

DIXIE FLYER

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately ♩ = 116



F B \flat /F F B \flat /F F

I was born — right here, No -

Am Dm Am B \flat B \flat /D

vem-ber, For - ty-three. My dad was a cap - tain in the

F/C Dm Dm/C B \flat

ar - my, fight - ing the Ger - mans in Sic - i - ly.

F B \flat /F F B \flat /F F

My poor lit - tle ma - ma did - n't know a



soul in L. A., so we went down to the Un - ion Sta -



tion, made our get - a - way. Got on the

♩ Gospel beat



Dix - ie Fly - er, bound for New Or - leans,



a - cross the state of Tex - as to the Land of Dreams.



On the Dix - ie Fly - er,



bound for New Or - leans,



To Coda ⊕

back to her friends and her fam - 'ly in the Land of Dreams.



(freely/semi-spoken vocal)



Her own moth-er came to meet us at the sta -

mp poco legato

Bb



Dm7



tion,

her dress as black as a crow_

Bb



in a coal

mine...

Gm7



Dm7



Eb



She cried when her lit - tle girl

got off the train._____

Dm7



Am7



Her broth-ers and her sis - ters came down from Jack - son,



Mis-sis-sip-pi in a great, green Hud-son driv-en by a



Gen - tile they knew.____



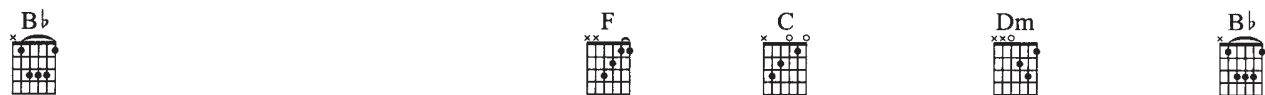
Drink-in' rye whis-key from a flask____ in the back____ seat,



tryin' to do like the Gen-tiles do. Christ, they



want-ed to be Gen-tiles too. Who would-n't down there, would-n't you?



An A - mer - i - can Chris - tian... God

D.S. al Coda

damn! On the



\oplus Coda

A - cross the state of Tex - as, to the Land of

rit.



Dreams.

a tempo



Repeat ad lib. and fade