

Look Who's Back from Town

George Strait

Those city lights drew you like a magnet
You were attracted to his high-falootin' crowd
I begged you not to go, but you still packed up
I've been expectin' you
Oh, look who's back from town

My old truck could not compare to his Mercedes
Did it humble you when you rode back on that Greyhound
You picked a plastic rose and left a field of daisies
I've been expectin' you
Oh, look who's back from town

What brings you back to this part of the country
Well let me guess, ol' loverboy let you down
Did he throw you away like his money
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