

# Alabama Home

## Duke Ellington

I'm goin' home  
Down there among the fields of cotton,  
Down where the folks have not forgotten me  
I feel blue just for a little girl I'm strong for,  
Just for a certain one I long to see.  
I'm goin' down aroun' my ALABAMY HOME  
I'm gonna see the bee that makes the honey comb  
The brindle cow will wag her tail,  
As I fill up the pail I'll chase the flies and  
I surmise she'll moo, "Thanks to you."  
I'll feed the chicks, and mix some barley with their corn  
They love it so, I know they'll cluck for luck each morn  
Then I will lie amid the hay  
And call it all a day  
Way down aroun' my ALABAMY HOME.  
I'm goin' down aroun' my ALABAMY HOME  
I'm gonna see the bee that makes the honey comb  
The brindle cow will wag her tail,  
As I fill up the pail I'll chase the flies and  
I surmise she'll moo, "Thanks to you."  
I'll feed the chicks, and mix some barley with their corn  
They love it so, I know they'll cluck for luck each morn  
Then I will lie amid the hay  
And call it all a day  
Way down aroun' my ALABAMY HOME.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>