

Train To Birmingham

John Hiatt

I've been riding on this train
Drinking whiskey for the pain
Another good ol' boy going home
And every town I see
Seems to take a part of me
That's the price that you pay when you roam

Well I cry when I have to
And I lie when I can
But I die a little slower
On the train to Birmingham

I got holes in both my shoes
And a guitar full of blues
And a one way ticket for a remedy
It's the same ol' lonesome song
I've been singing all night long
Hey, porter, are we out of Tennessee?

Well every year I ride this train
To Alabama in the rain
When I get that lonesome feelin' in my bones
I never get to Birmingham
But gettin' there ain't the plan
I just like the feel of going home