

Burnin It Down

Steve Earle

'Fore I was born, there were no limitations
Said my goodbyes at the greyhound station
Here I am half a mile from where I grew up
In a parking lot sittin' in my pickup truck
And I'm thinkin' bout burnin' it down, boys
Thinkin' bout burnin' it down
Nothin's ever gonna be the same in this town?
Ten gallons of gas and a bottle of propane
I took the lighter off my grill and I still can't
Say for certain that this thing'll blow.
But if it does I'm gonna be the first one to know.
I'm thinkin' bout burnin' it down, boys
Thinkin' bout burnin' it down
Nothin's ever gonna be the same in this town
I'm thinkin' bout burnin' the Walmart down.

Always used to say I'd come back some day and settle down.
I'm getting old. Got no place to go. It's all come unwound.
So I'm watching' the faces comin' and goin'
Some of them strangers some that I know and
It doesn't matter how much, how long I wait.
Cause the door's always open and it's never too late.
And I'm thinkin' bout burnin' it down, boys
Thinkin' bout burnin' it down
Nothin's ever gonna be the same in this town
And I'm thinkin' bout burnin' it down, boys
Thinkin' bout burnin' it down
Nothin's ever gonna be the same in this town
I'm thinkin' bout burnin' the Walmart down.
Thinkin' bout burnin' the Walmart down.
I'm thinkin' bout burnin' it down.

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