

Hank Williams Jr., All In Alabama

I just had to show 'em
I didn't need 'em.
And so I headed out west to see some old friends of mine.
I thought if I'd climb up old Ajax Mountain,
Maybe that would help me get it all off my mind.

I made it up to the top,
Picked out a clear spot,
I thought a whole lot
About the rest of my life.
I had no idea then,
Soon it would nearly end.
Up on this mountainside,
I would nearly die.

And they're all in Alabama.
And they're all in Dixieland.
God, I'm dying here in Montana, please Lord,
I just want to go back to hold her hand.
Just let me get back to my old homeland.

They said I'd never sing again.
I learned a lot about my friends.
'Cause when you're shot down and out,
You don't get many calls.
But I saw some tears in some eyes,
Soon my poor old mother would die,
I nearly lost it all,
When I lost my grandpa.

But you can find us all in Alabama.
Yeah, we're all down in Dixieland.
I didn't die out in Montana, no Lord.
You let me get back to my old homeland,
And I'm gonna hold on to her hand.

I've done a whole lot of searchin'
A whole lot of hurtin'
Before I finally found my road in life.
You gotta say things you wanna say.
Go on and do things your own way.
And you can climb any old mountain
Once you make up your mind.

I made mine in Alabama.
And I found mine down in Dixieland.
I didn't die out in Montana, no Lord.
You let me get back to my old homeland.
And I'm gonna hold on to her hand.