

# 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 .*