

DROP ME DOWN IN DIXIE

A stylized illustration of a biplane flying over a town. The biplane is shown from a side-on perspective, with its upper and lower wings clearly visible. Two men are leaning out of the cockpit; the one in the front wears a pilot's cap with goggles, and the one in the back wears a hat and a scarf. The town below is rendered in a warm, reddish-orange color palette, with several buildings and a street visible. The background is a solid red color.

Words by
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Music by
Max Kortlander

Drop Me Down In Dixieland

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VAMP

I
I

f *p*

dreamed that I was rid-ing in a great big aer-o - plane, Ten thou-sand feet a -
thought that we kept sail-ing through the sun - ny south-ern skies, Un - til I got a

bove the earth with a man who was in - sane, He said I'm goin' to let you fall but I
whiff or two of my mam-my's home made pies; And then I heard the dark-ies sing as they

want to treat you right, So be-fore I toss you o-ver board, "you can pick your place to
picked the cot-ton crop, And I whis-pered to that cra-zy man, "you can kind-ly let me

light?" I looked be - low and saw the O - hi - o, and then I hol-lered "mis-ter let her go"
drop? When I woke a - gain up-on the L and N I hol-lered to the Pull-man por-ter then.

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CHORUS

Drop me down in Dix-ie, drop me down in Dix-ie, A - ny where

I don't care there's al-ways room for me down there, Down a-mong the cot-ton blos-soms,

su-gar cane or corn or pos-sums, I've a doz - en south-ern cous - ins ev - 'ry where;

Drop me down in Dix-ie, drop me down in Dix-ie, Send a wire-less to the pick-a -

nin - ny band, Let 'em know that I'm a - com - in' and they'll start the things a hum - min' Just

drop me down in Dix - ie - land, land.