

## Birmingham

### Shovels & Rope

Delta Mama and a Nickajack Man  
Raised their Cumberland daughters in a Tennessee band  
Played Springwater at Station Inn  
Couldn't play fast, couldn't fit in

Caught a '66 Dodge in Caroline  
Got her education on her mama's dime  
She was singing in a bar called Comatose  
Halfway rusted on the salty coast

Rock of Ages, cleave for me  
Let me hide myself in Thee  
Buried in the sand  
Five hundred miles from Birmingham

Rockamount Cowboy in a rock and roll band  
Plugged his amplifier in all across the land  
Athens, Georgia on a friday night  
Saw that little girl, she could sing alright

Spent five years going from town to town  
Waiting on that little girl to come around  
Caught in the arms of New York City  
To lose that gal seemed terrible pity

Rock of Ages, cleave for me  
Let my heart forget a beat  
Why do you demand  
Calling me from Birmingham

Pulled her covered wagon off the BQE  
Said this'll be the last you'll ever see of me  
Well the cowboy laughed said I know it's not true  
Cause there's nothing I could do to get loose from you

Made a little money playing in the bars  
With two beat up drums and two old guitars  
From the Crescent City to the Great Salt Lake  
It ain't what you got, it's what you make

When the road got rough and the wheels all broke  
Couldn't take more then we could tow  
Making something out of nothing with a scratcher and our hope  
With two old guitars like a shovel and a rope

Rock of Ages, cleave for me  
Let me hide myself in Thee  
Now I understand  
On better terms since Birmingham