

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.

Lyrics submitted by Steve McLendon.

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