

Corsicana Lemonade

White Denim

Been ten years but I was a young man
Fifteen more and I'll be old
Couple years I may be a rich man
Where it ends up, I don't really know

Looking out your weathered windows
Reaching for what you can't hold
Considering the ways that the wind blows
Where it ends up you don't really know

You're just looking for a reason
And a place to call your own

Nacogdoches up to Lucas
Could you pick a better place to lose some change?
Down in Kemah it might seem
A little too long a walk out to La Grange

Corsicana, they might slam you
You'll be thirsty for a glass of lemonade
Try to slow down and hang around
Along the way

Looking out your weathered windows
Reaching for what you can't hold
Considering the ways that the wind blows
Where it ends up you don't really know

From Odessa up to Dumas
Could you pick a better place to lose some change?
Abilene, it might seem
Like Uvalde couldn't be further away
Waxahatcha, they could catch you
Chase you way back to Matagorta Bay

Nacogdoches up to Lucas
Could you pick a better place to lose some change?
Down in Kemah it might seem
A little too long a walk out to La Grange

Corsicana, they might slam you
You'd be thirsty for a glass of lemonade
Try to slow down and hang around
Along the way