

# Birmingham

Ryan Adams

I wish I was a painter  
Charcoal and Buffalo  
Or a presidential motorcade  
Where the cops just come and go

Return me to the station  
A box and empty bag  
Fall asleep watching the twister  
In some broken down hotel in Birmingham

'Cause I wish I was a calendar  
Numbers and good names  
Variating slightly  
But only the pictures ever change

Mark me and return to sender  
I'm like a letter without a stamp  
I wasn't written to be read  
And I am sleepless in this bed  
In some broken down hotel in Birmingham

Held her hand in Old Savannah  
Marigold print on her dress  
Her hair was combed and parted  
Like a beautiful princess

I didn't see you at the altar  
Way back then you were so drunk  
You were washed up on some hooker's bed  
Behind a shitty restaurant

Bought her pretty clothes and diamonds  
The guy was born to be her man  
We were more than commentary  
For a cheap headline grab

So when the wind blows in your window  
'Cause the storm don't give a damn  
Pray the window don't break  
Across the wrist of your writing hand

On a stationary you wept with tears  
Of the people's backs you stab  
When you're hiding like a robber  
With no one's purse to grab

Remember me standing there holding out my hand  
In a broken down hotel in Birmingham