

Doors, The

"Alabama Song"

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Well, show me the way
To the next whiskey bar
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why

Show me the way
To the next whiskey bar
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why

For if we don't find
The next whiskey bar
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you, i tell you i tell you we must die

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good old mama
And must have whiskey, oh, you know why

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good old mama
And must have whiskey, oh, you know why

Well, show me the way
To the next little girl
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why

Show me the way
To the next little girl
Oh, don't ask why oh, don't ask why

For if we don't find
The next little girl
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you, I tell you
I tell you we must die

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good old mama
And must have whiskey, oh, you know why

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