

# I WANNA GO BACK TO DIXIE (recorded version)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

I wanna go back to Dixie,  
Take me back to dear ol' Dixie,  
That's the only li'l ol' place for li'l ol' me.  
Old times there are not forgotten,  
Whuppin' slaves and sellin' cotton,  
And waitin' for the Robert E. Lee.  
(It was never there on time.)

I'll go back to the Swanee,  
Where pellagra makes you scrawny,  
And the honeysuckle clutters up the vine.  
I really am a-fixin'  
To go home and start a-mixin'  
Down below that Mason-Dixon line.

Oh, poll tax,  
How I love ya, how I love ya, my dear ol' poll tax.

Won'tcha come with me to Alabammy,  
Back to the arms of my dear ol' Mammy,  
Her cookin's lousy and her hands are clammy,  
But what the hell, it's home.

Yes, for paradise the Southland is my nominee.  
Jes' give me a ham hock and a grit of hominy.

I want to go back to Dixie,  
I want to be a Dixie pixie  
And eat corn pone till it's comin' outta my ears.  
I want to talk with Southern gentlemen  
And put that white sheet on again,  
I ain't seen one good lynchin' in years.

The land of the boll weevil,  
Where the laws are medieval,  
Is callin' me to come and nevermore roam.  
I want to go back to the Southland,  
That "y'all" and "shet-ma-mouth" land,  
Be it ever so decadent,  
There's no place like home.

# I WANNA GO BACK TO DIXIE (revised)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

I wanna go back to Dixie,  
Take me back to dear old Dixie,  
That's the only li'l ol' place for li'l ol' me.  
Old times there are not forgotten,  
Whuppin' slaves and sellin' cotton,  
And waitin' for the Robert E. Lee  
(It was never there on time).

I'll go back to the Swanee,  
Where pellagra makes you scrawny,  
And the jasmine and the tear gas smell jes' fine.  
I really am a-fixin'  
To go back where there's no mixin',  
Down below that Mason-Dixon line.

*To the tune of "In the Evening by the Moonlight"*  
In the evening by the moonlight  
You can sit till you git sleepy  
Or go huntin' in the moonlight  
For the N-double-A-C-P

Yes, for paradise the Southland is my nominee.  
Jes' give me a ham hock and a grit of hominy.

I wanna start relaxin'  
Down in Birmingham or Jackson.  
When we're havin' fun, why, no one interferes.  
I wanna talk with southern gentlemen  
And put my white sheet on again.  
I ain't seen one good lynchin' in years.

The land of the boll weevil  
Where the laws are medieval,  
Is callin' me to come and nevermore roam.  
I wanna go back to the Southland,  
That "y'all" and "shet-ma-mouth" land.  
Be it ever so decadent,  
There's no place like home.