

# Old Alabama (feat. Alabama)

## Brad Paisley

She'd rather wear a pair of cut-off jeans  
Than a fancy evening dress,  
And with her windows rolled down  
And her hair all blown around,  
She's a hot southern mess She'll take a beer over white wine  
A campfire over candle light,  
And when it comes to love,  
Oh her idea of, a romantic night Listenin' to old Alabama, drivin' through Tennessee  
A little dixieland delight at the right time of the night,  
And she can't keep her hands off of me-ee-ee! And now we're rollin' down an old back road,  
I got the steering wheel in one hand  
We'll find a hideaway where she and I can play,  
In mother nature's band  
Now we're listenin' to old Alabama,  
Parked somewhere in Tennessee  
A little dixieland delight and it feels so right,  
And it's love in the first degree-ee-ee! Forget about Sinatra or Coltrane,  
Or some ol' righteous brothers song,  
And Barry White ain't gonna work tonight,  
If you really wanna turn her on  
Play some back home come on music  
That comes from the heart,  
Play something with lots of feeling,  
'cause that's where music has to start... Now we're listenin' to old Alabama,  
And we're drivin' through Tennessee,  
A little dixieland delight and it feels so right  
And its love in the first degree  
Yeah' you know we're listenin' to old Alabama (old Alabama)  
Drivin' through Tennessee (Tennessee)  
A little why lady why at the right time of the night  
Oh and she can't keep her hands off of me-ee-eee Oh, play me some old Alabama,  
Oh, play me some old Alabama  
Won't you play me some old Alabama,  
Oh pla-ee-ay-ay  
Yee-haw! So the one you loved just left you for another  
And your down  
Or you lost your job and you need a drink  
You look around and start to think  
That no one understands what you been through  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

