

# Hello Birmingham

Ani DiFranco

Hold me down, I am floating away into the overcast skies  
Over my home town on election day  
What is it about Birmingham?  
What is it about Buffalo? Did the hate filled want to build bunkers  
In your beautiful red earth?  
They want to build them in our shiny white snow  
And now I've drawn closed the curtains in this little booth Where the truth has no place to stand  
And I am feeling, oh, so powerless  
In this stupid booth  
With this useless little lever in my hand And outside my city is bracing  
For the next killing thing  
Standing by the bridge  
And praying for the next Doctor Martin Luther King It was just one shot  
Through the kitchen window  
Just one or two miles from here  
If you fly like a crow A bullet came to visit a doctor  
In his one safe place A bullet ensuring the right to life  
Whizzed past his kid and his wife  
And knocked his glasses right off of his face And the blood poured off the pulpit  
Yeah, the blood poured down the picket lines  
And the hatred was immediate, yeah  
And the vengeance was divine So they went and stuffed God  
Down the barrel of a gun  
And after Him  
They stuffed his only son Hello Birmingham; it's Buffalo  
I heard you had some trouble down there again  
Just calling to let to know  
That somebody understands I was once escorted through the doors  
Of a clinic by a man in a bulletproof vest  
And no bombs went off that day  
So I am still here to say Birmingham, I'm wishing you all of my best  
Oh, Birmingham, I'm wishing you all of my best  
Oh, Birmingham, I'm wishing you all of my best  
On this election day

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