

## 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