I Wanna Go Back to Dixie

Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

A little too fast

I wanna go back to Dix-ie
I wanna go back to Dix-ie
I wanna go back to Dix-ie
I wanna go back to Dix-ie

Take me back to dear ol'
I wanna be a Dix-ie
That's the pix-ie
And eat only li'l ol'
Of my times

are not forgotten
Whup-pin' slaves and sell-in'
With South-ern gen-tle-men
And put my white sheet on again, I
Bdim

wait-in' for the
ain't seen one good
lynch-in' in years. (It was never there on time.) I'll
The

F1

fix-in'
South-land,
Where pel-lag-ra makes you scraw-ny,
Where the laws are me-di-e-val,

Bdim

vain. ______ _

roam. ______ _

Fm6 G7

I
down be-

Bdim

go back to the
land of the boll
Swa-nee Where pel-lag-ra makes you scraw-ny, And the
wee-vil, Where the laws are me-di-e-val,
Is

freely

E♭

honey-suck-le
call-in' me to
clutters up the
come and never-more roam.
I

G♭/E B♭ Bdim F7

I wanna

a tempo


B♭ Bdim F7 To Coda ∘ B♭ Fm6 G7

really am a-fix-in' To go home and start a-mix-in' Down be-
go back to the South-land, That y'


(Spoken) Won't cha hell, it's home.

(Sung) Yes, for

Slower

par-a-dise the South-land is my nom-i-nee.  Jes' give
me a ham hock and a grit of hom-i-ny.

CODA
all and 'shet-ma-mouth' land, Be it ev-er so

ritard.

Back to tempo
dec-a-dent, there's no place like

home.