

My Home's in Alabama

Alabama

Drinkin' was forbidden
In my Christian country home
I learned to play the flattop
On them good ol' Gospel songs
Then I heard about the barrooms
Just across the Georgia line
Where a boy could make a livin'
Playin' guitar late at night.

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, I held on to my music;
I 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 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 ya
And let you know when it's good

Oh I'll speak my Southern English
Just 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

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Southern born and southern bred
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And 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
Southern born and southern bred...