Birmingham

Shovels & Rope

Delta mama and a Nickajack man
Raised their Cumberland daughter in a Tennessee band
Played Springwater at Station Inn
Couldn't play fast, couldn't fit inCaught a '66 Dodge in Caroline
Got her education on her mama's dime
She was singing in a bar called Comatose
Halfway rusted on the salty coastRock of Ages, cleave for me
Let me hide myself in Thee
Buried in the sand
Five hundred miles from BirminghamRock 'em out cowboy in a rock and roll band
Plugged his amplifier in all across the land
Athens, Georgia on a friday night
Saw that little girl, she could sing alrightSpent five years going from town to town
Waiting on that little girl to come around
Caught in the arms of New York City
To lose that gal seemed terrible pityRock of Ages, cleave for me
Let my heart forget a beat
Why do you demand
Calling me from BirminghamPulled her covered wagon off the BQE
Said this'll be the last you'll ever see of me
Well the cowboy laughed said I know it's not true
Cause there's nothing I could do to get loose from youMade a little money playing in the bars
With two beat up drums and two old guitars
From the Crescent City to the Great Salt Lake
It ain't what you got, it's what you makeWhen the road got rough and the wheels all broke
Couldn't take more then we could tow
Making something out of nothing with a scratch and a hoe
With two old guitars like a shovel and a ropeRock of Ages, cleave for me
Let me hide myself in Thee
Now I understand
On better terms since Birmingham

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