

Where I Belong

Doc Walker

There just somthing about this small town,
Where generations of blood are carved in stone,
Yeah, thats where I belong.
Smiling face at the fillin station,
No bullet proof glass this is family owned,
Yeah, thats where I belong.
Where theres a little white church, couple run down shacks,
Grain elevator by the railroad tracks,
Where every day is like living a country song,
Yeah, thats where I belong.
I got behind the wheel at 14,
Now I can drive like hell down east bound roads,
Yeah, With my eye closed,
In a '77 Silverado, cruisin around the lake side with my girl
That was my whole world,
She left one day for the city lights,
But does she ever dream of me at night.

Grain elevator by the railroad tracks,
Where every day is like living a country song,
Where the stop signs are peppered with buck shot holes,
That old street dog everybody knows,
You can laught out loud, and dream all day long,
Thats where I belong.
Well did you leave a town like this then start to feel some emp
tyness,
Well I came back because I missed.
that little white church, couple run down shacks,
Grain elevator by the railroad tracks,
Where every day is like living a country song,
Where the stop signs are peppered with buck shot holes,
That old street dog everybody knows,
You can laught out loud, and dream all day long,
Thats where I belong,
Oh, thats where I belong,
Yeah, Thats where I belong,
Thats where I belong.