

Josh Abbott "Idalou"

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There's faded paint down Walnut Street.
That's the cotton gin where the farmers meet.
There's the water tower I never had the guts to climb.
Sums up how some folks live and other folks die trying.

She'll pick you up and she'll pull you down.
Everyone waves when they're driving through town.
The faces may change but the last names never do.
It's the beautiful way of life in Idalou.

Just north of the highway is my dad's old work barn.
Down the road from there is where the Isoms farm.
Coach Taylor retired after finally winning state.
They'll all move on but the story will stay the same.

She'll pick you up and she'll pull you down.
Everyone waves when they're driving through town.
The faces may change but the last names never do.
It's the beautiful way of life in Idalou.

There's a sole traffic light; one side is red,
most people stop and stay 'til they're dead.
The other side's yellow; proceed with caution,
but if you keep going you may be forgotten.

She'll pick you up and she'll pull you down.
Everyone waves when they're driving through town.
The faces may change but the last names never do.
It's the beautiful way of life in Idalou.
It's the beautiful way of life for me and you

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