

## Randy Newman

# "My Daddy Knew Dixie Howell"

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Seein' that tomorrow's my birthday  
Happy birthday to you  
Seein' that this is the final night of my 29th year  
Happy birthday to you  
Seein' that all my fuckin' friends were assembled here  
to greet me  
Happy birthday to you  
Happy birthday to you  
I'm gonna tell you all the story of my life  
I'm gonna tell you all the story of my life

My daddy knew Dixie Howell,  
He used to cut his hair  
Daddy had a shop in Tuscaloosa,  
And Howell was on a team up there  
When I was born, Daddy put a football in my cradle

Later on, he put a football helmet in my bed  
So when he died I put a razor in his coffin  
And poured Vaseline all over his head.  
Magnolias, magnolias, magnolias they had  
The people come from mile around  
To follow Daddy's coffin to the graveyard  
And put poor Daddy's body in the ground  
Magnolias, you should have smelled the magnolias,  
Daddy  
Don't you wish it was me layin' there instead?  
But tomorrow I will be sober, Daddy,  
And you will still be dead

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