

## 127 Rose Avenue

Hank Williams Jr.

Somewhere in the cradle of the deep south  
Magnolias sway in the breeze  
To the lonesome sound of a Red Boned 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 falling 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 lost highways, and purple skies;  
At 127 Rose Avenue.

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

So a 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 to you believe in Ghosts?  
For a five dollar bill you can feel the chill  
That he felt long ago."

Another side eyed boy with his guitar,  
Cuttin' his teeth on the blues.  
Here I am wishin' on a falling star,  
At 127 Rose Avenue

It ain't in Nashville...  
It's not in Montgomery...