

Molly Hatchet, Whiskey Man

I've been to Alabama, people ain't a whole lot to see;
Skynyrd says it's a real sweet home but it ain't nothing to me.
Charlie Daniels will tell you the good Lord lives in Tennessee, ha!
But I'm going back to gator country where the wine and the women are free.

Chorus:

There's a gator in the bushes, he's calling my name,
And a saying come on boy, you better make it back home again.
There's many roads I've travelled but they all kind of look the same.
There's a gator in the bushes, Lord, he calling my name.
Old Richard Betts will tell ya Lord he was born a Ramblin' Man.
Well he can ramble back to Georgia but I won't give a damn.
Elvin Bishop out struttin his stuff with little Miss Slick Titty Boom.
But I'm going back to gator country to get me some elbow room.
There's a gator in the bushes he's calling my name.
and saying come on boy, you better make it back home again.
There's many roads I've travelled but they all kinda look the same.
There's a gator in the bushes, Lord, he calling my name. Yep.
There's Marshall Tucker riding a rainbow searching for a pot of gold.
Well they can take the highway, baby, and they can take all they can hold.
The Outlaws down in Tampa town it's a mighty fine place to be.
They got green grass and got high tides and sure looks good to me.

Chorus:

There's a gator in the bushes, he's calling my name.
Saying come on boy, you better make it back home again.
There's so many roads I've travelled but they all kinda look the same.
There's a gator in the bushes , Lord, he's calling my name.

LEAD BREAK

Oh gator country,
a little bit of that chomp chomp

LEAD BREAK