

Small Town

Chase Bryant

Well, everywhere got a prom queen, quarterback
Friday nights and iced down six packs
Everywhere got a main street dive bar
Couple kids banging on a guitar
Living off change from a tip jar
Hoping someday they'll be rockstars

Everybody's got a small town
County lines and a sundown
Ain't just another dot on the map
Green on the grass
If you're like me, you can't get enough
So fill that glass and raise it up
It don't matter where you're from
Cause everybody's got a small town
Everybody's got a small town

Everywhere got a beat-up trailer park
Kiddie pool chillin' in the front yard
Everywhere got a waitress just getting by
Serving tables, scraping up nickels and dimes
Working all week for a cold beer
Saying y'all come back, you hear

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Florida, Georgia, Carolina
California, Mississippi
Oklahoma, Texas, Alabama
Are you with me

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Oh, holler if you're with me, baby
I said Florida, Georgia, Carolina
California, Mississippi
Are you with me