

Preston Street

Watching the girls
As they go down Bardstown Road
Beautiful sweet, sunshining sky.
They travel on white smiles and suntanned thighs.
They never stop they just pass by.

Go down to the track,
Spend my money, can't go back.
Barely got enough money left to get home.
Wave down the cross town bus and I sit in the back alone.
Cross Preston Street, my mind starts to roam.

I remember a day not too damn long ago,
When our world was a stage and we stole the show.
But you decided to blow this one horse town,
Just like the warm Kentucky breeze blowing down.

My hopes and aspirations all have died.
Tears I might have cried now all have dried.
Feeling an emptiness in my soul.
Lord show me the direction you want me to go.

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