

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)