

Hello L.A., Bye Bye Birmingham

Nancy Sinatra

I packed everything I own and I put it in a knapsack
I'm leaving Birmingham, yes, I am, and I ain't lookin' back
I bought me a guitar and I wrote a song
I played it for the DJ on the telephone

Going out to Hollywood, feeling good, yes, I am
Hello L.A., bye, bye Birmingham
Alright

Riding on a Greyhound bus 'cross the Tennessee borderline
Eating from a Po' Boy sandwich, taking drinks from a quart of wine
I got to get off at the very last stop
My ticket's only good to Little Rock

Going out to Hollywood, feeling good, yes, I am
Hello L.A., bye, bye Birmingham

I got mixed up with a big city woman in Little Rock
I had to spend a week one time in the county jail
I had to take a two-day job to get my guitar out of hock
That's the way it goes when you got no dough to make bail

I ran out of transportation funds, I had to hitchhike
I caught me a ride with a tattooed dude on a motorbike
People gonna know when I'm in town
Heads are gonna turn when they hear my sound

Going out to Hollywood, feeling good, yes, I am
Hello L.A., bye, bye Birmingham
Ow, uh

You know that I'm tired of going down
I believe I'm gonna leave this town
I'm leaving Birmingham, yes, I am
Yes, I am, yes, I am

Hello L.A., bye, bye Birmingham
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Hello L.A., bye, bye Birmingham

Bye, bye Birmingham
Bye, bye Birmingham
Bye, bye Birmingham
Bye, bye Birmingham
Bye, bye Birmingham