

I WANNA GO BACK TO DIXIE

I WANNA GO BACK TO DIXIE
TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OL' DIXIE
THAT'S THE ONLY LI'L OL' PLACE FOR LI'L OL' ME
OL' TIMES THERE ARE NOT FORGOTTEN
WHUPPIN' SLAVES AND SELLIN' COTTON
AND WAITIN' FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE
IT WAS NEVER THERE ON TIME

I'LL GO BACK TO THE SWANEE
WHERE PELLAGRA MAKES YOU SCRAWNY
AND THE HONEYSUCKLE CLUTTERS UP THE VINE
I REALLY AM A-FIXIN'
TO GO HOME AND START A-MIXIN'
DOWN BELOW THAT MASON-DIXON LINE

OH, POLL TAX
HOW I LOVE YA, HOW I LOVE YA
MY DEAR OLD POLL TAX

WON'TCHA COME WITH ME TO ALABAMMY
BACK TO THE ARMS OF MY DEAR OL' MAMMY
HER COOKIN'S LOUSY AND HER HANDS ARE CLAMMY
BUT WHAT THE HELL, IT'S HOME

YES, FOR PARADISE THE SOUTHLAND IS MY NOMINEE
JES' GIVE ME A HAM HOCK AND A GRIT OF HOMINY

I WANNA GO BACK TO DIXIE
I WANNA BE A DIXIE PIXIE
AND EAT CORN-PONE 'TIL IT'S COMIN' OUTA MY EARS
I WANNA TALK WITH SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN
AND PUT MY WHITE SHEET ON AGAIN
I AIN'T SEEN ONE GOOD LYNCHIN' IN YEARS
THE LAND OF THE BOLL WEEVIL
WHERE THE LAWS ARE MEDIEVAL
IS CALLIN' ME TO COME AND NEVERMORE ROAM
I WANNA GO BACK TO THE SOUTHLAND
THAT "Y'ALL" AND "SHET-MA-MOUTH" LAND
BE IT EVER SO DECADENT
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**

If you have corrections or the chords to any of these songs, please send me an e-mail and I will attend to it as soon as possible. Thanks.