

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>

