

That Kind of Town

Big & Rich

Show me where the bible says dreaming's a sin
Round here you're supposed to die in the town you're born in
If you cheat, if you fight, if you get knocked up
Lord, they'll pin you down and never let you back up

Someday I wanna leave, we're guys that don't make the paper
And a baby doctor ain't the undertaker
Well there's more in life than a Budlight and cruising around
But this ain't that kind of town

That cop'll go at you when you ain't done a thing
And pull the bottle from his pocket and have himself a drink
Sunday morning catching hell from a finger pointing preacher
I bet his Misses don't know about the Sunday school teacher

Someday I wanna leave, we're guys that don't make the paper
And a baby doctor ain't the undertaker
Well there's more in life than a Budlight and cruising around
But this ain't that kind of town

Well that road don't end at the main street bridge
And I won't stop sighing at the finish line
That's where it all begins

Someday I wanna leave, we're guys that don't make the paper
And a baby doctor ain't the undertaker
Well there's more in life than a [?]
But this ain't that kind of town
But this ain't that kind of town

I say woah woah woah this ain't that kind if town
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This ain't that kind of town