

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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