

## **From Lower Alabama (LA) to Hollywood, D. Wooley Cotton States Music Publishing, BMI**

Shanty's on his front porch down in lower Alabam'  
playing on his guitar and up drove a man, in a long  
black limousine smoking a cigar, said Shanty  
come along with me, I'll make you a star.

He threw a Shanty party, down on the farm,  
rocking on his guitar, started a four alarm.  
People crowded in the barn, from far and wide,  
laying down their money, just to hear him play the slide.

*Well it started down in LA, then it spread to the coast,  
Hollywood opened wide, and Shanty was the toast.  
People came-a-rocking through the desert and the snow,  
laying down their money, just to see the Shanty show*

From up in the mountains, to down at the beach,  
Radios were turned up high, listening to him preach.  
Wailing on his guitar, and spinning out a yarn,  
cranking up his music, till way past dawn.

People started jumping, and the coast began to shake,  
the whole town emptied out, trying to escape.  
So leave behind your troubles, and hop on his ride,  
Big Shanty's gonna rock your town, like it's in overdrive.

Ya gotta party hearty, gotta keep up the pace,  
if you wanna hear Beethoven, you're in the wrong place.  
Shanty cures what ails you, rocks you to your bones,  
but if you think too old, ya might as well stay home.

The moral of the story is, it's never too late,  
Picking on a guitar, or pounding 88.  
So dust off that old relic, like Shanty did that day,  
cause tomorrow never comes, for the people that wait.