

Alabama Pines

Jason Isbell and the 400 Unit

Well I moved into this room
If you could call it that, a week ago
I never do what I'm supposed to do
I hardly even know my name anymore
When no one calls it out it kinda vanishes away

I can't get to sleep at night
The parking lot's so loud and bright
The A/C hasn't worked in twenty years
Probably never made a single person cold
But I can't say the same for me
I've done it many times

Somebody take me home through those Alabama pines

You can't drive through Talladega on a weekend in October
Just head up north to Jacksonville. Cut around and over
Watch your speed in Boiling Springs
They ain't got a thing to do. They'll get you every time

Somebody take me home through those Alabama pines
Somebody take me home through those Alabama pines

If we pass through on a Sunday, better make a stop at Wayne's
It's the only open liquor store north and I can't stand the pain
Of being by myself without a little help
On a Sunday afternoon

I needed that damn woman like a dream needs gasoline
I tried to be some ancient kind of man
One that's never seen the beauty in the world
But I tried to chase it down
Tried to make the whole thing mine

Somebody take me home through those Alabama pines
Somebody take me home through those Alabama pines

I've been stuck here in this town
If you could call it that, a year or two
I never do what I'm supposed to do

I don't even need a name anymore
When no one calls it out, it kinda vanishes away

No one gives a damn about the things I give a damn about
The liberties that we can't do without seem to disappear
Like ghosts in the air
When we don't even care, it truly vanishes away

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>