

# Alabama, Tar Top

It was July hot 'cross Georgia on my way to Myrtle Beach  
I just got my diploma so I set out in search of me  
The honeymoon was over, and Alabama was far away  
From being little more than just a southern state.

I got a gig down at the Bowery  
I played for tip and watered drinks  
Just a novice in a business  
That's seldom what it seems.

And where are you goin' Tar Top  
Where's J. C. And The Chosen Few  
I saw the Flash without T. Gentry  
And B. V. left for Malibu.

I was July hot and thirty, some years down the line  
When the Boys touched the nation, unaware at the time  
I got to go to Texas, California, New York too  
A farm boy who is thankful to be standin' in his shoes.

But in the Bowery hangs the mem'ries  
Of dreams that still come true  
Every time I see the spotlight  
I'm one of the chosen few.

And where are you going Tar Top  
Where's J. C. and the Chosen Few  
There's no Flash without T. Gentry  
And B. V. where are you?

Where are you goin' Tar Top  
Which direction will you take  
What's this contrabanded clamor  
About the music that you make?

And where are you goin' Tar Top  
Is it country enough  
Is it contemporary glamour  
No it's us, just us.

Uh huh...