

Midler Bette

"Alabama Song"

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Oh, show me the way to the next whiskey bar.
Oh, don't ask why. Oh, don't ask why.
'Cause I must find the next whiskey bar.
If I don't find the next whiskey bar,
I tell you I will die, I tell you I will die.
I tell you, I tell you, I tell you I will die.

Oh, moon of Alabama, so high up in the sky.
I lost him, I lost my lover.
I need a drink. Can you guess why?

Oh, moon of Alabama, so high up in the sky.
I lost him, I lost my lover.
I need a drink, and you know why.
I bet you know why. I bet you know why.

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