  
Then he closed those old blue eyes  
And fell limp against my side  
No more pain, now he's safe back home in Dixie

And I sang Dixie as he died  
People just walked on by as I cried  
The bottle had robbed him of his rebel pride  
So I sang Dixie as he died  
I sang Dixie as he died