

Steve Earle & THE Dukes

"No.29"

Visit "[No.29](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

I was born and raised here this town's my town
Everybody knows my name But ever since the glass
plant closed down Things round here ain't never been
the same I got me a good job alright but some nights
Take me to another time Back when I was No. 29 I was
pretty good then don't you know watch him go Buddy I
could really fly Everyone in town came, hip flasks, horn
blasts Any autumn Friday night Sally yelled her heart
out push em back, way back I was hers and she was
mine Back when I was No. 29 We were playin' Smithville
big boys, farm boys Second down and four to go
Bubba brought the play in good call my ball Now
they're gonna see a show But Bubba let his man go I
cut back, heard it crack It still hurts me but I don't mind
Reminds me I was No. 29 Now I go to the ballgames
cold nights, half pints Friday nights I'm always here We
got a pretty good team, good boys, strong boys District
champs the last three years Got a little tailback pretty
slick, real quick I take him for a steak sometimes
Nowadays he's No. 29 I don't follow rainbows, big
dreams, brass rings I've already captured mine Back
when I was No. 29

Visit [Steve Earle & THE Dukes](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.