

Dixie Flyer

Grinderswitch

I was born right here, November '43

My dad was a captain in the army

Fighting the Germans in Sicily.

My poor little momma

Didn't know a soul in L.A.

So we went down to the Union Station and made our getaway.

Got on the Dixie Flyer bound for New Orleans

Across the state of Texas to the land of dreams.

On the Dixie Flyer bound for New Orleans

Back to her friends and her family in the land of dreams.

Her own mother came to meet us at the station,

Her dress as black as a crow in a coal mine

She cried when her little girl got off the train.

Her brothers and her sisters drove down from Jackson, Mississippi

In a great green Hudson driven by a Gentile they knew.

Drinkin' rye whiskey from a flask in the back seat

Tryin' to do like the Gentiles do

Christ, they wanted to be Gentiles, too.

Who wouldn't down there, wouldn't you?

An American Christian, God damn!

On the Dixie Flyer bound for New Orleans

Back to her friends and her family in the land of dreams

On the Dixie Flyer bound for New Orleans

Across the state of Texas to the land of dreams

Across the state of Texas to the land of dreams.

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