

Alabama Song

Marianne Faithfull

Oh, show me the way to the next whiskey bar
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!
For we must find the next whiskey bar
For if we don't find the whiskey bar
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you
I tell you
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye
We've lost our good old momma
And must have whiskey, oh you know why!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye
We've lost our good old momma
And must have whiskey, oh you know why!

Oh, show me the way to the next pretty boy
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!

For we must find the next pretty boy
For if we don't find the next pretty boy
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you
I tell you
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye
We've lost our good old momma
And must have boys, oh you know why!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye
We've lost our good old momma
And must have boys, oh you know why!

Oh, show me the way to the next little dollar
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!
For we must find the next little dollar
For if we don't find the next little dollar
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you
I tell you
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye
We've lost our good old momma
And must have dollars, oh you know why!

Oh, moon of Alabama

We now must say good-bye
We've lost our good old momma
And must have dollars, oh you know why!