

## Burnin' It Down

Steve Earle

'Fore I was born, there were no limitations  
Said my goodbyes at the greyhound station  
Here I am half a mile from where I grew up  
In a parking lot sittin' in my pickup truck

And I'm thinkin' bout burnin' it down, boys  
Thinkin' bout burnin' it down  
Nothin's ever gonna be the same in this town...

Ten gallons of gas and a bottle of propane  
I took the lighter off my grill and I still can't  
Say for certain that this thing'll blow.  
But if it does I'm gonna be the first one to know.

I'm thinkin' bout burnin' it down, boys  
Thinkin' bout burnin' it down  
Nothin's ever gonna be the same in this town  
I'm thinkin' bout burnin' the Walmart down.

Always used to say I'd come back some day and settle down.  
I'm getting old. Got no place to go. It's all come unwound.

So I'm watching' the faces comin' and goin'  
Some of them strangers some that I know and  
It doesn't matter how much, how long I wait.  
Cause the door's always open and it's never too late.

And I'm thinkin' bout burnin' it down, boys  
Thinkin' bout burnin' it down  
Nothin's ever gonna be the same in this town  
And I'm thinkin' bout burnin' it down, boys  
Thinkin' bout burnin' it down  
Nothin's ever gonna be the same in this town  
I'm thinkin' bout burnin' the Walmart down.  
Thinkin' bout burnin' the Walmart down.  
I'm thinkin' bout burnin' it down.