

## Tanya Tucker

# "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down"

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Virgil Caine is my name, and I drove on the Danville  
train  
'Til Stoneman's cavalry came and tore up the tracks  
again.  
In the winter of sixty-five, we were hungry, just barely  
alive.  
Took the train to Richmond we fell;  
It's a time I remember oh, so well

The night they drove old Dixie down  
And all the bells were ringin',  
The night they drove old Dixie down  
And all the people were singin'! they went  
La, la-la-la-la-la,  
La-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la.

Back with my wife in Tennessee, when one day she  
said to me,  
"Virgil, quick, come see: there goes the Robert E. Lee!"  
Now, I don't mind choppin' wood, and I don't care if my  
money's no Good.  
Just take what you need and leave the rest  
But they should never have taken the very best.

The night they drove old Dixie down  
And all the bells were ringin',  
The night they drove old Dixie down  
And all the people were singin'! they went  
La, la-la-la-la-la,  
La-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la.

Like my father before me, I'm a workin' man.  
And, like my brother before me yeah, I took a rebel  
stand.  
He was just eighteen, proud and brave, when a Yankee  
laid him in his grave.  
I swear by the blood below my feet,  
You can't raise a caine back up when it's in defeat.

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And all the bells were ringin',  
The night they drove old Dixie down

And all the people were singin'! they went  
La, la-la-la-la-la,  
La-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la.

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