

# Alabama, Dancin', Shaggin' on the Boulevard

Well the magic attic's where the music rolls  
And the army-navy's got ol' Jackie Soul  
Down on peaches corner there are good ol' boys  
And mother fletchers makin' lots of noise  
They're dancin', shaggin' on the boulevard  
Dancin', shaggin' on the boulevard  
Well the tams are playin' at the port-o-call  
And the drifters underneath the boardwalk  
At the Spanish galleon and ol' fat Jacks  
Jukebox playin' and the place is packed  
You bet they're dancin', shaggin' on the boulevard  
You know they're dancin', shaggin' on the boulevard  
Got the top down and the traffic's slow  
Sun fun week and, we all go  
Where the girls are sunnin' and lookin' good  
Well I never met 'em but I wish I could  
And we'd go dancin' and shaggin' on the boulevard  
We'd go dancin' and shaggin' on the boulevard  
Well the embers singin' up on ocean drive  
And the castaways are gettin' loud tonight  
At the electric circus they all getin' down  
And the carousel's spinnin' round and 'round  
See them dancin', shaggin' on the boulevard  
I see 'em dancin', shaggin' on the boulevard  
Well I'm hangin' out down at sloppy joes  
They may doze but they never close  
And the bama boys at the Bowery  
They can't dance but they play for free  
But they like dancin', shaggin' on the boulevard  
They know dancin', shaggin' on the boulevard  
They wrote dancin', shaggin' on the boulevard  
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