

Detroit

Tyler Childers

Readin' and writin' on Route 23
It's hard to believe we've made it this far
So come on boys and grab your coats
Detroit's waitin' so get in the car

Well the wind it blows cold but the girls are on fire
They say they're the prettiest things you have seen
And I ain't a gambler but I'd bet the farm
That Detroit's a gold mine waiting for me

The sidewalks are always jammed in this town
I feel like a dam that's about to cut loose
And the girls they say, will treat you fine
Beg for your silver 'til you can't refuse

And I'd love to go back to the hills where I was born
Instead of workin' on cars that I can't afford
My pockets are empty my patience is torn
Oh look what's become of me

Mama I'm writin' to tell you I'm fine
I'm workin' real hard and I pray every night
So don't you worry I'm happy and free
Detroit's been like a blessing to me