

Jim Croce, Alabama Rain

Lazy days in mid-July
Country Sunday mornin's
Dusty haze on summer highways
Sweet magnolia callin'

But now and then I find myself
Thinkin' of the days
That (when) we were walking 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

We were only kids
But then I've 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 love you";

On a dusty mid-July
Country summer's evenin's
Weepin' willows sang its lullaby
And shared our secret

Walking in the Alabama rain