

# Lynn Anderson, Dixieland You Will Never Die

The shutters are cracked and dry now,  
And the roof lets the rain seep in;  
The old four walls are ready to fall,  
And the sign reads, "This House Condemned."

Once a mighty plantation,  
When a nation was at war;  
When mothers prayed for sons that went away,  
And cried for ones that came back no more.

But oh, if this house could talk, Lord,  
Of Dixieland's final days;  
Before they tear her down, before she hits the ground,  
I'll bet this is what she would say:

Early on one frosty morn, they raised my timbers and I was born;  
Lord, I remember the day;  
The mighty oak became my soul, the Delta dawn kept me from the cold,  
Lord, Lord, look away.

I've seen history, Robert E. Lee, and Johnny Reb hold his head up high;  
They can tear me down, down, down,  
But Dixieland, you will never die.

The garden gate is rusty,  
And the well's dusty and dry;  
The magnolia trees are swayin' in the breeze,  
As if to hang their heads and cry.

The ballroom is quiet and empty,  
Where the bands once used to play;  
And the battlefields are resting and still,  
With the ghosts of the blue and the gray.

This house has seen it all, Lord,  
As time kept marching on;  
But I'll bet these walls can recall  
A story all their own.

I've seen King Cotton touch the sky, and riverboats floatin' by,  
On their way to New Orleans;  
I've bowed with people standin' tall, with their backs pushed up  
against the wall,  
Getting' by on hopes and dreams.

I've seen southern belles  
And with their heads held high,  
They can tear me down, down, down,  
But Dixieland, you will never die.

Dixieland, you will never die.