

# This Ain't The Same Town

Dean Brody

There's brand new Ranger Rovers  
All over these streets  
And the people who drive 'em  
Ain't no kin to me  
I guess the gun racks and six packs  
All left when I did  
This ain't the same town  
That I painted red

With a pair of black tire marks  
On old airport road  
Racing for the pink slip  
In my white gto  
Well it's only ten-thirty  
And their all home in bed  
This ain't the same town  
That I painted red

They'll probably look at me funny  
Or lock me up good  
If I drove down main street  
With a deer on my hood  
No more eight-ball at Bulldogs  
Now it's Starbucks in the store  
No this ain't the same town  
That I painted red

At the old golden palace  
On a Friday night tear  
With Amber Lin Austin  
And her frosty blonde hair  
Now when I see her daddy  
He don't want me dead  
No this ain't the same town  
That I painted red

Here we go boys

Theres no faded blue jeans  
Her own worn out boots  
Yes what they call progress  
Is done plowed up my roots  
Now I'm sure they're good folks  
But with that being said  
This ain't the same town  
That I painted red  
No this ain't the same town  
That I painted red