

# **BIRMINGHAM**

**WRITERS; Tommy Roe/Freddy Weller**

**PUBLISHER;SONY/ATV**

**TAKE ME BACK TO BIRMINGHAM,  
TAKE ME TO THAT ALABAMA TOWN  
I WANNA BE WHERE FOLKS ARE FOLKS,  
AND SEE THAT COTTON GROWING ON THE GROUND  
I'VE BEEN TO SAN FRANCISCO, TRUCKED TO NEW ORLEANS,  
BUT I WANNA SEE THAT GIRL OF MINE, AND EAT THEM TURNIP GREENS,  
IN BIRMINGHAM, IN BIRMINGHAM**

**TAKE ME BACK TO BIRMINGHAM,  
THE MUSIC THAT THEY PLAY IS OUT-A-SIGHT  
I KNOW A LITTLE PLACE TO GO,  
WHERE THE BAND IS COOKING EVERY NIGHT  
I ALMOST STARVED IN BOSTON, FROZE TO DEATH IN MAINE,  
BUT THIS OLD BOY IS GONNA BE ALRIGHT, WHEN I STEP OFF THAT TRAIN,  
IN BIRMINGHAM, IN BIRMINGHAM**

**TAKE ME BACK TO BIRMINGHAM,  
I KNOW SADDY'S GONNA TREAT ME FINE  
THE FIRST STOP THAT I MAKE WILL BE,  
TO PICK US UP A JUG OF HOMEMADE WINE  
SHE'LL BE SO GLAD TO SEE ME, SHE'LL PASS OUT ON THE FLOOR,  
WHEN SHE HEARS THAT FAMILIAR SOUND, OF ME AT HER BACK DOOR  
IN BIRMINGHAM, IN BIRMINGHAM..**