

16th Avenue

Sunny Sweeney

From the corners of the country, from the cities and the farms
With years and years of living 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 AvenueWith a million dollar spirit and an old flattop guitar
They drive to town with all they own in a hundred dollar car

'Cause one time someone told 'em about a friend of a friend they knew

Who owns, you know, a studio on 16th AvenueNow some were born to money, they've 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 collect to home from 16th AvenueBut then one night, in some empty room, where
no curtains ever hung

Like a miracle, some golden words rolled off of someone's tongue

After years of being nothing, they're all looking right at you

And then, for a while, they'll go in style on 16th AvenueIt 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

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