# This Old Town

## Nanci Griffith

This old town should've burned down in 1929
That's when we stood in line
Waiting for our soup
Swallowing our prideThis old town should've burned down in 1931
When the rain refused to come
Air filled up our bellies, dust filled up our lungs
And we thought our time had comeThis old town was built by hand
In the dust bowl of the motherland
There must be rock beneath this sand
Oh' I'll be damned, this town still standsThis old town should've burned down in 1944
When the last men went to war
They came back different
If they came back at allThis old town should've burned down in 1956
That's when the twister hit
And all our hopes were buried
Beneath the boards and bricks
And we almost called it quitsThis old town was built by hand
In the dust bowl of the motherland
There must be rock beneath this sand
Oh' I'll be damned, this town still standsSomewhere in the distance
The city lights do shine
The sidewalks gleam with neon dreams
That call from time to timeWhen my children's children
Ask me why didn't I go
They say the heart of any town
Is the people that you've known
They'll always call you homeThis old town was built by hand
In the dust bowl of the motherland
There must be rock beneath this sand
Oh I'll be damned, this town still stands

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