

## Birmingham Road

Jeff Black

St. christopher swings from a silver chain  
as he jumps through the dashboard light  
running with the angels in the powertrain  
out here on the edge of the night  
as we pull into the darkness the mad dog  
bites and one bright light cuts through the  
cold the radio plays the same old relays  
and we've got to get young to get old  
flying through the fields of my heaven  
where the red haw and the hawthorn grow  
take me back to the beginning  
and meet me down on birmingham road  
take me back to the beginning  
and meet me down on birmingham road  
right down to the wire mister we draw the line  
between midnight and the light of the day  
the full moon dies where ulysses cries  
so darkness can have her way  
it was the first time that I held her  
the first time that I touched her  
it was the last time that I heard her sing  
out from under the sweet song of surrender  
out from under the wing  
she came to me in moving dreams  
sweet visions at the wheel  
I close my eyes to sweet surprise  
oh god please make this real  
I am flying over fields of clover  
high above the trees  
the child as king is everything  
so I do just as I please  
dancing with the devil's daughter  
wash my sins away with the wine  
walking on the water  
running for my life  
and when i get down to the garden  
I circle over the stone  
I am falling I am drifting  
I'm losing my direction  
lord I'm coming home