

Comeback Town

Sean Stemaly

You might think you're tired of Hank and Kaw-Liga on the radio dial
And over time that gravel drive gets longer than a country mile

Don't let your mind play tricks on you
The skies out there ain't quite this blue
In case you change your mind we'll leave on the lights
And them doors unlocked for you

You're gonna miss that Cherokee river
You're gonna wish them roads would wind
You're gonna hear that drawl a little thicker than the sap
That's dripping off the Georgia pines
We got fields that go on forever
We got roots a mile deep in this ground
When you're young then you run
But then one day you'll turn it around
When you come from a comeback town
Ooh y'all comeback town

You might think the grass is greener
Out there on some coast
But once you get your bare feet wet
Out there where the concrete grows

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Homemade wine
Hand-me-down land
Chicken fries better in your Grandma's pan
Oh, my, my
See the city lights
Do some living but give it some time

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When you come from a comeback town
Ooh y'all comeback town
Yeah