

# Home in a Hometown

Matt Stell & Jimmie Allen

Ain't nothing but a cigarette,  
scratch-off, stop on your way to somewhere  
Only thing higher than the corn are steeples and the price of gas  
Only got one stoplight, one  
diner

Where a few good old timers  
Still living in their glory days  
It's just Main Street and court house

Ain't much to talk about  
We make the most of this place  
Puts the back in the road  
When we pull off the highway

The score on the board  
On a November Friday  
The hey, how you been, when you ain't been around

Home in a hometown  
Put the punch in the clock  
'Cause that's just what we do  
Put cold on the beer

When the work weeks through  
Put the raise of my pride in a little White House  
And my home in a hometown  
Put the fire in the field and the country on the radio station  
We put our tails on gates and fill 'em up when our cups need raising

Bunch of ball caps and blue jeans  
And it really ain't no new thing  
Puts the back in the road

When we pull off the highway  
The score on the board  
On a November Friday  
The hey, how you been, when you ain't been around

Home in a hometown  
Put the punch in the clock  
'Cause that's just what we do  
Put cold on the beer

When the work weeks through  
Put the raise of my pride in a little White House  
And my home in a hometown  
Got your home team, home boys  
That drawl and the y'all in your your home voice

Down home girl, when it's said and done  
Yeah, it's a home run  
Puts the back in the road  
When we pull off the highway

The score on the board  
On a November Friday

The hey, how you been, when you ain't been around  
Yeah, we put the punch in the clock  
'Cause that's just what we do  
Put cold on the beer  
When the work weeks through  
Put the raise of my pride in a little White House  
And my home in a hometown  
Yeah, with a home in a hometown

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>