

Alabama Rain

Jim Croce

Lazy days in mid July
Country Sunday mornin'
Dusty haze on summer highways
Sweet magnolia callin'

But now and then I find myself
Thinkin' of the days
When we were walkin' 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

But now and then I find myself
Thinkin' of the days
When we were walkin' in the Alabama Rain

We were only kids but then
I 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 loved you

On a dusty mid July
Country summer's evenin'
A weepin' willow sang its lullabies
And shared its secrets

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