

Talkin' Putnam Blues

Corey Cyr

'94 born and raised
Still livin' in this little town these days
Rockin', rollin', lovin', free
This town will always be home to me.
No matter how far I go. One of the places to go before you die
So I've heard and I'm not sure why
We got the courthouse, St. Mary's steeple
Known for antiques and loads of old people
So just antiques I guess Summers we got mornin' fog
Sweepin' up off the Quinebaug
Rises up over the mills
And fades off into the hills
We sure do love that dirty water. This little town just moves so slow
Nobody has their own road to go
It's such a shame
Everyone's song remains the same
Same shit different day is the saying around here

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