

# Dixie

## Black Oak Arkansas

I wish I was in the Land of cotton  
old times there are not forgotten  
look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

In Dixie land where I was born  
early one frosty morn  
look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

I wish I was in Dixie, away, away,  
in Dixie Land I'll make my stand  
to live and die in Dixie.

Away, away, away down South in Dixie.  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

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Lyrics submitted by Steve Mclendon.

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