

# I'll Be Your Small Town

[Cole Swindell](#)

Ain't nothing fancy bout how I talk  
It's a little bit slow full of ain'ts and y'all's  
Somewhere between some old school straight and McGraw  
I know you ain't ever been south of heaven  
But if you give me a red dirt chance I'm betting  
This one red light two lane guy will grow on ya'  
I can't be California But I can be your palm tree shade in the middle of summer  
Your tin roof rain, covered from the thunder  
Your back pew hallelujah Sunday morning prayer  
Yeah, I'll be where  
You can go when you know that it's all spinning too fast  
Slow kind of road, 35 on the dash  
A dot on the map for your heart when you need to slow down  
You be my whole world, I'll be your small town  
You got me up all night like New York city  
You got the Beverly high heels, dressed kinda pretty  
And every time I hold you I get to go there  
So when you want a little bit of middle of nowhere I'll be your palm tree shade in the middle of  
summer  
Your tin roof rain, covered from the thunder  
Your back pew hallelujah Sunday morning prayer  
Baby I'll be where  
You can go when you know that it's all spinning too fast  
Slow kind of road, 35 on the dash  
A dot on the map for your heart when you need to slow down  
You be my whole world, I'll be your small town  
Yeah, I'll be your small town I'll be your Friday night, never lyin', midnight 60  
You be the shooting star, I'll be the wisher  
That back road flying wind blowing through your hair  
I just wanna be where  
You can go when you know that it's all spinning too fast  
Slow kind of road, 35 on the dash  
A dot on the map for your heart when you need to slow down  
You be my whole world, I'll be your small town  
Girl, you be my whole world  
And I'll be your small town  
I'll be your small town

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>