

## Dixie Mountain

Fred Eaglesmith

She got pie by the window  
She got bread up in the stove  
Lord I miss my loving mother  
Lord I wish that I was home

Way up high on Dixie Mountain  
Where the sun shines bright and clear  
Lord, there stands a little cabin  
How I wish that I was there

Late tonight there'll be singing  
There'll be dancing all night long  
How I wished I had my pain  
How I wish that I was home

Way up high on Dixie Mountain

Where the sun shines bright and clear  
Lord, there stands a little cabin  
How I wish that I was there

This old boxcar's cold and dusty  
And I don't know where I am  
Half a day from Kingston Prison  
Where I can't go back again

Way up high on Dixie Mountain  
Where the sun shines bright and clear  
Lord, there stands a little cabin  
How I wish that I was there