

Oh 49th I'm coming back to you
The rest proved to be too much, it's true
You're everything I've ever known
The sweetest place to call my own
Jones holds the secrets though there's some that I don't know
I can't tell like Isabel, in the heat the summer swells
Congress won't adjourn 'till 3 am
Block the driveway with the car
Bonfire in a shopping cart
Police are not too far

Now is the time
And man I feel alright
I know it's not too late
I hope it's not too late

On 49th a lady slept
In Carolina the day she left
They've since painted that door red
Packed up and found a new place instead
Live your life and make it last
My boy told me 'fore he crashed
Brushed it off but almost passed
Bought a car next week in cash
Headed to the Southside
With a blue sky I decide
Nowhere better, time provides
Memories that stay alive
With a victory there's history
And I'm pacin' down unpaved streets
The sweet the warm the mystery
Bourbon's playing with my patience

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