

# Elton John, Dixie Lily

Showboat coming up the river  
See her lanterns flicker in the gentle breeze  
I can hear the crickets singing in the evening  
Old Dixie Lily moving past the cypress trees

My little boat she rocks easy  
I've been catching catfish in the creek all day  
Oh and I've never seen ladies like those on the big boats  
Must be fancy breeding lets you live that way

Dixie Lily, chugging like a grand old lady  
Paddles hitting home in the noonday sun  
Ploughing through the water with your whistles blowing  
Down from Louisiana on the Vicksburg run

Papa says that I'm a dreamer  
Says them skeetas bit me one too many times  
Oh but I never get lonesome living on the river  
Watching old Lily leave the world behind