Crazy Town

John Michaels

Roll into town, step off the bus
Shake off the where you came from dust
Grab you guitar, walk down the street
Sign says Nashville, Tennessee
But I have found
It's a crazy town, full of neon dreams
Everybody plays, everybody sings
Hollywood with a touch of twang
To be a star you gotta bang, bang, bang
Bend those strings 'til the Hank comes out
Make all the drunk girls scream and shout
We love it, we hate it, we're all just trying to make it
In this crazy town
Pay your dues, and you play for free
And you pray for a honky tonk destiny
You cut your teeth in the smoky bars
And live off the tips from a pickle jar
'Til you find a cool new sound
And you smile when the record man shoots you down
It's a crazy town, full of neon dreams
Everybody plays, everybody sings
Hollywood with a touch of twang
To be a star you gotta bang, bang, bang
Bend those strings 'til the Hank comes out
Make all the drunk girls scream and shout
We love it, we hate it, we're all just trying to make it
In this crazy town
One year they repossess your truck
And the next you make a couple million bucks
It's a crazy town full of neon dreams
Everybody plays, everybody sings
Hollywood with a touch of twang
To be a star you gotta
Bend those strings 'til the Hank comes out
Make all the drunk girls scream and shout
We love it, we hate it, we're all just trying to make it
We love it, we hate it, we all came here to make it
In this crazy town, it's a crazy town

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