

Alabama Rain

Jim Croce

Lazy days in mid July
Country Sunday mornin's
Dusty haze on summer highways
Sweet magnolia callin' But now and then I find myself
Thinkin' of the days
That we were walking in
The Alabama rain Drive in movies, Friday nights
Drinkin' beer and laughin'
Somehow things were always right
I just don't know what happened But now and then I find myself
Thinkin' of the days
When we were walking in
The Alabama rain We were only kids
But then I've never heard it said
That kids can't fall in love
And feel the same
I can still remember the first time
I told you I love you On a dusty mid July
Country summer's evenin's
Weepin' willows sang its lullaby
And shared our secret But now and then I find myself
Thinkin' of the days
That we were walking in
The Alabama rain Walking in the Alabama rain

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