

## **Hank Williams Jr. "127 Rose Avenue"**

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Somewhere in the cradle of the deep south  
Magnolias sway in the breeze  
To the lonesome sound of a redbone 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 fallin' 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 the lost highways and purple skies at 127, Rose  
Avenue

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

So 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, do you believe in ghosts?  
For a five dollar bill you can feel the chill  
He felt long ago

Another sad eyed boy with his guitar  
Cuttin' his teeth on the blues  
Here I am wishin' on a fallin' star at 127, Rose Avenue

It ain't in Nashville

It's not in Montgomery  
127, Rose Avenue

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