

My Soul's in Alabam

Chapman James

My Soul's in Alabam
words and music by Chapman James

She led me down foothill mountains to her streams
Through forests wide and grand, Irish green
I swam her rivers, slept in wiregrass meadowlands
Woke up in a Gulf breeze on her snowy, linen sands

She was born on the 2nd day when the floods moved out to sea
To the Creeks she was Ekvny [I-KUH-NUH] or Gadohi [GAH-DO-HI] to the Cherokee
Some folks call her simple, still they flock to her like lambs
She's the belle of the dreamers, the divine Miss Alabam...

CHORUS: Ah my love I found you a thousand times
I let this weary world take from me everything that's kind
Ah my love you hold heaven in your hand
My heart's down in dixie and my soul's in Alabam...

What ere she sows grows ever skyward, tall and strong
Her rushing winds blow through me. They become my songs
Her tears flow freely washing everything I am
I'm in love with an angel and her name is Alabam...

Rest your soul... in Alabama
Gulf winds blow...
Wiregrass grows...

copyright 2012 Polhemusic

Lyrics Submitted by Chapman James

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>