

King Of Alabama

Brent Cobb

Well, I didn't know him best
He'd say we were friends
We both rode the highways on the 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 his string
If you thought he looked country, outta heard him sing

From Alabama 'cross the Rio Grande
He beat the blacktop down with a five-piece band
Not because he loved it - he did that too -
But he did it man 'cause that's what he was born to do

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

"Nothin' 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

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Some people calculate moves
He never had a thing to prove
He just let the wind take him where it may
He'd say Honky tonk's the trick
But get a guitar and grab your pick
Let the old tunes possess you and play yeah
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