Alabama Sky

Alabama

I've seen him plow a field of corn all day
That's reality
His overalls are black with dirt
But his face is still full of dignity
He talks about the weather
And he can tell you when it's gonna rain
Told me 'bout the flood of twenty-nine
That washed the crops away
Underneath that Alabama sky
Grandpa told me 'bout the things he'd seen
Underneath that Alabama sky
I listened to my grandpa's memories
At times he mentions Grandma
Turn his head and wipe away a tear
Sometimes we'd take her picture down
And sit and pretend that she's still here
Three girls and two boys he raised on love
And simple honesty
And when they finally have to carry him away
They'll take a lot of me
Underneath that Alabama sky
Grandpa told me 'bout the things he'd seen
Underneath that Alabama sky
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My grandpa told me 'bout the things he'd seen
Underneath that Alabama sky
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