

1968

## Turnpike Troubadours

One, Two, Three,

There ain't a thing in the world to take me back  
Like a dark-haired girl in a Cadillac  
On main street of an old forgotten town  
The sun light shines in fine white lines  
On weathered stores with open signs  
They may as well just close 'em down.

And you look like 1968 or was it '69  
When I heard you caught a bullet  
Well I guess you're doing fine  
And you speak of revolution  
Like it's some place that you've been  
Well you've been a long time gone  
Good too see you my old friend.

Oh now that sun is gone away  
Replaced instead by silver rays  
Of moonlight falling on the avenue  
Oh and I could sleep if you would drive  
I just can't keep my mind alive  
And you've got nothing better else to do

And we've all been looking for you  
Like a hobo you walk in  
Well how the mighty all have fallen  
How the holy all have sinned  
Is that the clattering of sabers  
Or the cool September winds  
Well you've been a long time gone  
Good to see you my old friend.

And there's just two times a day like this  
You find this kind of blissfulness  
The sun it sets and rises in the morn.  
And we're shakin hands; I rub my eyes  
Free up all my alibis  
Just a blinking like the day I was born

And you look like 1968 or was it '69  
When I heard you caught a bullet  
Well I guess you're doing fine  
And you speak of revolution  
Like it's some place that you've been  
Well you've been a long time gone  
Good too see you my old friend.

And when the rounds were fired that April you were on the balcony  
When ten thousand tear drops hit the ground in Memphis, Tennessee  
You were a prideful rebel yell among a million marching men.  
And you've been a long time gone  
Good to see you my old friend  
Well you've been a long time gone  
Good to see you my old friend.