

# Charlie Daniels Band, Honky Tonk Avenue

Oh, I know wanna sound weak  
Is lookin' old and time to seek  
While the hooker in the doorway  
Leaves to turn another cheek  
And the jukebox in the Camberlay  
Is blearing out the blues  
But the blues is just a way of life  
On Honky tonk Avenue  
Where the swingers and the hustlers  
And the evening people dwell  
Where the neon shines toward heaven  
While it lights the way to hell  
Time to survive and time to stay alive  
S'about all a man can do  
You can make it anywhere  
If you can make it out there  
On Honky tonk Avenue  
Where all birds of a feather  
Were out here on the street  
In all kinds of weather  
Were all in this thing together  
Were just trying to make a living  
Just trying to get by  
It's a one-way street to nowhere  
Where nothing's as it seems  
It's a multi-car junkyard  
Full of a thousand broken dreams  
And it's the end of the line  
Where the sun don't shine  
And there's nothing left to lose  
Well it sure ain't a lot but it's all that we've got  
On Honky-Tonk Avenue  
Where all birds of a feather  
Were out here on the street in all kinds of weather  
Were all in this thing together  
Were just trying to make a living  
Just trying to get by  
Were just trying to make a living  
Just trying to get by  
Oh, I know wanna sound weak  
Is lookin' old and time to seek