

Alabama Chrome

Jim White

"Alabama Chrome"

Sunday I am young and wild, Monday I go lame. Tuesday I start twitching, Wednesday I'm
insane. Thursday I lay dying,
Friday I'm quite dead. Saturday I get carried away by things better left unsaid. But heaven ain't
no place, brother, and
love ain't no word sister. And prison ain't no building made of iron bars and stone. You can
seek the rhyme and reason,
but in the realm of the unknown you won't catch no true reflections in that "Alabama Chrome."
For there's mountains you
will scale with ease, yet molehills where you stumble. Sins you so regret and yet other sins that
you enjoy. Harps can beg
forgiveness, and the guitars can scream pain, but the contradictions are larger than any language
can explain. For in the
secret territory where the preachers come to steal the jewel of your heart, for they have no
treasure of their own, there
lies a sacred window, in your hand the perfect stone. You'd throw it, but you arms are bound
'round with that "Alabama
Chrome." The heat it is withering, humidity smothering. Strip of silver tape, a sly lie covering
dent in the side of the
redneck ride. Going deep for the Crimson Tide. Yeah! Gonna bump to the thump of the Selma
slammer. Wanna jump up and down
like a wack jackhammer. Sing a little 'Sweet Home Alabama' - Jimmy gimme wink like a big
flimflammer. Bone tired and so
weary of treating truth as a lie, I been hunkered down in the bunker of some fools alibi. Squint
harder you will see the
slim tether of the saints. It's whipping wild in the hurricane of all that is and all that ain't. 'Cause
there's angels in
the shed mother and spiders in the bed brother and ghosts inside my head father, no I am not
alone. My mind is teeth
without a mouth, my thoughts are marrow without bone. My eyes are blinded by a thousand
layers of that god damn "Alabama
Chrome."

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