

## This Old Town

Kameron Marlowe

Them good old girls fall for them good old boys  
With big old trucks that make a bunch of noise  
We buy our beer when we fill our tank  
We drive around and drink and talk about how we hate

This old town and barbed wire fences  
Will get ya nowhere fast if you don't listen  
You get some dirt on your boots and cuss that ground  
While the rest of the world keeps spinnin' around  
This old town and barbed wire fences

Shotgun shells, red stop signs  
Sheriff parked down at the county line  
Yeah, it's always been like it is right now  
We don't know why, but we hang around

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Some made it out, yeah but I'm still here  
Fillin' my tank, and buyin' my beer  
But I'm headed home to a pretty girl and a porch light  
Now I know why some folks like

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Yeah, this old town and barbed wire fences