

# Birmingham

## Miraflores

Hey ya  
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 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 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 someday soon  
Shining like the Alabama moon  
She's looking for her promised land  
Out beyond the lights of Birmingham  
Another chance and someday soon  
Shining like the Alabama moon  
She's looking for her promised land, yea  
Out beyond the lights of, yea yea Birmingham, Birmingham, yea yea  
Oh baby, yea someday soon  
Baby someday soon, yea someday soon  
Hey hey yea, keep on driving  
Keep on driving, keep on chasing

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