

King of Alabama

Brent Cobb

Well, I didn't know him best
He'd say we were friends
We both rode the highways on a song
So I'm writing this one here
In memory of him
'Cause the King of Alabama
Has gone home He was a man among men
The old-school kind
Had a great big heart
A laid-back mind
Let you hold his guitar if you broke a string
If you thought he looked country
Outta heard him sing
From Alabama across the Rio Grande
It'd be black top down with a Five B's playing
Not because he loved it
He did that too

But he did it man 'cause that's what he was born to do, well Some people calculate moves

He never had a thing to prove
He just let the wind take him where it may
It's a damn shame the way things go
It's too bad we have to lose the good folks
But the King of Alabama
Has gone home
And nothing good ever happens after midnight
So the story goes
You can't trust nobody
It don't matter how close
It was a friend that took him
From his family
I keep his chain in my pocket
His son in my prayers
Every stage I'm on

I can feel him there Some people calculate moves

He never had a thing to prove
He just let the wind take him where it may
It's a damn shame the way things go
It's too bad we have to lose the good folks
But the King of Alabama
Has gone home Some people calculate moves
He never had a thing to prove
He just let the wind take him where it may

And he'd say: Honky-tonk's the trick
And get his guitar and grab a good pick
And let the old tunes possess you as they're playing
Well, It's a damn shame the way things go
It's too bad we have to lose the good folks
But the King of Alabama
The King of Alabama
The King of Alabama
Has gone home

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