

Alabama Clay

Larry Cordle, Ronald Scaife

C **Em** **Am**
The first time that he saw the ground get busted
F **C ... G**
He was ten, it was nineteen sixty-two
C **Em** **Am**
Daddy worked hard from sunup to sundown
F **G** **C**
And the going got rough behind the old gray mule.

The farm grew to be a money-maker
And the house he lived in grew up room by room
The boy worked hard and soon got tired of farming
So he slipped away one night by the harvest moon.

F **C**
Life was hard as Alabama clay
F **G**
But the city's call pulled him away
F **C ... Am**
Got a factory job, and worked the big machine
C **G** **F ... C**
Don't miss the farm, or the fields of green.

[Instrumental break]

Now the city's just a prison without fences
And his job is just a routine he can't stand
And at night he dreams of wide open spaces
Fresh dirt between his toes and on his hands.

One day a picture came inside a letter
Of a young girl with a baby in her arms
And the words she wrote would change his life forever
So he left to raise his family on a farm.

Life was hard as Alabama clay
But he's going home, this time to stay
Where his roots run deep on the family tree
And the tractor rolls through the fields of green .