

Jason Isbell**"Alabama pines"**

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Well I moved into this room if you could 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

I can't get to sleep at night, the parking lot's so loud and bright.
The AC hasn't worked in 20 years, probably never made a single person cold
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 oh, boy 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

If you pass through on a Sunday, better make a stop at Wayne's
It's the only open liquor store north, I can't stand the pain
of being by myself, without a little help, on a Sunday afternoon.
And I needed that damn woman like a dream needs gasoline
And I'm trying 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

I've been stuck here in this town, if you call it that, a year or two
I never do what I'm supposed to do. I don't even need a name anymore,
No one calls it out, kind of vanishes away
No one gives a damn about the things I give a damn about
The liberties that we can't do without seem to disappear like ghost in the air
We don't even care, Until it vanishes away.

Submitter's comments:Â

Yok

