

# The Band, The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

We carried you in our arms on Independence Day  
And now you'd throw us all aside and put us all away  
Oh, what dear daughter 'neath the sun could treat a father so?  
To wait upon him hand and foot and always tell him "No";  
(Chorus:)

Tears of rage, tears of grief  
Why must I always be the thief?  
Come to me now, you know we're so low  
And life is brief

It was all very painless  
When you went out to receive  
All that false instruction  
Which we never could believe  
And now the heart is filled with gold  
As if it was a purse  
But, oh, what kind of love is this  
Which goes from bad to worse?

(Chorus)  
We pointed you the way to go  
And scratched your name in sand  
Though you just thought it was nothing more  
Than a place for you to stand  
I want you to know that while we watched  
You discovered no one would be true  
And I myself was among  
The ones who thought  
It was just a childish thing to do  
(Chorus)