

Alabama Chrome

Jim White

Sunday I am young and wild, Monday I go lame. Tuesday I start to
witching, Wednesday I'm insane. Thursday I lay dying,
Friday I'm quite dead. Saturday I get carried away by things be-
tter left unsaid. But heaven ain't no place, brother, and
love ain't no word sister. And prison ain't no building made of
iron bars and stone. You can seek the rhyme and reason,
but in the realm of the unknown you won't catch no true reflect-
ions in that "Alabama Chrome." For there's mountains you
will scale with ease, yet molehills where you stumble. Sins you
so regret and yet other sins that you enjoy. Harps can beg
forgiveness, and the guitars can scream pain, but the contradic-
tions are larger than any language can explain. For in the
secret territory where the preachers come to steal the jewel of
your heart, for they have no treasure of their own, there
lies a sacred window, in your hand the perfect stone. You'd thr-
ow it, but your arms are bound 'round with that "Alabama
Chrome." The heat it is withering, humidity smothering. Strip o-
f silver tape, a sly lie covering dent in the side of the
redneck ride. Going deep for the Crimson Tide. Yeah! Gonna bump
to the thump of the Selma slammer. Wanna jump up and down
like a wack jackhammer. Sing a little 'Sweet Home Alabama' - Ji-
mmy gimme wink like a big flimflammer. Bone tired and so
weary of treating truth as a lie, I been hunkered down in the b-
unker of some fools alibi. Squint harder you will see the
slim tether of the saints. It's whipping wild in the hurricane
of all that is and all that ain't. 'Cause there's angels in
the shed mother and spiders in the bed brother and ghosts insid-
e my head father, no I am not alone. My mind is teeth
without a mouth, my thoughts are marrow without bone. My eyes a-
re blinded by a thousand layers of that god damn "Alabama
Chrome."