

In the Small Towns

In the small towns,
You can see the old men.
Sittin' 'round the courthouse
Like it was yesterday.
Laughing and smoking;
Talking and joking
Their hours away.
Theirs days away.

Hometown headline,
Wiregrass Farmer,
Blew his brains out
In quiet desperation.
Everyone was shocked.
Pity the family.
He had everything that he could ever want.
Or, so they thought.

In the small towns,
Stories are still the same;
History still remains
In the small towns.

Billy Barlow,
High school senior,
Died last night.
Out on the interstate.
He was driving fast from exit to exit.
Pretending he was running away.
No one bothered to say,
Or ask,
From what.

The screen door slams
As she hops into the car.
Tonight, she may, or she may not,
Go too far.
On a dark country road at night.
She'll be a woman.
And, he'll treat her right.
It will love at first sight.
It will be everything clear and bright.

In the small towns,
Stories are still the same.
Only the faces change.
Only the places change.

In the big towns,
You can see the young men
Hanging 'round the parking lot
Like it was yesterday.
Wishing and smoking;
Jiving and hoping
Their years away.
Their lives away.

In the big towns,
Stories are still the same.
Only the faces change.
Only the places change.

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