

Jason Mccoy "Born Again In Dixieland"

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I was dyin in that small town, dreamed of headin
southbound
So I hitched down I-65
I climbed into her trans am, an hour below of
Burmingtonham
She was headin home and I was there for the ride
Started talkin nonsense an' she was laughin at my
accent
-Wound up on the Alabama shore
There was magic in the night air an' a gulf breeze in
her blonde hair
That's what my soul's searchin for

CHORUS

Southern moonlight, southern daughter
She led me down to the water
As we lay on that cool, white sand
I was born again in Dixieland

We drank from a mason jar, underneath a blanket of
stars
And I said 'do you believe this is meant-to-be?'
An' she told me 'well I believe the front porch swings
-The song that the cricket sings-

And I believe you belong down here with me

CHORUS

Southern moonlight, southern daughter
She led me down to the water
As we lay on that cool, white sand
I was born again in Dixieland

We watched the twilight fade, there by the ocean
waves
And it made me feel at home
An' I knew I'd found my place, lost in her embrace
I was baptized in her arms

CHORUS

Southern moonlight, southern daughter
She led me down to the water
As we lay on that cool, white sand
I was born again....

CHORUS

Southern moonlight, southern daughter
She led me down to the water
As we lay on that cool, white sand
I was born again in Dixieland

In Dixieland (Dixieland)

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