

Hometown

Point Of Grace

Oh you can see it when you close your eyes
A Norman Rockwell painting come to life
With all the colors of a stained-glass window
All the characters and old dogs and kin folk

And it smells like bar-b-que and old garden roses
Yells like cheerleaders and football coaches
And it walks like a mayor and it dances like a prom
And it sleeps like a porch and it cooks like your mama

Hometown, hometown
May be the sweetest word with the sweetest sound
Hometown

And it's growing like tomatoes on the vine
Fading like a Dr. Pepper sign
Still preaching like a Pentecostal
And fishing like a backslider
And pulling little sisters in bright red radio flyers

And it marches in the veteran's day parade
And it proudly lets old glory wave

It's rodeos and county fairs
All farris wheels and canned up pears
It'll let you go just to welcome you back
No it don't get no better than that

Our hometown, yeah your hometown, hey our hometown, your hometo
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