

Stompin' Grounds

Canaan Smith

Walking around this place, don't look the same
But some footprints you just can't erase
Even if they go and pave my dirt memory lane, yeah
Step-by-step this is where I came from
7 pounds, 6 ounces to graduation
Yeah, this place is in my veins
That's right

These are my stompin' grounds
A first kiss in the bed of an old silverado
To the sound Alabama "sweet home" on the stereo
We were big small town, so damn proud, livin' loud
Gettin' down, rollin' round
Wearin' the heels of our boots out
On these stompin' grounds

That's where I ran the ball, hell, I almost scored
But there were seven too little on the scoreboard
But we partied like second place was gold
Yeah, we did
And that's where little Jimmy got to fighting with Chris
Caught Amy kissin' on him and, aw, he was pissed
I jumped in, saved the day, at least that's the way my
Story's told

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
My stompin' grounds
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'll call up that ol' gal from the Chevy
See if she's still around and not goin' steady
If she hasn't changed her name by now
Mayne we can settle down, start a future
Back in our stompin' grounds
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