

# Hello Birmingham

Ani DiFranco

Hold me down  
I am floating away  
Into the overcast skies  
Over my home town  
On election day

What is it about Birmingham?  
What is it about buffalo?  
Did the hate filled wanna build bunkers  
In your beautiful red earth  
They want to build them  
In our shiny white snow

Now I've drawn closed the curtain  
In this little booth where the truth has no place to stand  
And I am feeling oh so powerless  
In this stupid booth with this useless  
Little lever in my hand  
And outside my city is bracing  
For the next killing thing  
Standing by the bridge and praying  
For the next doctor  
Martin Luther King

It was just one shot  
Through the kitchen window  
It was just two miles from here  
If you fly like a crow  
A bullet came to visit a doctor  
In his one safe place  
A bullet ensuring the right to life  
Whizzed past his kid and his wife  
And knocked his glasses  
Right off of his face

And the blood poured off the pulpit  
Yeah the blood poured down the picket lines  
Yeah, the hatred was immediate  
And the vengeance was divine  
So they went and stuffed god  
Down the barrel of a gun  
And after him  
They stuffed his only son

Hello birmingham  
It's buffalo  
I heard you had some trouble  
Down there again  
And I'm just calling to let to know  
That someone understands

I was once escorted  
Through the doors of a clinic  
By a man in a bulletproof vest  
And no bombs went off that day  
So I am still here to say Birmingham  
I'm wishing you all of my best

Oh Birmingham

I'm wishing you all of my best

Oh Birmingham

I'm wishing you all of my best on this election day