

Paint Me a Birmingham

Tracy Lawrence

He was sittin' there, his brush in hand
Paintin' waves as they danced, upon the sand
With every stroke, he brought to life
The deep blue of the ocean, against the mornin' sky
I asked him if he only painted ocean scenes
He said for twenty dollars, I'll paint you anything. Could you Paint Me A Birmingham
Make it look just the way I planned
A little house on the edge of town
Porch goin' all the way around
Put her there in the front yard swing
Cotton dress make it early spring
For awhile she'll be mine again
If you could Paint Me A Birmingham.
He looked at me, with knowing eyes
Then took a canvas from a bag there by his side
Picked up a brush, and said to me
"Son just Where in this picture, would you like to be?"
I said "if there's any way you can,
Could you paint me back into her arms again?" Could you Paint Me A Birmingham
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