

# Southern Dixie Flyer

Marty Robbins

At the station house one day  
Was a lady old and gray  
I could tell her heart was feelin' sad and low  
With a teardrop in her eye  
she was tryin' not to cry  
I determined then her story I would know I ventured a word  
Then a sad, sad tale I heard  
Of a mother who had lost her only child  
Yes they've taken her away  
These words I heard her say  
And they're travellin' on that Southern Dixie Flyer She was only sweet sixteen  
And the only joy I've seen  
What God has given now he takes away  
She'll be taken home again  
On that southbound railroad train  
To be laid there with her daddy in the grave I've no money of my own  
I can't even take her home  
But I want to be there with my heart's desire  
But then she could say no more  
As the echo drifted o'er  
Was the whistle of that Southern Dixie Flyer As the train pulled out of sight  
And the day became as night  
Was a scene to bring a tear to any eye  
Just a lady all alone  
Not a thing to call her own  
But some memories from a better day gone by I knew right away  
There was nothin' I could say  
To soothe her heart  
Or dry those tear dimmed eyes  
So I turned to walk away  
From the lady old and gray  
Whose heart was on that Southern Dixie Flyer I've no money of my own  
I can't even take her home  
But I want to be there with my heart's desire  
But then she could say no more  
As the echo drifted o'er  
Was the whistle of that Southern Dixie Flyer

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