

Alabama

Cross Canadian Ragweed

She picked up the telephone,
All the heard was dial tone.
She really thought she'd heard it ring this time.
She said, "what am I thinking?
I must be only dreaming.
Or maybe it's the hundred times he's crossed my mind just tonight."

Maybe I miss your loving.
Maybe I miss your kiss just a little bit.
Maybe I miss your body lying right next to mine.
Maybe I miss your touch a little too much.

Tossing and turning.
Her skins still burning
From the fire in his hands.
Running on empty.
She needs somebody,
But somebody wouldn't understand.
And the telephone rings.

Maybe I miss your loving.
Maybe I miss your kiss just a little bit.
Maybe I miss your body lying right next to mine.
Maybe I miss your touch a little too much.

Talked about Savannah,
Sweet Home Alabama,
And how I miss the way she always smiled.
Are you coming back soon
By the harvest moon
If I have to walk every mile on my knees.

Maybe I miss your loving.
Maybe I miss your kiss just a little bit.
Maybe I miss your body lying right next to mine.
Maybe I miss your touch a little too much.

Now maybe I miss your loving.
Maybe I miss your lips just a little bit.
Maybe I miss your body lying right next to mine.
Maybe I miss your touch a little too much.

A little too much.
A little too much.