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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