

Alabama Pines

Jason Isbell

I moved into this room, if you could call it that, a week ago.
I never do what I'm supposed to do.
I hardly even know my name anymore.
When no one calls it out, it kinda vanishes away.

I can't get to sleep at night. The parking lot's so loud and bright.
The A.C. hasn't worked in twenty years.
Probably never made a single person cold,
but I can't say the same for me. I've done it many times.

Somebody take me home through those Alabama pines.

You can't drive through Talladega on a weekend in October.
Head up north to Jacksonville. Cut around and over.
Watch your speed in Boiling Springs.
They ain't got a thing to do. They'll get you every time.

Somebody take me home through those Alabama pines.
Somebody take me home through those Alabama pines.

If we pass through on a Sunday, better make a stop at Wayne's.
It's the only open liquor store north, and I can't stand the pain
of being by myself without a little help
on a Sunday afternoon.

I needed that damn woman like a dream needs gasoline.
I tried to be some ancient kind of man,
one that's never seen the beauty in the world,
but I tried to chase it down... tried to make the whole thing mine.

Somebody take me home through those Alabama pines.
Somebody take me home through those Alabama pines.

I've been stuck here in this town, if you could call it that, a year or two.
I never do what I'm supposed to do.
I don't even need a name anymore.
When no one calls it out, it kinda vanishes away.

No one gives a damn about the things I give a damn about.
The liberties that we can't do without seem to disappear like ghosts in the air.
When we don't even care, it truly vanishes away.