

Alabama Pines

Jason Isbell & 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
Hardly even know my name anymore
When no one calls it out, it kind of vanishes awayAnd 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 timesSomebody take me home
Through those Alabama pinesYou can't drive through Talladega
On a weekend in October
Head up north to Jacksonville, cut around and over
Watch you're 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 pinesIf 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 afternoonWell, I needed that damn woman
Like a dream needs gasoline
And 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 mineSomebody 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 kind of vanishes awayNo 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

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