

# 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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