

John Anderson

"Small Town"

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You can talk about the weather
Or the mayor's sister
You can talk about small talk
You can walk the city limits
In a matter of minutes
Talk about taking a walk
You can count the stars in the clear night sky
Or sit back and listen while the train rolls by
Hey it's a small town
They roll the sidewalks up
Come around sundown
Hey it's a small town
The place where we grew up
And still hang around
That rich young widow
Keeps talkin' to the preacher
Lord help their souls be saved
And Mr. Johnson's daughter

Flew in from Nevada
When they put him in his grave
Tommy took a summer job in Pontiac
He's still writing letters but he's not coming back
Hey it's a small town
They roll the sidewalks up
Come around sundown
Hey it's a small town
The place where we grew up
And still hang around
Hey it's a small town
They roll the sidewalks up
Come around sundown
Hey it's a small town
The place where we grew up
And still hang around
I'm easy to be found
Hey it's a small town.

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