

Ghost Town

Sam Barber

Windows down
Cruisin' 'round singin' every song they know
'Cause they're still young
Just tryna live it up 'til the blood runs cold

And I can't count all these stories I've heard from family before me
How they'd backroad drink and wind up lost amongst the trees
Lettin' go of these roots has let this damn world grow so weak
God, the things I'd do to lift this ghost town off its knees

Remember days when you could go roll around
Crank a little George Strait and know every face in this town
Remember days a helping hand could always be found
Ice cold beer and baseball games were always common ground

Summer days
Mid-creek swimmin' and baling hay
When Sunday came
You sit around the table and say your grace

It's where my grandfather always told me to think 'fore I speak
Hell, that's probably why he's a man I strive to be
Lettin' go of these roots has let this damn world grow so weak
God, the things I'd do to lift this ghost town off its knees

Remember days when you could go roll around
Crank a little George Strait and know every face in this town
Remember days a helping hand could always be found
Ice cold beer and baseball games were always common ground

Windows down
Cruisin' 'round singin' every song that I know
'Cause I'm still young
And I'm just tryna live it up 'fore my blood runs cold