

## Dylan Leblanc

### "5th Avenue Bar"

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Well, I could sit here and I could think  
'Bout the things that I ain't got  
So don't mind me if I hesitate  
Tell you the truth, it ain't a lot

I might come in here with a pocket full of money  
And I might leave here with a dime in my pocket  
But either way that don't make me happy  
And all I have is this picture in a locket

So I go down street to the 5th Avenue Bar  
I go over a man who's lighting up his cheap cigars  
And I ask him if it's gonna get any better  
And he says, "No", he says, "No"

There's this young man behind the bar who'd take the  
bottle  
"Here's how you let go, here's how you let go"

Well I could sit here and I could pine  
For your love to be as strong as mine  
But instead I'll keep the peace  
Sit here lonesome, sitting in my grief

And I could go somewhere and burn this lonely picture  
Even in my head I know I'd still remember  
Walking down the street, in my wallet there's a 50  
And I drop it down at the place when we feel empty

Yeah, I'm down street at the 5th Avenue Bar  
Talking to the man who's lighting up his cheap cigars  
And I ask him if it's gonna get any better  
He says, "For me it didn't, for me it didn't"

There's this young man behind the bar who'd take the  
bottle  
"Yeah, this'll fix it", he says, "This'll fix it"

Well, I woke up in the morning  
And the world was white as snow  
Is it heaven or hell, which place did I go

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