

# Hometown

## Point Of Grace

Oh, you can see it when you close your eyes  
A Norman Rockwell painting come to life  
With all the colors of a stained-glass window  
All the characters and old dogs and kin folk  
And it smells like barbecue and old garden roses  
Yells like cheerleaders and football coaches  
And it walks like a mayor and it dances like a prom  
And it sleeps like a porch and it cooks like your mama  
Hometown, hometown  
May be the sweetest word  
With the sweetest sound  
Hometown  
And it's growing like tomatoes on the vine  
Fading like a Dr. Pepper sign  
Still preaching like a Pentecostal and fishing like a backslider  
And pulling little sisters in bright red radio flyers  
And it marches in the veteran's day parade  
And it proudly lets old glory wave  
It's rodeos and county fairs  
All Farris wheels and canned up pears  
It'll let you go just to welcome you back  
No, it don't get no better than that  
Hometown, hometown  
May be the sweetest word  
With the sweetest sound  
Hometown, hometown  
May be the sweetest word  
With the sweetest sound  
Our hometown, yeah, your hometown  
Hey, our hometown, your hometown  
Oh, you can see it when you close your eyes

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