

Alabama Chrome

Jim White

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 ain't 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 there's 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 ain't
'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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