Hello LA, Bye-Bye Birmingham

Nancy Sinatra

I packed everything I own and I put it in a knapsack
I'm leaving Birmingham, yes, I am, and I ain't lookin' back
I bought me a guitar and I wrote a song
I played it for the DJ on the telephoneGoing out to Hollywood, feeling good, yes, I am
Hello L.A., bye, bye Birmingham
AlrightRiding on a Greyhound bus 'cross the Tennessee borderline
Eating from a Po' Boy sandwich, taking drinks from a quart of wine
I got to get off at the very last stop
My ticket's only good to Little RockGoing out to Hollywood, feeling good, yes, I am
Hello L.A., bye, bye BirminghamI got mixed up with a big city woman in Little Rock
I had to spend a week one time in the county jail
I had to take a two-day job to get my guitar out of hock
That's the way it goes when you got no dough to make bailI ran out of transportation funds, I had to hitchhike
I caught me a ride with a tattooed dude on a motorbike
People gonna know when I'm in town
Heads are gonna turn when they hear my soundGoing out to Hollywood, feeling good, yes, I am
Hello L.A., bye, bye Birmingham
Ow, uhYou know that I'm tired of going down
I believe I'm gonna leave this town
I'm leaving Birmingham, yes, I am
Yes, I am, yes, I amHello L.A., bye, bye Birmingham
Hello L.A., bye, bye Birmingham
Hello L.A., bye, bye Birmingham
Hello L.A., bye, bye BirminghamBye, bye Birmingham
Bye, bye Birmingham
Bye, bye Birmingham
Bye, bye Birmingham
Bye, bye Birmingham

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