

Long Island Sound

James McMurtry

New Mexico's lost in the back streets of Austin
Carolina keeps all her thoughts to herself
Tennessee's tight and he will not stop talking
Somebody shush him 'fore I have to myself I wrote that verse for the kids but I never did sing it
I filed it away and forgot it in time
My old guitar sits in the back bedroom closet
Next to the closet the shotgun I got when I was nine If I had any sense I'd be way 'cross the Whitestone
I might as well sit here a while 'fore I start
Cause when the 5:30 rush hits the cross-island parkway
It's not for the squeamish of the gentle of heart I'd be stuck on the bridge in the right land at sunset
Watching the boats with their snowy white sails
Watching the sun sinking over the projects
Laundry hung out of the balcony rails And where are you now my long secret love
Where have you gone in your glamorous life
Where are you now as the moon comes a-rising
Are you somebody's love, are you somebody's wife And these are the best days
These are the best days
Y'all put your money away
I've got the round
Here's to all you strangers
The Mets and the Rangers
Long may we thrive on the Long Island Sound I don't know what goes on in those crumbling brick buildings
They're on the same planet in a whole 'nother world
I got a bay boat and a 401k
Two cars in the driveway, two boys and a girl It doesn't seem long since we came up from Tulsa
Been here six years and I reckon we'll stay
The company's not bad as the companies go
They still got the health plan and they're raising my pay And the kids all play soccer like nobody's business
My grandma says we're just letting 'em fall through
They don't go to church and we're not gonna make 'em
They all drop their R's like the Islanders do And these are the best days
These are the best days
Y'all put your money away
I've got the round
Here's to all you strangers
The Mets and the Rangers
Long may we thrive on the Long Island Sound I remember her singing from that dusty old hymnal
Smelled like tobacco from granddaddy's pipe
That old rugged cross 'til she took down the shingles

You've never heard such a noise in your life
I had a tire run low so I dug through the glovebox
I needed the manual to locate the jack
Found a couple old picks and a 20 gauge shuttle
Left from a dove hunt a couple years back
And these are the best days
These are the best days
Y'all put your money away
I've got the round
Here's to all you strangers
The Mets and the Rangers
Long may we thrive on the Long Island Sound
New Mexico's lost in the back streets of Austin
Carolina keeps all her thoughts to herself

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