

Willie Nelson, Alabam

I went to a Turkey roast down the street
The people down there are eatin' like wild geese
So I'm on my way I'm goin' back in Alabam
Well you talk about your people havin' a lot of time
Eating up their chickens and drinkin' their wine
I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam
Now some folks say that a tramp won't steal
But I caught three in my corn field
And I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam
Well one had a bushel and one had a peck
And one had a roaster near tied around his neck
I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam

(guitar)

Well there comes Sal walkin' down the street
With the run down shoes tied on her feet
I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam
When I get ready to leave this earth
I'm going back to my money's worth
I'm on my way I'm goin' back to Alabam

(piano - guitar)