

Well show me the way
To the next whiskey bar
Oh don't ask why
Oh don't ask why
Show me the way
To the next whiskey bar
Oh don't ask why
Oh don't ask why
For if we don't find
The next whiskey bar
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you, I tell you
I tell you we must die
Oh moon of Alabama
We now, must say goodbye
We've lost, our good old Mama
And must have whiskey
Oh, you know why
Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost, our good old Mama
And must have whiskey
Oh, you know why