

Lost Trailers, The "Love and War"

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The sun is up and I'm on the rise;
Head to work but I'm feeling fine.
Seems like everybody that I know has come around.
We're just a small town.

When Al and John and I were kids,
I did what a younger brother did.
I would watch them chase rattlers from the ground,
And I prayed they'd never leave this town.

But Al and John went to Iraq.
When Al came home he held my mother's hand.
As the church bells rang the whole crowd broke down.
War in a small town.

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When Al came home he held my mother's hand.
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War in a small town.

When my work is done and the moon comes up,
I'm gonna call the preacher's daughter and start my truck.
Everybody but the preacher knows where we're bound,
But ain't no one talkin' since my brother went down.

We're gonna cross the strip to the liquor store,
We're gonna pass the party on the river's shore.
Tonight she says she wants higher ground
Way above the lights of our home town.

And one day she will be my wife.
And the preacher will swear that we've done it right.
But if he could hear tonight these sounds;
Love in a small town.

Well I don't guess that I'll ever see
Paris, Rome, or NYC.
The Strip and the river that's where I'm found;
We're just a small town; We're just a small town.

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