

Turnpike Troubadours

"1968"

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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.

Chorus:

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 sign is gone away
Replaced instead by silver age
And 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

Repeat Chorus

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.

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