

# Drive By Truckers, Birmingham

Economics shut the furnace down  
Bull Connor hosing children down  
George Wallace stared them Yankee's down  
In Birmingham

Take a left on the interstate  
In the middle of this sultry state  
I can't wait to see your face  
In Birmingham

&quot;I don't think it was worth it&quot;  
the last thing Stanley said to me  
Twenty four years then a bullet in the chest and  
I still see him in my sleep  
Fifteen dollars in the purse He could not save  
Her family didn't buy a stone to mark his grave  
&quot;Give me a call, if you need a place to stay in Birmingham&quot;  
Birmingham

Most of my family came from Birmingham  
I can feel their presence on the street  
Vulcan Park has seen it's share of troubled times  
But the city won't admit defeat  
Magic City's magic getting stronger  
Dynamite Hill ain't on fire any longer  
No man should ever have to feel He don't belong in Birmingham  
Birmingham