

# 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 hometown

Oh you can see it when you close your eyes