

## Pat Boone "Alabam"

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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  
Eatinh up the chicken  
And drinking their wine

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

Pick it for me one time, Jim

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

Now just put a little  
Knuckle grease in there  
That gets it

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

Good morning, honey  
My, don't you look casual  
You just stand there  
And let me look at you

Hello Sal, why, I know you  
With a run down slipper  
And a tore up shoe

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

I'll be right back, Jim  
Don't go way

When I get ready  
To leave this earth  
I'm gonna look on  
My money's worth

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

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