

Hometown

Kane Brown

Oh Mr. Jackson cuts his grass after church on his tractor only after listening to the country countdown
He remembers all the 3 court sessions, giving lessons, never guessing, we go from dive bars to sold out
He just smiles, can't help but grin when he turns that dial on the FM
Here's an old friend, he can't believe it
Ain't that what it's all about, what it's all about, yeah

All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Make them turn it up loud, roll them windows down
All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Gonna give them that sound, everybody's talking about
We still that same old, same old southern boys
Still got that same old, same old southern voice
We're singing now
All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Make my hometown proud, make my hometown proud

All the whining through the years, all the grinding of the gears, all the passion and the tears, man it paid off
All the places that we see, all the people that we meet, it still feels like a dream that we're living off
It ain't the laughs and fame, it ain't the smoking flame
It's that sweet artist smile on my mama's face

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In every song, every way
In every move I've ever made
That's right, North West Georgia, where you all at?
In every song, every way
In every move I've ever made
Chanukah, Tennessee, turn it up
Come on

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