

Marshall Crenshaw

"God Bless This Town"

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(Rory Bourke/Phil Vassar)

I can tell I'm home by the way they're driving
The pace is slow and the air is clear
Ain't nobody in a real big hurry
There's not many deadlines to meet around here
I've been gone for way too long
Been too far out of touch
And lookin' around me I can see
That just being happy you don't need much

Oh, God bless this town
Tall church steeples and the big playgrounds
The streets roll up when the sun goes down
And love runs deep as the trees are round
I'm back on hallowed ground
God bless this town

I see the old bank clock's still broken
I guess they'll get around to it one of these days
Evelyn Pane's still working at the drugstore
They're still hanging out at the hardware on main
Not much changes here except the stoplight's red and
green
My old house still looks the same
And everybody is on the front porch waitin' on me

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Tall church steeples and the big playgrounds
The streets roll up when the sun goes down
And love runs deep as the trees are round
I'm back on hallowed ground
God bless this town

I remember the day I left here
Going out on my own
Mama said, "Boy no matter where you wind up
This will always be your home."

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