

Sweet Home Alabama

(Lynyrd Skynyrd)

“One two three...” “Turn it up!”

Big wheels keep on turning
Carry me home to see my kin
Singing songs about the southland
I miss ole 'Bamee once again and I think it's a sin, yes

Well, I heard Mister Young sing about her
Well, I heard old Neil put her down
Well, I hope Neil Young will remember
A southern man don't need him around, anyhow

**Sweet home Alabama, where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama, Lord I'm coming home to you**

In Birmingham they love the Gov'nor', boo hoo hoo...
Now we all did what we could do
Now Watergate does not bother me
Does your conscience bother you, tell the truth

Sweet home Alabama, where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama, Lord I'm coming home to you
(Here I come, Alabama...) (> 2.Solo)

Now muscle shoals has got the swamp us
And they been known to pick a song or two (*yes they do*)
Lord, they get me off so much
They pick me up when I'm feeling blue, now how 'bout you

Sweet home Alabama, where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama, Lord I'm coming home to you
Sweet home Alabama, (oh sweet home,)
where the skies are so blue (and the gov'nor's true)
Sweet home Alabama, (oh yeah)
Lord I'm coming home to you (yeah, yeah...)

||: D Csus2 | G :||

||: D C_{sus2} | G F C :|| (3x in Song)