Croce Jim "Alabama Rain"

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Lazy days in mid-July

Country Sunday mornings

Dusty haze on summer highways

Sweet magnolia calling

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

Now and then I find myself

Thinkin' of the days

That 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 lullaby

And shared our secret

Now and then I find myself

Thinkin' of the days

That we were walking in

The Alabama rain

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