

Steve Earle "No. 29"

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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 Number 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 Number 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 Number 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 quick, real slick
I take him for a steak sometimes
Nowadays he's Number 29

I don't follow rainbows, big dreams, brass rings
I've already captured mine
Back when I was Number 29

