

# Home In A Hometown

Matt Stell

Ain't nothing but a cigarette, scratch-off, stop on your way to somewhere  
Only thing higher than the corn are steeples and the price of gas  
Only got one stoplight, one diner  
Where a few good old timers  
Still living in their glory days  
It's just Main Street and court house  
Ain't much to talk about  
We make the most of this place

Puts the back in the road  
When we pull off the highway  
The score on the board  
On a November Friday  
The hey, how you been, when you ain't been around  
Home in a hometown  
Put the punch in the clock  
'Cause that's just what we do  
Put cold on the beer  
When the work weeks through  
Put the raise of my pride in a little White House  
And my home in a hometown

Put the fire in the field and the country on the radio station  
We put our tails on gates and fill 'em up when our cups need raising  
Bunch of ball caps and blue jeans  
And it really ain't no new thing

Puts the back in the road  
When we pull off the highway  
The score on the board  
On a November Friday  
The hey, how you been, when you ain't been around  
Home in a hometown  
Put the punch in the clock  
'Cause that's just what we do  
Put cold on the beer  
When the work weeks through  
Put the raise of my pride in a little White House  
And my home in a hometown

Got your home team, home boys  
That drawl and the y'all in your your home voice  
Down home girl, when it's said and done  
Yeah, it's a home run

Puts the back in the road  
When we pull off the highway  
The score on the board  
On a November Friday  
The hey, how you been, when you ain't been around  
Yeah, we put the punch in the clock  
'Cause that's just what we do  
Put cold on the beer  
When the work weeks through  
Put the raise of my pride in a little White House  
And my home in a hometown  
Yeah, with a home in a hometown