

Tom T. Hall

"Pratt Street"

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(Tom T. Hall)

Pratt Street that street where I was born and raised.

I know that no one knows me as I walk along this street
Revisiting the town that made a traveler out of me
I hear a mother screaming at her kid that's done some
wrong
Daddy's gonna bust your hide when he gets home.

Well, somewhere beans're cooking and they smell
about half done
I see a young girl hanging clothes to dry out in the sun
She sees me looking at her and I guess it makes her
sore
She says ain't you ever seen a bra before.

Pratt Street that street where I was born and raised.

Two women lean across an old white weather-beaten
fence
One smiles at me and waves her beer and says hey
come on in
She tosses back her head when she discovers I won't
speak
Hey, you're not allowed to sell things on this street.

Well, the factories're hummin' as they did so long ago
Pratt Street is now blanketed with thirty years of smoke
An old man tries in vain to put a muffler on a car
With a hammer and a rusty pair of pliers.

Pratt Street that street where I was born and raised.

I flag a taxi down and ride on back to my hotel
Things may change in heaven but they'd never change
in hell
They say you can't go home again but brother I was
there
And I suspect the people just don't care.

Pratt Street that street where I was born and raised...

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