

# Alabama Clay

Garth Brooks

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

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