I was eight years old and running with a dime in my hand Into the bus stop to pick up a paper for my old man I'd sit on his lap in that big old Buick and steer as we drove through town

He'd tousle my hair and say son take a good look around this is your hometown

This is your hometown

This is your hometown

This is your hometown

In '65 tension was running high at my high school There was a lot of fights between the black and white There was nothing you could do

Two cars at a light on a Saturday night in the back seat there was a gun

Words were passed in a shotgun blast

Troubled times had come to my hometown

My hometown

My hometown

My hometown

Now Main Street's whitewashed windows and vacant stores Seems like there ain't nobody wants to come down here no more They're closing down the textile mill across the railroad track s

Foreman says these jobs are going boys and they ain't coming back to your hometown

Your hometown

Your hometown

Your hometown

Last night me and Kate we laid in bed
Talking about getting out
Packing up our bags maybe heading south
I'm thirty-five we got a boy of our own now
Last night I sat him up behind the wheel and said son take a go
od look around

This is your hometown