

Dalton Lacy J. And Sousa Beans, 16th Avenue

From the corners of the country, from the cities and the farms
With years and years of livin', tucked up underneath their arms,
They walked away from everything just to see a dream come true,
So God bless the boys who make the noise on 16th Avenue.

With a million dollar spirit and an old flat top guitar,
They drive to town with all they own in a hundred dollar car,
'Cause one time someone told them about a friend of a friend they knew,
Who owns you know a studio on 16th Avenue.

Now some are born to money they never had to say survive,
And others swing a nine pound hammer just to stay alive,
There's cowboys, drunks and Christians mostly white and black and blue,
They've all dialed the phone direct to home from 16th Avenue.

Ah but then one night in some empty room where no curtains ever hung,
Like a miracle some golden words roll off of someone's tongue,
And after years of being nothing they're all lookin' right at you,
And they for awhile they'll go in style on 16th Avenue.

Hey it looks so uneventful, so quiet and discreet,
But a lot of lives were changed there on that little one-way street,
'Cause they walked away from everything just to see a dream come true,
So God bless the boys who make the noise on 16th Avenue.