

Birmingham

Duncan Sheik

The sun has wound down on Birmingham.
The day cleared up. It's pretty grand.
I did a little job with a friend of mine.
Emptied the pockets of the people in line.

I could do a lot worse on a saturday night.
I could sit in my flat and think of maybes and mights.
I've been a long time coming just to get to here.
If it comes this easy, you don't shed a tear.

We do what we can, in Birmingham.
We stick to the plan, in Birmingham.
We make a few grand, in Birmingham.
We live off the land, in Birmingham.

Maybe I should clarify:
I'm a bit complicated for such a simple guy.
I don't need much, a few little things,
some illicit riches to live like a king.

I never was one to really believe
all that talk about being where you're supposed to be.
The truth is a joke, well it's just a cliché,
like: "Life's what you make it" or "Live for today".

We're taking a stand, in Birmingham.
We stick it to the man, in Birmingham.
We grow on the land, in Birmingham.
We don't give a damn, in Birmingham.

We do what we can, in Birmingham.
We stick to the plan, in Birmingham.
We make a few grand, in Birmingham.
We live off the land, in Birmingham.