

St. Paul

Caitlyn Smith

I hit the city, oh, when I was only seventeen
In a beat-up Wrangler with a console full of burnt CDs
Blew out my speakers with the same three Wilco tracks
Half a tank to get me there, and half to get me back

Ah-ooh, ah-ooh

Ah-ooh, ah-ooh

I cut my teeth playing sad folk songs on a cheap guitar
For all the counter drunks over at the Turf Club bar
X's on my hands, but I'd sneak a little booze
From a ponytail bartender with not a lot to lose

Ah-ooh, ah-ooh

St. Paul, all those nights you made me love you
St. Paul, all the trouble we got into
I might run a million miles through a million cities
But there'll never be another one that's ever gonna get me
Like St. Paul

I cried a little as I watched the frozen Mississippi
Fade in my rearview as I made my way to Music City
Thought I mighta lost you a couple U-Haul trips ago
Then I open up my mouth and hear the Minnesota wind blow

Ah-ooh, ah-ooh

St. Paul, all those nights you made me love you
St. Paul, all the trouble we got into
I might run a million miles through a million cities
But there'll never be another one that's ever gonna get me
Like St. Paul

I ain't gonna lie, sometimes it hurts
You'll always be my first

St. Paul, all those nights you made me love you
St. Paul, all the trouble we got into
I might run a million miles through a million cities
But there'll never be another one that's ever gonna get me
Like St. Paul

Oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh

Oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh