

Alabama, My Home's In Alabama

Drinkin' was forbidden in my Christian country home
I learned to play the flattop on 'em good old gospel songs
Then I heard about the barrooms just across the Georgia line
Where a boy could make a livin' playin' guitar late at night
Had to learn about the ladies too young to understand
Why the young girls fall in love with the boys in the band
When the boys turn to music, the girls just turn away
To some other guitar picker in some other late night place
Yeah, held on to my music, let the ladies walk away
Took my songs and dreams to Nashville and then on to L.A
Up to New York city, all across the USA
I've lost so much of me but there's enough of me to say
That my home's in Alabama, no matter where I lay my head
My home's in Alabama, southern born and southern bred
What keeps me goin' I don't really know
Can't be the money Lord knows I'm always broke
Could it be the satisfaction of bein' understood
When the people really love you and let you know when it's good
Oh, I'll speak my southern English as natural as I please
I'm in the heart of Dixie, Dixie's in the heart of me
And someday when I make it, when love finds a way
Somewhere high on lookout mountain I'll just smile with pride and say
That my home's in Alabama, no matter where I lay my head
My home's in Alabama, southern born and southern bred
Southern born and southern bred, southern born and southern bred