

# Small Town Girl

[Kellie Pickler](#)

I grew up where I could see the stars  
Drinking sweet tea from a mason jar  
Dogwood trees like leaves through the pines  
People on the porch watchin' fireflies  
And drivin' round the Wal-Mart on a Friday night  
I'm just a small town girl  
And that's all I'll ever be  
I'm just a small town girl  
Hey, that's alright with me  
I'd rather be fishin' with grandpa on the lake  
Than gettin' all glamed up fake eyelashes on my face  
Cut off jeans and an old ball cap  
A town so small you don't need a map  
It's where I'm from and there ain't no changin' me  
I'm just a small town girl  
And that's all I'll ever be  
I'm just a small town girl  
Hey, that's all right with me  
I'd rather ride in a Chevy truck than a Ferrari  
Give me a cheeseburger, I ain't eatin' no calamari  
I'm just a small town girl  
And that's all I'll ever be  
I'm just a small town girl  
Hey, that's all right with me  
Coca-Cola and apple pie, dirt roads and old clothes lines  
Familiar faces and dandelion bracelets  
You never meet a stranger and everybody helps out  
Soft green grass, Sunday school and wild flowers  
Drivin', drivin', drivin', drivin' around  
I'm just a small town girl  
I'm just a small town girl  
I'm just a small town girl  
I'm just a small town girl

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