

## All In Alabama

Hank Williams Jr.

I just had to show 'em I didn't need 'em  
And so I headed out west to see some old friends of mine  
I thought if I'd climb up ole Ajax mountain  
Maybe that would help me get it all off my mind

I made it up to the top, picked out a clear spot  
I thought a whole lot about the rest of my life  
I had no idea then soon it would nearly end up  
On this mountainside I would nearly die

And there all in Alabama and there all in Dixieland  
God, I'm dying here in Montana  
Please Lord, just want to go back to hold her hand  
Just let me get back to my old homeland

They said I'd never sing again  
I learned a lot about my friends  
'Cause when you're shot down and out  
You don't get many calls  
But I saw some tears in some eyes  
And soon my poor old mother would die  
I nearly lost it all when I lost my Grandpa

But you could find us all in Alabama  
Yeah, we're all down in Dixieland  
I didn't die out in Montana  
No, Lord, you let me get back to my own homeland  
And I'm gonna hold on to her hand

I done a whole searching, a whole lot of hurtin'  
Before I finally found my road in life  
You got to say things you want to say  
Go on and do things your own way  
You can climb any old mountain  
Once you make up your mind

And I made mine in Alabama  
And I found mine down in Dixieland  
I didn't die out in Montana  
No, Lord, you let me get back to my ole homeland  
And I'm gonna hold on to her hand