

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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