

Travis Tritt, Dixie Flyer

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

Till the train runs out of track
Till the train runs out of track