

Small Town

John Anderson

You can talk about the weather or the mayor's sister
You can talk about small town
You can walk the city limits in matter of minutes
Talk about takin a walk
You can count the stars in the clear night sky
Or sit back and listen while train rolls by

Hey it's a small town
They roll the sidewalks up come around sundown
Hey it's a small town
The place where we grew and still hang around

That rich young widow keeps talking to the preacher
Lord help their souls be saved
Mr. Johnson's daughter flew in from Nevada
When they put him in his grave
Tommy took a summer job in Pontiac
He's still writin letters but he's not coming back

Hey it's a small town
They roll the sidewalks up come around sundown
Hey it's a small town
The place where we grew up and still hang around

Hey it's a small town
They roll the sidewalks up come around sundown
Hey it's a small town
The place where we grew up and still hang around
I'm easy to be found
Here it's a small town