

Tracy Lawrence, Paint Me In Birmingham

:::::VERSE 1:::::

.He was sitting there
.His brushing hand
.Painting waves as they danced
.Upon the sand
.With every stroke
.He brought to life
.The deep blue of the ocean
.Against the morning sky
.I asked him if he only painted ocean scenes
.He said for 20 dollars
.I'll paint you anything

:::::CHORUS:::::

.Could you paint me a birmingham
.Make it look just the way I plan
.A little house on the edge of town
.Porch goin all the way around
.Put her there in the front yard swing
.Cotton dress, make it early spring
.For a while she'll be mine again
.If you can paint me a birmingham

:::::VERSE 2:::::

.He looked at me
.With knowing eyes
.And took a canvas from a bag
.There by his side
.Picked up a brush
.And said to me
.Son just where in this picture
.Would you like to be
.And I said if there's any way you can
.Could you paint me back into her arms again

:::::CHORUS:::::

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...Oh, Paint me a Birmingham...