

Rehab "This Town"

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[Chorus x2]

This town is my home, it's deep in my soul
That's why I'm at home, even when I'm on the road

[Verse 1]

Grew up in the backdrop, of a small town
Nissan truck, dropped down
Volkswagon Rabbit, with the top down
Sittin on BBS's, how that sound
Yeah, y'all remember that don't ya
don't-da-da-don't-da-don't-da-don't ya
That's where I come from Houston county
No distance a tour bus can take me
To make me forget gettin my ass whipped
In the parking lot of Mazio's
Skippin church the first time I heard Planet Rock come
out a boombox
That may be the day God saved my soul
So, I take a little bit of everything I ever learned with me
anywhere on this globe I go
Nobody can take that, think back
Linda Mae gave me the name
Now Daddy Boone's in your radio
And for those that think that I changed, I did
The world out there took a naive kid
Scarred his heart and beat him down
And this song's me comin back around
From out the town, what up folks

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]

Northside High School Makin beats on the top of my
desk
Whenever the teacher left the room
Three years of ridin the bench wantin' to play
More than the last 13 seconds of the game, gotta get a
name
Hangin with the hood that loves my girlfriend

Ended up doin everyone of em
None of them ever thought I knew, but I do

And it's cool cuz I used to do your boo too
Stealin cigarettes and malt liquour
Back of the Pep Rally in a cardigan sweater
Vowed that I would quit partyin, never
But now we got death and meth and nothin left
But questions in our minds
Do you really think this town is ever really gonna
change in our time
It's in the sky, a mile high
It's on your table, that black label
It's in your locker, that bottle of vodka
Sardines, and pork & beans

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

Sit on the trunk of a 66 Pontiac
Where the party at?
I'm askin my kinfolk as the sun gets low
Can I get a hit of your cognac?
Hell no, yall know
Aint nuthin but a corner left
Did you hear about Peanut? He nuttet up
Four police cars, he was raisin hell
Took mace and a billy club to shut him up
Well, been sittin here by myself
Drinkin on Easy Jesus
With a dime to sell
Hangin low cuz I just got out of jail myself
One day I'm gonna leave this place
And yall might never ever see my face again
Friends been friends since we were little bitty
Now were grown, and this is our hooome

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