

# Hometown (Acoustic)

[Brandon Stansell](#)

It's been a while since I've seen you  
With your one red light and Baptist steeple  
The people here are hard to face  
The memories harder to erase  
Of all the things that make up what was home  
It's funny how they make me feel alone  
But I can't change it and that's okay  
'Cause I've learned to let it go  
It's out of my control  
It might sound crazy but  
I should say thank you  
'Cause now I finally know who I really am  
And I'm made from my hometown  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Hmmmm  
It's hard to talk to my old man  
Who doesn't seem to understand  
And my Mamma don't know anymore  
All these late night talks turn to fight and wars  
Yeah, with all the things that make up what was home  
It's funny how they make me feel alone  
But I can't change it and that's okay  
'Cause I've learned to let it go  
It's out of my control  
It might sound crazy but  
I should say thank you  
'Cause now I finally know who I really am  
And I'm made from my hometown  
Of all the plans and all the dreams  
And all the things you thought that I should be  
No, but from the twists, the turns, the pain, the hurt  
The things I've learned have led me to believe  
That, I can't change it and that's okay  
'Cause I've learned to let it go  
It might sound crazy but  
I should say thank you  
'Cause now I finally know who I really am, yeah  
Now, I can't change it and that's okay  
'Cause I've learned to let it go  
It's out of my control  
It might sound crazy but  
I should say thank you  
'Cause now I finally know who I really am  
And I'm made from my hometown  
Yes, I'm made from my hometown  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Ooooohhhh

Mmmmh hh

Mmmmh hh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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