

Lynn Anderson, Alabam

Well I went to a Turkey roast down the street
And the people down there are eatin' like wild geese
So I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam
Well you talk about your people havin' a lot of time
Eatin' up their chickens and drinkin' their wine
I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam

[banjo]

Now some folks say that a tramp won't steal but I cought three in my corn field
I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam
Well one had a bushel and one had a peck
And one had a roast'near tied around his neck
I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam

[steel]

Well there comes Sal walkin' down the street
With the run down shoes tied on her feet
I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam
Well hello Sal now how are you with the run down slipper and tore up shoe
I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam
When I get ready to leave this earth I'm goin' back to my money's worth
I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam I'm goin' back to Alabam