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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