

127 Rose Avenue

Hank Williams Jr.

Somewhere in the cradle of the deep south
Magnolias sway in the breeze
To the lonesome sound of a Red Boned Hound;
Howlin' at the moon and the trees.
There's a sad eyed boy, with his guitar;
Cuttin' his teeth on the blues.
Wishin' on a falling star, at 127 Rose Avenue

The distant moan of a midnight train,
Comes blowin' through the night.
He dips his pen in tears and pain;
And he begins to write.
Bout a whippoorwill too blue to fly,
And the Indian he once knew.
Bout lost highways, and purple skies;
At 127 Rose Avenue.

Caretaker said as he shook his head,
"Son to you believe in Ghosts?
For a five dollar bill you can feel the chill
That he felt long ago."

So a I bought me a ticket at the front door;
Guess who was there inside.
I felt his presence through the whole tour,
God I swear, he was alive.
I saw the train, I felt the pain,
I heard him moanin' the blues.
Twenty-nine years of memories;
At 127 Rose Avenue.

Caretaker said as he shook his head,
"Son to you believe in Ghosts?
For a five dollar bill you can feel the chill
That he felt long ago."

Another side eyed boy with his guitar,
Cuttin' his teeth on the blues.
Here I am wishin' on a falling star,
At 127 Rose Avenue

It ain't in Nashville...
It's not in Montgomery...