

Alabama Song

Bertolt Brecht

Well, show me the way
To the next whisky bar
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why Show me the way
To the next whisky bar
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why For if we don't find
The next whisky 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 goodbye
We've lost our good old Mama
And must have whisky, oh, you know why Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good old Mama
And must have whisky, oh, you know why Well, show me the way
To the next little girl
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why Show me the way
To the next little girl
Oh, don't ask why
Oh, don't ask why For if we don't find
The next little girl
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 goodbye
We've lost our good old Mama
And must have whisky, oh, you know why

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