

# Avalon

John Moreland

Small town blues Sunday afternoon  
Smells like sadness and perfume  
A tear fell down from your eye, asked the Good Lord, "Why?"  
I didn't care where I just needed a ride

I know I'm a fool, but even I can see  
You're the kinda thing that thrives on misery

I used to carry myself with my head held high  
Now I'm looking at your picture with tears in my eyes  
Avalon, baby, please make it back alive

Wish I could find a way to forget it all  
Turn that clock up against the wall  
You were a mountain of pride when everything went wrong  
You closed your eyes and let the dominos fall

Everything always ends the same  
Fire burns bright then it fades away

I used to stand up tall with my head held high  
Now I'm looking at your picture with tears in my eyes  
Avalon, baby, please make it back alive

Lord, tell me what to say  
Love don't find a way  
(Yeah)

Turn on the radio in that old Ford  
And then Gabriel blew his horn

I used to carry myself with my head held high  
Now I'm looking at your picture with tears in my eyes  
Avalon, baby, please make it back alive

I used to stand up tall with my head held high  
Now I'm looking at your picture with tears in my eyes  
Avalon, baby, please make it back alive  
Oh Avalon, baby, please make it back alive