Someone Play Dixie for Me

Dry Branch Fire Squad

I met a man in Richmond
Laid out on the street
White lightning in a bottle
Discarded at his feet
This dirty broken derelect
Could barely speak my name
He raised his head and looked my way
The words they slowly camePlay Dixie for me, Billy
I'll hold my head up proud
Sing about them fields of cotton
Sing it for me loud
Sing about the Bullruns
Sing about the day
I shot my brother dressed in blue
While I was dressed in greyWe marched out from Manassas
Cannons on our tail
Set fire to the cornfields
Tore up all the rails
Met up at the Bullrun
Neither broke away
The ballad of the bullrun
Told in blue and greyThey marched us down to Vicksburg
By then we didn't care
It didn't matter where we went
Our death was in the air
I had a couple brothers
And each of them would say
As one would shoot the other
A prayer for blue and grey

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