

Elton John, Dixie Lily

Showboat coming up the river
See her lanterns flicker in the gentle breeze
I can hear the crickets singing in the evening
Old Dixie Lily moving past the cypress trees

My little boat she rocks easy
I've been catching catfish in the creek all day
Oh and I've never seen ladies like those on the big boats
Must be fancy breeding lets you live that way

Dixie Lily, chugging like a grand old lady
Paddles hitting home in the noonday sun
Ploughing through the water with your whistles blowing
Down from Louisiana on the Vicksburg run

Papa says that I'm a dreamer
Says them skeetas bit me one too many times
Oh but I never get lonesome living on the river
Watching old Lily leave the world behind