

## **Falls Whiskey "Days Of Birmingham"**

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Way down in the heart of Dixie, just outside the magic  
city  
I lived a childhood dream singing songs in harmony  
While Dora Lee would tickle the ivory sounded so sweet

Down in Shady Grove they do believe  
You can go away but you never leave

The days of Birmingham  
They go with me where ever I am  
And as I keep on chasing the sun  
I end right back where I come from  
The days of Birmingham

Everyone loved Elsie Mae  
A pot of butter beans and cornbread  
Kept the children fed  
I thought that I would always stay  
But I fell for a girl who dreamed of Californ-i-a  
So we moved out to LA

Down in Shady Grove they do believe  
You can go away but you never leave

The days of Birmingham  
They go with me where ever I am  
And as I keep on chasing the sun  
I end right back where I come from  
The days of Birmingham

Fishing poles made out of sticks  
And baby dolls that were made out of bricks  
And pine pole slides for kicks  
Play some bar on a Saturday night  
And Sunday morning sing for Jesus Christ  
He is a friend of mine  
What a friend we have in Jesus  
Yes, he is a friend of mine

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