

Stick Around

Granger Smith

Gonna hop on the train today,
I've got nowhere to go, no reason to stay.
In four years I've traveled a hundred and sixty thousand miles
And the wind keeps pulling me out.

Maybe I go cause I'm chasing something.
Maybe I go cause something's chasing me.
Maybe I leave cause I've yet to find someone
To look me in the face and say

Stick around
I want you next to me, so stick around.
There ain't no reason for leaving
Yeah, the road's been hard, boy,
But I'll never let you down
So come on, stick around.

Postcards and road maps,
Empty alleyways, cigarettes.
Five miles to my next exit
And I'll be singing to a room of strangers.

I miss my family, I miss my brother,
I wonder if his son is ever gonna know me.
I wonder if I'll have a son that I can call my own
I wish someone would hold me down and say

Stick around,
At least occasionally, stick around.
There ain't no reason for leaving
This life's too good, boy,
And I think you're missing out,
So come on, stick around,
Stick around.

I'm gonna hop on the train
Got nowhere to go, no reason to stay.
In four years I've traveled a hundred and sixty thousand miles
Maybe one day, maybe I will
Maybe I will, maybe I will

Stick around.

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