

Birmingham

Zach Bryan

Well I killed a man in Birmingham
I hit him with a tire iron
He did not move and I do not give a damn
I've been working here like a slavein' mule
Sucking the earth of dry crude
Looking for a way out of it all
Cops are coming
I can feel em' here
My back is crawling with standing hair
Wouldn't mind to see a few pigs fall

So take me down to the river
My blood all on the floor
'Cause I don't know if I can carry this weight much longer anym
ore
Take me up the mountain
On a cloud bound for the sky
Don't go prayin' for me because tonight I'm prepared to die

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh

That night out there in Birmingham that boy he tried to rob me
I did not want to but I had to show that boy the real me
That night I often wonder what my tombstone would say
Would it mention any of my good or just evil in my days?
The dust has not settled from those boys who busted in
I am not a bad man but there's bullets in my skin

Take me down to the river
My blood all on the floor
'Cause I don't know if I can carry this weight much longer anym
ore
Take me up the mountain
On a cloud bound for the sky
Don't go prayin' for me because tonight I'm prepared to die

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Well I killed a man in Birmingham that boy he tried to rob me
I did not want to but I had to show that boy the real me