

The Bombsters

"The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down"

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Virgil Caine is the name, and I served on the Danville
train,
'Til Stoneman's cavalry came and tore up the tracks
again.

In the winter of '65, We were hungry, just barely alive.
By May the tenth, Richmond had fell, it's a time I
remember, oh so well,

(Chorus)

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down, and all the bells
were ringing,

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down, and all the
people were singin'. They went

Na, Na, Na, Na, Na, Na, Na, Na, Na, Na, Na, Na,
Na,

Back with my wife in Tennessee, When one day she
called to me,

"Virgil, quick, come see, that can't be Robert E. Lee!"

Now I don't mind choppin' wood, and I don't care if ma
money's no good.

Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest,
But they should never have taken the very best.

(Chorus)

Like my father before me, I'm a workin' man,

Like my brother before me, who took a rebel stand.

He was just eighteen, proud and brave, But a Yankee
laid him in his grave,

I swear by the mud below my feet,

You can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat.

(Chorus)

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