

Cowboy Copas "Alabam"

Visit "[Alabam](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well, I went to a
Turkey roast down the street
The people down there
Eat like wild geese

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam

Talk about your people
Have a whale of a time
Eating up the chicken
And drinking their wine

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam

Now some folks say that
A tramp won't steal
But I caught three
In my corn field

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam

One had a bushel
The other had a peck
And one had a roasting ear
Tied around his neck

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam

There comes Sal
Walking down the street
With the run down shoes
Tied on her feet

Good morning, honey
Stand over there, baby
Get over there now

Hello Sal, I know you

With a run down slipper
And a tore up shoe

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam

When I get ready
To leave this earth
I'm gonna look back
On my money's worth

I'm on my way
I'm going back to Alabam
I'm going back to Alabam

Visit [Cowboy Copas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.