

# Alabaster

## The Wood Brothers

Behind the wheel of a yellow cab  
On the outskirts of Birmingham  
He dreams of a traffic jam  
In Manhattan  
Below the city in a subway car  
She feels just like a shooting star  
Never thought she could get so far  
From her old man

The last phonebooth in New York City  
Ringing all day, calling somebody home  
She doesn't answer, she walks faster  
She won't be going back to Alabaster  
She won't be going back  
She won't be going back to Alabaster

Thousand miles away, she still feels it  
Scrape of his chin, bruise on her spirit  
The phone is calling but she won't get near it  
Ever again  
Steps on the gas just to harness the anger  
Last thing he do is try to understand her  
Stuck in time like a fly in the amber  
And he never transcends

The last phonebooth in New York City  
Ringing all day, calling somebody home  
She doesn't answer, she walks faster  
She won't be going back to Alabaster  
She won't be going back (yeah)  
She won't be going back to Alabaster

Time passes, distance grows wider  
Dark features brighter and brighter  
She's got a new heart beating inside her  
And she's her own master  
She won't be going back (she's her own master)  
She won't be going back (she's her own master)

The last phonebooth in New York City  
Ringing all day, calling somebody home  
She doesn't answer, she walks faster  
The last phonebooth in New York City  
Ringing all day, calling somebody home  
She doesn't answer, she walks faster  
She won't be going back to Alabaster  
Yeah, she won't be going back  
She won't be going back to Alabaster  
She won't be going back  
She won't be going back to Alabaster  
She won't be going back  
She won't be going back to Alabaster