

# This Town

Rehab

This town is my home, it's deep in my soul  
Thats why I'm at home, even when im on the road  
(2x)

Grew up in the backdrop, of a small town  
Nissan truck, dropped down  
Volkswagon Rabbit, with the top down  
Sittin on BBS's, how that sound  
Yeah, yall remeber that dont ya  
dont-da-da-dont-da-dont-da-dont-dont ya  
Thats where I come from Houston county  
No distance a tour bus can take me  
To make me forget gettin my ass whipped  
In the parking lot of Mazio's  
Skippin church the first time I heard Planet Rock come out a boombox  
That may be the day God saved my soul  
So, I take a little bit of everything I ever learned with me anywhere on thi  
s globe I go  
Nobody can take that, think back  
Linda Mae gave me the name  
Now Daddy Boone's in your radio  
And for those that think that I changed, I did  
The world out there took a naive kid  
Scarred his heart and beat him down  
And this songs me commin back around  
From out the town, what up folks

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Northside High School Makin beats on the top of my desk  
Whenever the techer left the room  
Three years of ridin the bench wantin' to play  
More than the last 13 seconds of the game, gotta get a name  
Hangin with the hood that loves my girlfriend  
Ended up doin everyone of em  
None of them ever thought I knew, but I do  
And it's cool cuz I used to do your boo too  
Stealin cigarettes and malt liqour  
Back of the Pep Rally in a cardigan sweater  
Vowed that I would quit partyin, never  
But now we got death and meth and nothin left  
But questions in our minds  
Do you really think this town is ever really gonna change in our time  
It's in the sky, a mile high  
It's on your table, that black label  
It's in your locker, that bottle of vodka  
Sardines, and pork & beans

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Sit on the trunk of a 66 Pontiac  
Where the party at?  
I'm askin my kinfolk as the sun gets low

Can I get a hit of your cognac?  
Hell no, yall know  
Aint nuthin but a corner left  
Did you hear about Peanut? He nutted up  
Four police cars, he was raisin hell  
Took mace and a billy club to shut him up  
Well, been sittin here by myself  
Drinkin on Easy Jesus  
With a dime to sell  
Hangin low cuz I just got out of jail myself  
One day I'm gonna leave this place  
And yall might never ever see my face again  
Friends been friends since we were little bitty  
Now were grown, and this is our hoome