

# Alabama Song

Dave Van Ronk

Oh, show me the way to the next whiskey bar,  
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!  
For we must find the next whiskey bar  
For if we don't find the 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 good-bye.  
We've lost our good old mamma  
And must have whiskey, oh you know why! Oh, moon of Alabama,  
We now must say good-bye.  
We've lost our good old mamma  
And must have whiskey, oh you know why! Oh, show me the way to the next pretty boy,  
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why! For we must find the next pretty boy,  
For if we don't find the next pretty boy  
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 good-bye.  
We've lost our good old mamma  
And must have boys, oh you know why! Oh, moon of Alabama  
We now must say good-bye.  
We've lost our good old mamma  
And must have boys, oh you know why! Oh, show me the way to the next little dollar,  
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!  
For we must find the next little dollar,  
For if we don't find the next little dollar  
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 good-bye.  
We've lost our good old mamma  
And must have dollars, oh you know why! Oh, moon of Alabama

We now must say good-bye.  
We've lost our good old mamma  
And must have dollars, oh you know why!

Songwriters

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