

Boulder to Birmingham

Emmylou Harris

I don't want to hear a love song
I got on this airplane just to fly
And I know there's life below me
But all that it can show me is the prairie and the sky

And I don't want to hear a sad story
Full of heartbreak and desire
The last time I felt like this
It was in the wilderness and the canyon was on fire

And I stood on the mountain
In the night and I watched it burn
I watched it burn, I watched it burn

I would rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham
I would hold my life in his saving grace
I would walk all the way from Boulder to Birmingham
If I thought I could see, I could see your face

Well, you really got me this time
And the hardest part is knowing I'll survive
I have call on the listen for the sound
Of the trucks as they move down out on ninety five

And pretend that it's the ocean
Coming down to wash me clean, to wash me clean
Baby, do you know what I mean

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