

Doors, The

"Alabama Song Whiskey Bar"

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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 now why
Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good old mama

And must have whiskey, oh, you now 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 now why

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