

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