

Marianne Faithfull, Alabama Song

Oh, show me the way to the next whisky bar,
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!
For we must find the next whisky bar
For if we don't find the whisky bar
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you
I tell you
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama,
We now must say good-bye.
We've lost our good old mamma
And must have whisky, oh you know why!

Oh, moon of Alabama,
We now must say good-bye.
We've lost our good old mamma
And must have whisky, oh you know why!

Oh, show me the way to the next pretty boy,
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!

For we must find the next pretty boy,
For if we don't find the next pretty boy
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you
I tell you
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye.
We've lost our good old mamma
And must have boys, oh you know why!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye.
We've lost our good old mamma
And must have boys, oh you know why!

Oh, show me the way to the next little dollar,
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!
For we must find the next little dollar,
For if we don't find the next little dollar
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you
I tell you
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye.
We've lost our good old mamma
And must have dollars, oh you know why!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye.
We've lost our good old mamma
And must have dollars, oh you know why!

Thank you, thank you very much. welcome to the new morning.