

Sticks and Stones

William Clark Green

There ain't a lot goin' on in this town,
Light one up, and you burn one down,
Yea, everybody got somethin' to say about every little subject,
Every single day,
My momma taught me to be better than that,
I'm checkin' out, gonna pack my bags

Load up the truck, hang up the phone,
Tell my baby I'm comin' home,
I ain't gonna listen to 'em bitch and moan,
Ain't nothin' but sticks and stones.

Yea you believe what you wanna believe,
Think that you know but you don't know me,
Yea, if you want someone to blame,
You can tell the whole town, you can curse my name,
I won't be beggin' for a second chance,
Do you really think that I give a damn?

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Hey!