

1949

Cory Marks

It was a cherry-red 1949
That same summer he made her his bride
They drove away, cans on both sides
With hands out the window as they waved goodbye

Now it's a rusty old truck, she ain't around no more
Three flat tires, dents in the doors
Things have changed between now and then
He still sings their song together again

Wish we could turn back time to way back when
We drove too far, too fast, so young but in the end
She'll call my name when I've done my time
We'll be back in the summer of '49

A new coat of paint and fully restored
His memory ain't what it was before
So I take him down a back road and let him drive
Yeah, he still feels her right by his side

Wish we could turn back time to way back when
We drove too far, too fast, so young but in the end
She'll call my name when I've done my time
We'll be back in the summer of '49

Ooh
Ooh

Life goes by and you can't hold on
But in your mind they're never gone

Wish we could turn back time to way back when
We drove too far, too fast, so young but in the end

Wish we could turn back time to way back when
We drove too far, too fast, so young but in the end
She'll call my name when I've done my time
We'll be back in the summer of '49
Yeah, we'll be back in the summer of '49
We'll be back in the summer of '49

It was a cherry-red 1949
He gave to me before he said goodbye