No. 29

Steve Earle & The Dukes

I was born and raised here, this town's my town
Everybody knows my name
But ever since the glass plant closed down
Things 'round here ain't never been the sameI got me a good job alright but some nights
Take me to another time
Back when I was Number 29I was pretty good then don't you know, watch him go
Buddy, I could really fly
Everyone in town came, hip flasks, horn blasts
Any autumn Friday nightSally yelled her heart out push 'em back, way back
I was hers and she was mine
Back when I was Number 29We were playin' Smithville big boys, farm boys
Second down and four to go
Bubba brought the play in good call my ball
Now, they're gonna see a showBut Bubba let his man go I cut back, heard it crack
It still hurts me but I don't mind
Reminds me I was Number 29Now, I go to the ballgames cold nights, half pints
Friday nights, I'm always here
We got a pretty good team, good boys, strong boys
District champs the last three yearsGot a little tailback pretty quick, real slick
I take him for a steak sometimes
Nowadays he's Number 29I don't follow rainbows, big dreams, brass rings
I've already captured mine
Back when I was Number 29

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