

**Alabama Pines**  
**Jason Isbell**

Alabama Pines  
Jason Isbell & the 400 Unit  
capo 4

**C** **B**  
Well I moved into this room if you can call it that a week ago

**A**  
I never do what I m supposed to do.

**G** **F** **C**  
I don t even need a name anymore, No one calls it out, kind of vanishes away.

**C** **B**  
And I can t get to sleep at night, the parking lots so loud and bright

**A**  
The AC hasn t worked in 20 years.

**G** **F**  
Probably never made a single person cold but I can t say the same for me

**C**  
I ve done it many times.

**C** **B** **A** **G** **F** **C**  
Somebody take me home through those Alabama Pines

You can t drive through Talladega on a weekend in October.  
So head up north to Jacksonville, cut around and over  
Watch your speed in Boiling Springs, They ainâ€™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  
Ohh Ohh

And 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.  
And 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  
and make the whole thing mine.

Somebody take me home through those Alabama Pines  
Somebody take me home through those Alabama Pines  
Ohh Ohh

I ve been stuck here in this town if you can call it that a year or two,  
I never do what I m supposed to do.

I don't even need a name anymore, No one calls it out. Kind of vanishes away.  
And 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.  
And we don't even care, kind of vanishes away.