

## Lacuna Coil

### "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 walk 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 them,  
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 the 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 on 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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