

Alabama, Tar Top

It was July hot 'cross Georgia on my way to Myrtle Beach
I just got my diploma so I set out in search of me
The honeymoon was over, and Alabama was far away
From being little more than just a southern state.

I got a gig down at the Bowery
I played for tip and watered drinks
Just a novice in a business
That's seldom what it seems.

And where are you goin' Tar Top
Where's J. C. And The Chosen Few
I saw the Flash without T. Gentry
And B. V. left for Malibu.

I was July hot and thirty, some years down the line
When the Boys touched the nation, unaware at the time
I got to go to Texas, California, New York too
A farm boy who is thankful to be standin' in his shoes.

But in the Bowery hangs the mem'ries
Of dreams that still come true
Every time I see the spotlight
I'm one of the chosen few.

And where are you going Tar Top
Where's J. C. and the Chosen Few
There's no Flash without T. Gentry
And B. V. where are you?

Where are you goin' Tar Top
Which direction will you take
What's this contrabanded clamor
About the music that you make?

And where are you goin' Tar Top
Is it country enough
Is it contemporary glamour
No it's us, just us.

Uh huh...