

Dave Dudley, Alabam

Well I went to a Turkey roast down the street
The people down there are eatin' like wild geese
So I'm on my way goin' back to Alabam
Talkin' about your people havin' a lot of time
Eatin' up their chickens and drinkin' their wine
I'm on my way goin' back to Alabam
Some folks say that a tramp won't steal but I cought three in my corn field
I'm on my way I'm a goin' on back to Alabam
Well one had a bushel and one had a peck one had a roast'near tied around his neck
I'm on my way I'm a goin' back to Alabam
[guitar]
Hey there comes Sal walkin' down the street with the run down shoes tied on her feet
Mornin' honey I'm on my way to Alabam
Hey hello Sal now how are you with the run down slipper and tore up shoe
I'm on my way goin' back to Alabam
When I get ready to leave this earth I'm a goin' back to my money's worth
I'm on my way I'm a goin' on back to Alabam I'm a goin' on back to Alabam