

# Cross Canadian Ragweed, Alabama

she picked up the telephone  
All she heard was dial tone  
She really thought she 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

(chorus)

She said maybe I miss your lovin'  
Maybe I miss your kiss just a little bit  
Maybe I miss your body lyin' 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  
Runnin' on empty she needs somebody  
But somebody wouldn't understand  
Then the telephone rings

(chorus)

They talked about Savannah  
Sweet home Alabama  
And how he missed the way she always smiled  
Are you coming back soon  
By the Harvest moon  
If I have to walk every mile on my knees

(chorus)