

# This Kind of Town

Justin Moore

In this kind of town people stay together  
Nobody leaves unless they leave forever  
But then again, they don't really leave  
'Cause deep down inside of me I know Heaven's gotta be  
This kind of town In this kind of town we know how to fix it  
We know how to make it, we know how to mix it  
Friday night lasts all weekend long  
We crank it up loud and sing a little song about  
This kind of town We work hard, play hard  
Take our paychecks straight to the Walmart  
Girls will out drank you  
Boys will out Hank you  
Tie a yellow ribbon on a tree to say thank you  
Sunday morning rolls around  
We walk up the aisle and kneel down  
We look around at all we've been given  
And we thank God to be living in  
This kind of town  
(whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa) In this kind of town there's peanuts in a bottle  
The old men ramble at the brand new McDonald's  
Talk about the war and the football team  
Saying Lordy me I never thought I'd live to see this kind of town We work hard, play hard  
Take our paychecks straight to the Walmart  
Girls will out drank you  
Boys will out Hank you  
Tie a yellow ribbon on a tree to say thank you  
Sunday morning rolls around  
We walk up the aisle and kneel down  
We look around at all we've been given  
And we thank God to be living in  
This kind of town No it ain't everything but let me tell you, it's everything In this kind of town people stay  
together  
Nobody leaves unless they leave forever  
But then again they don't really leave  
'Cause deep down inside of me I know Heaven's gotta be  
This kind of town  
(whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)  
This kind of town  
(whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)

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