

# Nina Simone, Moon Over Alabama

Kurt Weill, Bertolt Brecht

Show us the way to the next whiskey bar  
Don't ask why  
For we must find the next whiskey bar  
Or if we don't find the next 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 goodbye  
We've lost our good old mama  
And must have whiskey ... you know why

Oh Moon of Alabama  
We now must say goodbye  
We've lost our good old mama  
And must have whiskey ... you know why

Show us the way to the next dollar  
Don't ask why  
For we must find the next little dollar  
Or 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 goodbye  
We've lost our good old mama  
And must have dollar or you know why

Oh Moon of Alabama  
We now must say goodbye  
We've lost our good old mama  
And must have dollar or you know why

Oh show us the way to the next little girl  
Oh don't ask why  
For we must find the next little girl  
Or if we don't find the next little girl  
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  
It's time to say goodbye  
We've lost our good old mama  
We must have little girl or you know why

Oh moon of Alabama  
It's time to say goodbye  
We've lost our good old mama  
We must have little girl or you know why