

Jim White, Alabama Chrome

Sunday I am young and wild, Monday I go lame. Tuesday I start twitching, Wednesday I'm insane. Friday I'm quite dead. Saturday I get carried away by things better left unsaid. But heaven ain't no place for love ain't no word sister. And prison ain't no building made of iron bars and stone. You can seek the truth but in the realm of the unknown you won't catch no true reflections in that "Alabama Chrome." You will scale with ease, yet molehills where you stumble. Sins you so regret and yet other sins that you seek forgiveness, and the guitars can scream pain, but the contradictions are larger than any language can describe. A secret territory where the preachers come to steal the jewel of your heart, for they have no treasure. You hold a sacred window, in your hand the perfect stone. You'd throw it, but your arms are bound 'round Alabama Chrome." The heat it is withering, humidity smothering. Strip of silver tape, a sly lie covering a redneck ride. Going deep for the Crimson Tide. Yeah! Gonna bump to the thump of the Selma slam like a wack jackhammer. Sing a little 'Sweet Home Alabama' - Jimmy gimme wink like a big flimflam. I'm weary of treating truth as a lie, I been hunkered down in the bunker of some fools alibi. Squint hard at 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 the shed mother and spiders in the bed brother and ghosts inside my head father, no I am not alone without a mouth, my thoughts are marrow without bone. My eyes are blinded by a thousand layers of Alabama Chrome."