

Alabam

Pat Boone

Well, I went to a
Turkey roast down the street
The people down there
Eat like wild geese

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam

Talk about your people
Have a whale of a time
Eatinh up the chicken
And drinking their wine

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam

Pick it for me one time, Jim

Now some folks say that
A tramp won't steal
But I caught three
In my corn field

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam

One had a bushel
The other had a peck
And one had a roasting ear
Tied around his neck

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam

Now just put a little
Knuckle grease in there
That gets it

There comes Sal
Walking down the street
With the run down shoes
Tied on her feet

Good morning, honey
My, don't you look casual
You just stand there
And let me look at you

Hello Sal, why, I know you
With a run down slipper
And a tore up shoe

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam

I'll be right back, Jim
Don't go way

When I get ready
To leave this earth
I'm gonna look on
My money's worth

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam
I'm going back to Alabam