

## 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?  
Abiline, 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