

# Wal-mart Parking Lot

[Joe Nichols](#)

In the little town where I'm from  
We've got a two-way street where everybody runs  
Big silver moon shines through the pines  
Just about says it for our sky line  
No one's complaining about nothing changing here  
Local paper has a page or two  
Just about covers the hometown news  
One kind of button on the radio dial  
Crankin' out country for a country mile  
No one's complaining about nothing changing here  
All summer long the nights are hot  
Hanging out here in the parking lot  
Sitting on the hood of your pickup truck  
Talking to your girl about falling in love  
Yeah everybody here is a member of  
The Wal-Mart Parking Lot Social Club  
Ain't nothing broke nothing to fix  
Things are just rocking here in the sticks  
A little laid back we ain't going fast  
Kinda like living life here in the past but  
No one's complaining about nothing changing here

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