

## **Nanci Griffith**

### **"This Old Town"**

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This old town should've burned down in 1929  
That's when we stood in line  
Waiting for our soup  
Swallowing our pride

This old town should've burn down in 1931  
When the rain refused to come  
Air filled up our bellies, dust filled up our lungs  
And we thought our time had come

This old town was built by hand  
In the dust bowl of the motherland  
There must be rock beneath this sand  
Oh' I'll be damned, this town still stands

This old town should've burned down in 1944  
When the last men went to war  
They came back different  
If they came back at all

This old town should've burned down in 1956  
That's when the twister hit  
And all our hopes were buried  
Beneath the boards and bricks  
And we almost called it quits

This old town was built by hand  
In the dust bowl of the motherland  
There must be rock beneath this sand  
Oh' I'll be damned, this town still stands

Somewhere in the distance  
The city lights do shine  
The sidewalks gleam with neon dreams  
That call from time to time

When my children's children  
Ask me why didn't I go  
They say the heart of any town  
Is the people that you've known  
They'll always call you home

This old town was built by hand  
In the dust bowl of the motherland  
There must be rock beneath this sand  
Oh I'll be damned, this town still stands

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