

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