

# 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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