

# Amanda Marshall, Birmingham

Virgil Spencer's got a nineteen-inch Hitachi  
And many demons lingering  
Friday night he pulled a gun to change the channel  
Something that he picked up from a kid  
His wife remembers well the man she knew  
Seems the dreams she had have all turned black and blue  
She's wasted years  
No time for tears

Cause there's another chance and a someday soon  
Shining like the Alabama moon  
She's looking for her promised land  
Out beyond the lights of  
Birmingham

It's three a.m. and Virgil's passed out on the sofa  
A fifth of Jim Beam on the floor  
She's packed a bag she slips the keys out of his pocket  
She's careful not to slam the door  
And as she drives she rubs her rosary  
She's never been so all alone she's never felt so free  
She's got miles to go  
Blind faith and hope

Cause there's another chance and a someday soon  
Shining like the Alabama moon  
She's looking for her promised land  
Out beyond the lights of  
Birmingham

As the rain falls down upon the interstate  
Any doubts she had are all but washed away  
One long look back  
At Birmingham

Cause there's another chance and a someday soon  
Shining like the Alabama moon  
She's looking for her promised land  
Out beyond the lights of  
Birmingham