

Home in a Hometown

Matt Stell & Jimmie Allen

Ain't nothing but a cigarette,
scratch-off, stop on your way to somewhere
Only thing higher than the corn are steeples and the price of gas
Only got one stoplight, one
diner
Where a few good old timers
Still living in their glory days
It's just Main Street and court house
Ain't much to talk about
We make the most of this place
Puts the back in the road
When we pull off the highway
The score on the board
On a November Friday
The hey, how you been, when you ain't been around
Home in a hometown
Put the punch in the clock
'Cause that's just what we do
Put cold on the beer
When the work weeks through
Put the raise of my pride in a little White House
And my home in a hometown
Put the fire in the field and the country on the radio station
We put our tails on gates and fill 'em up when our cups need raising
Bunch of ball caps and blue jeans
And it really ain't no new thing
Puts the back in the road
When we pull off the highway
The score on the board
On a November Friday
The hey, how you been, when you ain't been around
Home in a hometown
Put the punch in the clock
'Cause that's just what we do
Put cold on the beer
When the work weeks through
Put the raise of my pride in a little White House
And my home in a hometown
Got your home team, home boys
That drawl and the y'all in your your home voice
Down home girl, when it's said and done
Yeah, it's a home run
Puts the back in the road
When we pull off the highway
The score on the board
On a November Friday

The hey, how you been, when you ain't been around
Yeah, we put the punch in the clock
'Cause that's just what we do
Put cold on the beer
When the work weeks through
Put the raise of my pride in a little White House
And my home in a hometown
Yeah, with a home in a hometown

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