

Honeysuckle Blue

Drivin' N' Cryin'

Feel the southern breezes and the southern wind
Blowin' down around the corner bend
At D'Agostino's late last night
I saw a boy, fifteen, on the road
With nothing in his pocket, his hand to the sky
Nowhere else to go

Can you see it or believe it
He's never been
So come with me I'll show you
Where the dogwoods bloom, it's true
Lost and found and lost again
To the Honeysuckle blue

Runnin' through these caverns of gold
Runs a river of death indeed
An old hotel serves as a shelter
For children of the street
Abandoned by the promised land
Set sail on your own
How much longer will the well
Be dry for those who roam?

I got a ticket in my pocket
To send the corner man he's never been
Have you ever seen the Blue Ridge Mountains, boy?
Or the Chattahoochee or the Honeysuckle blue?

(Come here to the promised land)
(Stand aside to understand)
(Far too close to see things through)
(Once on edge and once removed)

(Come here to the promised land)
Come here to the promised land and [?]
(Stand aside to understand)
Run down and leave me like [?]
(Far too close to see things through)
But if you got time I'll take you through the times of love and war
(Once on edge and once removed)

(Come here to the promised land)
Well I got a dream and I gotta know but it's standing far too [?]
(Stand aside to understand)
And I got some [?]
(Far too close to see things through)

Lost and found and lost again
To the Honeysuckle blue