

Brad Martin

"Old Alabama"

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She'd rather wear a pair of cut-off jeans
Than an evening dress
And with the windows rolled down
And her hair blowin all around
Well, she's a hot Southern mess

She'd take a beer over white wine
A campfire over candle light
And when it comes to love,
Her idea of a romantic night

Is listenin' to old Alabama
And driving through Tennessee
A little "Dixieland Delight" and
"The Right Time of the Night",
And she can't keep her off of me

And now we rollin' down an old backroad
I've got the steering wheel in one hand
We'll find a hideaway where she and I can play
In Mother Nature's band

Now, we're listenin' to old Alabama
Parked somewhere in Tennessee
A little "Dixieland Delight",
And "It Feels So Right",
And it's "Love In the First Degree"

Forget about Sinatra or Coltrane
Or some ol' Righteous Brothers' song
Hey, even Barry White ain't gonna work tonight
If you really wanna turn her on

(Alabama)
Play some back home, come on, music
That comes from the heart
Play somethin' with lots of feelin'
'Cause that's where music has to start

(Brad)
Now, we're listenin' to old Alabama

And we're drivin' through Tennessee
A little "Dixieland Delight",
And "It Feels So Right",
And it's "Love In the First Degree"

Yeah, you know we're listenin' to old Alabama (Old
Alabama)
And drivin' through Tennessee
A little "Why, Lady, Why"
At "The Right Time of the Night",
And she can't keep her hands off of me

Oh, play me some old Alabama
Oh, play me some old Alabama
Won't you play me some old Alabama
Oh, play-eay-eay

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