

In a town where what you know don't make you who you are
It all comes down to the car you drive
Whether you're a Mustang or a Chevrolet man
If you don't know now, you better start choosin' your side
'Cause every Friday night, you'll take her uptown
And line her up on South Scales Street
It looks like a parade on Independence Day
With your homecomin' bride in the passenger seat

We were too young to know what this town had in store
We were too much in love to give a goddamn
With expectations high it's always do or die
It seems like our fate's already been sealed in... Reidsville

When I turned eighteen, I sold that car
Traded wheels for a wedding band
A Plymouth hunter-green, big block with three on the tree
With every nut and bolt turned by these two hands
It was a good start, then things just got so hard
Where the hell did we fall off track?
Now I work for her dad, and the pay it ain't half bad
Keeps a roof on her head and the bank off my back

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That girl of mine, how her eyes they used to shine
Like two rare stones set out on display
We were wild and we were young and we could take on anyone
Now her eyes are darker than a funeral serenade
And I'd burn it down, every square inch of this town
Just to see one more smile on her face
When it comes my day to die, I wanna look God in the eyes
And ask Him why He gave up on this place

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