

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
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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