Alabama Sky

I've seen him plow a field of corn all day That's reality His overalls are black with dirt But his face is still full of dignity.

He talks about the weather And he can tell you when it's gonna rain Told me 'bout the flood of Twenty-Nine That washed the crops away.

Underneath that Alabama sky Grandpa told me 'bout the things he'd seen Underneath that Alabama sky I listened to my Grandpa's memories.

At times he mentions Grandma Turn his head and wipe away a tear Sometimes we'd take her picture down And sit and pretend that she's still here.

Three girls and two boys he raised on love And simple honesty And when they fin'lly have to carry him away They'll take a lot of me.

Underneath that Alabama sky Grandpa told me 'bout the things he'd seen Underneath that Alabama sky I listened to my Grandpa's memories.

Underneath that Alabama sky My Grandpa told me 'bout the things he'd seen Underneath that Alabama sky I listened to my Grandpa's memories...

Alabama