

Alabama Chrome

Jim White

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 aint 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 theres 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 whack jackhammer
Sing a little Sweet Home Alabama
Jimmy gimme wink like a big film flamer 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 aint '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 goddamn Alabama Chrome

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