

Jason Isbell & 400 Unit

"Alabama Pines"

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Well, I moved into this room-
if you can call it that- a week ago...
I never do what I'm supposed to do- Hardly even know
my name anymore...
When no one calls it out, it kind of vanishes away.

And I can't get to sleep at night-
The parking lot is so loud and bright...
The AC hasn't worked in twenty years- And probably
never made a single person cold...
But I can't say the same for me-
I've done it many times.

Somebody take me home-
Through those Alabama Pines...

You can't drive through Talladega on a weekend in
October-
Just head up north to Jacksonville, Cut around and over.
Watch your speed in Boiling Springs- they ain't got a
thing to do...
They'll get you every time.

Somebody take me home-
Through those Alabama Pines...

Somebody take me home...
Through those Alabama Pines.

Woah-oh-oh-oh-oh. (x2)

If we pass through on a Sunday, better make a stop at
Wayne's-
It's the only open liquor store north- And I can't stand
the pain...
Of being by myself-
Without a little help- on a Sunday afternoon.

Well, I needed that damned woman- like a dream
needs gasoline...
And I tried to be some ancient kind of man- one that's

never seen-

The beauty in the world- But I tried to chase it down-
Tried to make the whole thing mine.

Somebody take me home-
Through those Alabama Pines...

Somebody take me home-
Through those Alabama Pines...

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh. (x2)

I've been stuck here in this town-
if you could call it that- a year or two...
I never do what I'm supposed to do- I don't even need a
name anymore...
When no one calls it out, it kind of vanishes away.

No one gives a damn about-
The things I give a damn about...
Liberties that we can't do without- seem to disappear
like ghosts in the air-
And we don't even hear- until it vanishes away.

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