

Charlie Daniels Band, Honky Tonk Avenue

Oh, I know wanna sound weak
Is lookin' old and time to seek
While the hooker in the doorway
Leaves to turn another cheek
And the jukebox in the Camberlay
Is blearing out the blues
But the blues is just a way of life
On Honky tonk Avenue
Where the swingers and the hustlers
And the evening people dwell
Where the neon shines toward heaven
While it lights the way to hell
Time to survive and time to stay alive
S'about all a man can do
You can make it anywhere
If you can make it out there
On Honky tonk Avenue
Where all birds of a feather
Were out here on the street
In all kinds of weather
Were all in this thing together
Were just trying to make a living
Just trying to get by
It's a one-way street to nowhere
Where nothing's as it seems
It's a multi-car junkyard
Full of a thousand broken dreams
And it's the end of the line
Where the sun don't shine
And there's nothing left to lose
Well it sure ain't a lot but it's all that we've got
On Honky-Tonk Avenue
Where all birds of a feather
Were out here on the street in all kinds of weather
Were all in this thing together
Were just trying to make a living
Just trying to get by
Were just trying to make a living
Just trying to get by
Oh, I know wanna sound weak
Is lookin' old and time to seek