

Oh 49th I'm coming back to you  
The rest proved to be too much, it's true  
You're everything I've ever known  
The sweetest place to call my own  
Jones holds the secrets though there's some that I don't know  
I can't tell like Isabel, in the heat the summer swells  
Congress won't adjourn 'till 3 am  
Block the driveway with the car  
Bonfire in a shopping cart  
Police are not too far

Now is the time  
And man I feel alright  
I know it's not too late  
I hope it's not too late

On 49th a lady slept  
In Carolina the day she left  
They've since painted that door red  
Packed up and found a new place instead  
Live your life and make it last  
My boy told me 'fore he crashed  
Brushed it off but almost passed  
Bought a car next week in cash  
Headed to the Southside  
With a blue sky I decide  
Nowhere better, time provides  
Memories that stay alive  
With a victory there's history  
And I'm pacin' down unpaved streets  
The sweet the warm the mystery  
Bourbon's playing with my patience

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