Alabama Boy

Peacock, Alice

You look kinda like Jesus
In those Italian paintings
You seem so familiar, maybe that's why
You're accustomed to sorrowIt's part of your make-up
You speak the language of hunger
So do I, where was your God?
Where was your mother?Where is the honor in hurting a child?
Your blood on his hands
A voice like thunder
You won't give him the pleasure of seeing you cryAlabama boy inside a man
Living your life the best that you can
With a childhood full of not enough
You could've chose hate but you chose loveWhen you're in the room
It's there on your face
So clear to me that you're walking in Grace
I'm always amazed at the things that you doYou illuminate me
And those around you
And I don't even know you
But I've know you foreverWe were forged by some holy fire
Far away eyes
Filled with sadness and joy
Contradiction, benediction, Alabama boyThere's a raft on the river
It's sacred water
Sparkling beneath a southern sky
Little Boy BluePart Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer
Floating away with a dream in your eye

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