

Hometown

Point of Grace

Oh, you can see it when you close your eyes
A Norman Rockwell painting come to life
With all the colors of a stained-glass window
All the characters and old dogs and kin folk
And it smells like barbecue and old garden roses
Yells like cheerleaders and football coaches
And it walks like a mayor and it dances like a prom
And it sleeps like a porch and it cooks like your mama
Hometown, hometown
May be the sweetest word
With the sweetest sound
Hometown
And it's growing like tomatoes on the vine
Fading like a Dr. Pepper sign
Still preaching like a Pentecostal and fishing like a backslider
And pulling little sisters in bright red radio flyers
And it marches in the veteran's day parade
And it proudly lets old glory wave
It's rodeos and county fairs
All Farris wheels and canned up pears
It'll let you go just to welcome you back
No, it don't get no better than that
Hometown, hometown
May be the sweetest word
With the sweetest sound
Hometown, hometown
May be the sweetest word
With the sweetest sound
Our hometown, yeah, your hometown
Hey, our hometown, your hometown
Oh, you can see it when you close your eyes

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