

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