

Small Town

Meghan Patrick

He used to feel good
He used to feel like home
Those NY fences never made me feel fenced in
With nowhere to go
I thought leaving you
Would give me space
But this ain't the kind of town
Where you can hide your face

There ain't enough air left to breathe with the way everyone is talkin', talkin'

Talkin' 'bout us like we're front page news
With half a story and with half the truth
Askin' how it fell apart or how I could break your heart
It don't even matter where I go
Down Main Street or an old back road
I'm either runnin' into you, your friends, or your memory
Yeah somehow this small town just got a whole lot smaller

There'll be one less truck
There'll be one less girl
There'll be one less reminder of us
Here in your world
If I keep on driving
And don't come back this time
Yeah they can take one number
Off the population sign, and
Quit talkin'

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