

# 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 away And 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 times Somebody take me home  
Through those Alabama pines You 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 pines If 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 afternoon Well, 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 mine Somebody 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 away No 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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