

69 Corvette

Jonathan Wilson

Put on your jacket, we are gone
I need an adventure and I feel like leaving
I've been in this hotel room too long
The marble prison requires housekeeping

So long
So long

I came to this city full of smiles
Opportunity, every miracle mile
I still think of Carolina sometimes
I miss my family, I miss that feeling

I miss home
I miss home

Where daddy loves adventures in his '69 Corvette
Six pack of silver bullets in his arms
And me and momma will drink tequila and it gets us to cacklin'
And I sit on those extra pillows all alone
And they say, "Pay attention to their manners just as they are
leaving
If they thank you for the food or the wine"
Well it floats right by till one day you're looking at polaroid
s and grieving
So remember to tell 'em you love 'em every time
Every time
One more time

Yeah, daddy loves adventures in his '69 Corvette
Six pack of silver bullets in his arms
And me and momma drink cheap tequila and it gets us both cacklin'
And I sleep on all those extra pillows alone
And daddy's got tennis elbow, it's from practicing his violin
I see him slowin' down, not an easy thing to swallow, when it's
your old man
Well it floats right by till one day you're looking at polaroid
s and grieving
So remember to tell 'em you love 'em every time
Every time
One more time
One more time