

Jim White

"Alabama Chrome"

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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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