

Dixie Flyer

[Randy Newman](#)

I was born right here, November forty three
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
Made our getawayGot 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 dreamsHer 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 came 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 damnOn 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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