

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

"I don't think it was worth it"
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
"Give me a call, if you need a place to stay in Birmingham"
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