

Bill Frisell

"16th Avenue"

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From the corners of the country
From the cities and the farms
With years and years of living
Tucked up underneath their arms

They walked away from everything
Just to see a dream come true
So God bless the boys who make the noise
On 16th avenue

With a million dollar spirit
And an old flattop guitar
They drive to town with all they own
In a hundred dollar car

Cause one time someone told 'em
About a friend of a friend they knew
Who owns you know a studio
On 16th avenue

Now some were born to money
They've never had to say "survive"
And others swing a 9 pound hammer
Just to stay alive

There's cowboys drunks and christians
Mostly white and black and blue
They've all dialed the phone collect to home
From 16th avenue

Ah, but one night in some empty room
Where no curtains ever hung
Like a miracle some golden words rolled
Off of someone's tongue

And after years of being nothing
They're all looking right at you
And for a while they'll go in style
On 16th avenue

It looked so uneventful

So quiet and discreet
But a lot of lives where changed
Down in that little one way street

Cause they walk away from everything
Just to see a dream come true
So God bless the boys who make the noise
On 16th avenue
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