

## Alice Peacock "Alabama Boy"

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You look kinda like Jesus  
In those Italian paintings  
You seem so familiar, maybe that's why  
You're accustomed to sorrow

It'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 cry

Alabama 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 love

When 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 do

You illuminate me  
And those around you  
And I don't even know you  
But I've know you forever

We were forged by some holy fire  
Far away eyes  
Filled with sadness and joy  
Contradiction, benediction, Alabama boy

There's a raft on the river  
It's sacred water  
Sparkling beneath a southern sky  
Little Boy Blue

Part Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer  
Floating away with a dream in your eye

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