

## Alabama

# "She Put The Sad In All His Songs"

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He was a good time, beer bar picker  
Until the night she came along  
He gave up his women and his liquor  
And she put the sad in all his songs

Something about her made him sorry  
She was holy in his eyes  
She had him bound and hypnotized

She put the sad in all his songs  
She put the blues in his guitar  
She took what he had and she made it wrong  
She put the sad in all his songs

She was a rattle snake that bit him  
She was the blow from up behind  
She thought the tear in his eye just might fit him  
And he was the last thing on her mind

She put the sad in all his songs  
She put the blues in his guitar  
She took what he had and she made it wrong  
She put the sad in all his songs

She put the sad in all his songs  
She put the blues in his guitar  
She took what he had and she made it all wrong  
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