

# Down Along the Dixie Line

Gillian Welch

Way down in Dixie, oh do they miss me  
Down along the Dixie Line  
Banjos are strumming  
Horseflies are humming  
Ripe melons on the vine  
The gold and the grey weeds  
Sing look away  
Way down along the Dixie Line

I spent my childhood walking the wildwood  
Down along the Dixie Line  
Freight trains are squalling  
Eyeballs are bawling  
Four engines at a time  
I was so happy with Momma and Pappy  
Down along the Dixie Line

Can't you hear those drivers way?  
Can't you see those bright rails shine?  
Wanna catch that fireball man  
Leave that North Land far behind

A river of whiskey flows down in Dixie  
Down along the Dixie Line  
They pulled up the tracks now  
I can't go back now  
Can't hardly keep from cryin'  
Oh do they miss me way down in Dixie  
Down along the Dixie Line

Can't you hear those drivers way?  
Can't you see those bright rails shine?  
Wanna catch that fireball man  
Leave that North Land far behind

Down along the Dixie Line

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