

# Bukka White, Alabama Blues

I never will go back to alabama, that is not the place for me

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You know they killed my sister and my brother, and the whole world let them peoples go down there

I never will love alabama, alabama seem to never have loved poor me

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Oh god i wish you would rise up one day, lead my peoples to the land of pea&#039;

My brother was taken up for my mother, and a police officer shot him down

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I can&#039;t help but to sit down and cry sometime, think about how my poor brother lost his

Alabama, alabama, why you wanna be so mean

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You got my people behind a barbwire fence, now you tryin&#039; to take my freedom away fr