

# Small Town Girl

Kellie Pickler

I grew up where I could see the stars  
Drinking sweet tea from a Mason jar  
Dogwood trees like leaves through the pine  
People on the porch watching fireflies  
And driving 'round the Wal-Mart on a Friday night

I'm just a small town girl  
And that's all I'll ever be  
I'm just a small town girl  
Hey, that's alright with me

I'd rather be fishin' with grandpa on the lake  
Then getting all glammed up,  
Fake eyelashes on my face  
Cut off jeans and an old ball cap  
A town so small you don't need a map  
That's where I'm from and there ain't no changing me

I'm just a small town girl  
And that's all I'll ever be  
I'm just a small town girl  
Hey, that's alright with me

I'd rather ride in a Chevy truck than a Ferrari  
Give me a cheeseburger  
I ain't eating no calamari

I'm just a small town girl  
And that's all I'll ever be  
I'm just a small town girl  
Hey, that's alright with me

Coca-cola and apple pie  
Dirt roads and old clothes lines  
Familiar faces and dandelion bracelets  
You never meet a stranger  
And everybody helps out  
Soft green grass, Sunday school and wild flowers  
Driving  
Driving  
Driving  
Driving around

I'm just a small town girl  
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