

Brooks Garth

"Alabama Clay"

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(Larry Cordle/R. Scaife)

First time he saw the ground get busted
He was ten and it was 1952
His daddy worked hard from sunup to sundown
And the goin' got tough behind them ol' grey mules

The farm grew to be a moneymaker
And the house he lived in grew up room by room
The boy worked hard but soon got tired of farmin'
So he slipped away one night 'neath the harvest moon

His neck was red as Alabama clay
But the city's call pulled him away
He's got a factory job and runs a big machine
He don't miss the farm or the fields of green

Now the city's just a prison without fences
His job is just a routine he can't stand
And at night he dreams of wide-open spaces
Fresh dirt between his toes and on his hands

Then one day a picture came inside a letter
Of a young girl with a baby in her arms
And the words she wrote would change his life forever
So he went to raise his family on the farm

His neck is red as Alabama clay
Now he's goin' home this time to stay
Where the roots run deep on the family tree
And the tractor rolls through the fields of green

His neck is red as Alabama clay

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