

Old Alabama (feat. Alabama)

[Brad Paisley](#)

She'd rather wear a pair of cut-off jeans
Than a fancy evening dress
And with her windows rolled down
And her hair all blown around
She's a hot southern mess She'll take a beer over white wine
A campfire over candle light
And when it comes to love
Oh her idea of, a romantic night Listenin' to old Alabama, drivin' through Tennessee
A little dixieland delight at the right time of the night
And she can't keep her hands off of mee! And now we're rollin' down an old back road
I got the steering wheel in one hand
We'll find a hideaway where she and I can play
In mother nature's band Now we're listenin' to old Alabama
Parked somewhere in Tennessee
A little dixieland delight and it feels so right
And it's love in the first degree ee ee! Forget about Sinatra or Coltrane,
Or some ol' righteous brothers song
And Barry White ain't gonna work tonight
If you really wanna turn her on
Play some back home come on music
That comes from the heart
Play something with lots of feeling
'cause that's where music has to start Now we're listenin' to old Alabama
And we're drivin' through Tennessee
A little dixieland delight and it feels so right
And its love in the first degree Yeah' you know we're listenin' to old Alabama (old Alabama)
Drivin' through Tennessee (Tennessee)
A little why lady why at the right time of the night
Oh and she can't keep her hands off of mee Oh, play me some old Alabama
Oh, play me some old Alabama
Won't you play me some old Alabama
Oh pla ee ay ay, yee haw! So the one you loved just left you for another
And your down
Or you lost your job and you need a drink
You look around and start to think
That no one understands what you been through

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