

# Honeysuckle Blue

Jason Isbell

Feel the southern breezes and the southern wind  
Blowing down around the corner bend  
D'Agostino's late last night  
I saw a boy, fifteen, the road  
With nothing in his pockets, his hands to the sky  
And 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 their 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?

Lost and found and lost again  
To the Honeysuckle Blue