

# Alabama, My Home's In Alabama - Single Edit

Drinkin' was forbidden in my Christian country home  
I learned to play the flattop on them 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 nights  
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 then I moved 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  
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