

Gator Country

Lynyrd Skynyrd

I've been to Alabama, people ain't a whole lot to see
Skynyrd says it's a real sweet home but it ain't nothing to me
Charlie Daniels will tell you the good lord lives in Tennessee, ha
But I'm going back to gator country where the wine and the women are free
There's a gator in the bushes, he's
calling my name
And a saying come on boy, you better make it back home again
There's many roads I've traveled but they all kind of look the same
There's a gator in the bushes, lord, he calling my name
Old Richard Betts will tell ya lord he was born a ramblin'
man
Well he can ramble back to Georgia but I won't give a damn
Elvin Bishop out struttin his stuff with little miss slick titty boom
But I'm going back to gator country to get me some elbow room
There's a gator in the bushes he's calling my
name
And saying come on boy, you better make it back home again
There's many roads I've traveled but they all kinda look the same
There's a gator in the bushes, lord, he calling my name. yep
There's Marshall Tucker riding a rainbow searching
for a pot of gold
Well they can take the highway, baby, and they can take all they can hold
The outlaws down in Tampa town it's a mighty fine place to be
They got green grass and got high tides and sure looks good to me
There's a gator in the bushes, he's calling my
name
Saying come on boy, you better make it back home again
There's so many roads I've traveled but they all kinda look the same
There's a gator in the bushes , lord, he's calling my name
Oh gator country
A little bit of that chomp chomp

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