

Sweet "Alabama Man"

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3 down, 2 up
He's gonna take a shot
Alabama green base
The dice is his vice
He throws those dice, to save his life
He's spinning around, with the wheel....

Alabama fever, yeah
He's gone too far
That mississippi man
He wants to be a star
But the New York hustler, huh
He's got his eye on him
With his fingers in his pocket
Of that satin vest, yeah
He'll bring him down

To see his shot
To call his bluff
Yeah just to put him down
When the aces are around

Hey mister, you got a spare place here?
Well, I'm just passin' through
And I need to waste some time
On my way down the line, yeah

Alabama fever
He's gone too far, huh
Ok Buddy, you can pull up a chair
But the New York hustler
Oh, he wasn't aware
Of the rules of the game, huh
He'll high roll no more
He reached too far
Into the pocket of that satin vest
Goodbye Alabama, hello Skid Row
He's going back

Skid Row I'm coming; I got,
I went too far
I'm coming back

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