

All In Alabama

Hank Williams Jr.

I just had to show 'em I didn't need 'em
And so I headed out west to see some old friends of mine
I thought if I'd climb up ole Ajax mountain
Maybe that would help me get it all off my mind

I made it up to the top, picked out a clear spot
I thought a whole lot about the rest of my life
I had no idea then soon it would nearly end up
On this mountainside I would nearly die

And there all in Alabama and there all in Dixieland
God, I'm dying here in Montana
Please Lord, just want to go back to hold her hand
Just let me get back to my old homeland

They said I'd never sing again
I learned a lot about my friends
'Cause when you're shot down and out
You don't get many calls
But I saw some tears in some eyes
And soon my poor old mother would die
I nearly lost it all when I lost my Grandpa

But you could find us all in Alabama
Yeah, we're all down in Dixieland
I didn't die out in Montana
No, Lord, you let me get back to my own homeland
And I'm gonna hold on to her hand

I done a whole searching, a whole lot of hurtin'
Before I finally found my road in life
You got to say things you want to say
Go on and do things your own way
You can climb any old mountain
Once you make up your mind

And I made mine in Alabama
And I found mine down in Dixieland
I didn't die out in Montana
No, Lord, you let me get back to my ole homeland
And I'm gonna hold on to her hand