

# Shrank

Jake Owen

Honda Civic, forest green  
Every truckin' red light  
Bustin' up my heart  
Like your busted shotgun headlight

I'm tired of our past bumpin' into me  
So if it ain't your actual ass, it's your memory

I need a small-town shrink  
I think I'ma need therapy  
I crank up Hank, and drank  
'Til the bottle's empty  
But baby, no matter how I spin it  
Church, bar, bank, laundromat  
Dang girl, you always in it  
I can't walk out the house without runnin' into you  
I thought this town was small already, but shoot  
You make a small town shrank

Mama calls, clockwork  
She gon' bless your heart  
Scarecrow in that field  
Watch us kissing in the dark

Every sidewalk crack's got a little, take me back, in it  
I love this town, but I'ma have to move in a minute

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Every county line's starting to feel like a noose around my neck  
That population sign's just gonna say two in a sec  
Baby, I can't take it  
You hurt me, I can't escape it

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You make a small town shrank

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