

Little Town

Lonestar

If you blink, you might miss it:
Population: 803.
Five miles long, four miles wide: feels just right to me.
Where a handshake still means something,
An' the little man still counts.
Water tastes like it's supposed to:
Yeah, folks 'round here are proud,
To be from a little town. Well, the stars, they just seem brighter,
An' the pace is nice an' slow.
An' families stay together.
God must be smilin' down here on little town.
There's a cardboard lemonade stand at the end of our drive.
For fifty cents, they'll fill you up:
He's seven an' she's five.
An' in the Fall, there's Football Fridays:
We pack the kids an' we head out.
We climb the stands and pass the band,
And join the hometown crowd,
An' scream for little town.
Well, the stars, they just seem brighter,
An' the pace is nice an' slow.
An' families stay together.
God must be smilin' down here on little town.
Aren't you glad we settled down here in little town? If you blink, you might miss it:
Population: 803.
Five miles long, four miles wide: feels just right to me.

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