

Birmingham Blues

Charlie Daniels

Sittin' here in L.A., looking down at my shoes
Drownin' my troubles on small talk & blues
Sittin' here wonderin' if I could have been born to lose

I think movin is losin and now I can see
I let a false hearted woman make a fool outta me
And now all I got left now is a bad case of Birmingham Blues

Days are alright
I can't take these, L.A. nights
This place is a jungle when a man's on his own
I wish I could go home

Had me a fine woman down in Birmingham town
Took care of my money and she didn't play around
All I got left now is a bad case of Birmingham Blues

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