

# Coldwater, Tennessee

## Dallas Wayne

A pine-log shack a mile off the state road  
Daddy took odd jobs, momma raised us three  
Times were mean, and our home was a haven  
It was all we had, in Coldwater Tennessee Tougher than hell, daddy sang like an angel  
The rhythm of the mountains seemed to set him free  
One night he ran, headed north with his martin  
And everything we'd saved in Coldwater Tennessee Rusted dreams turn gold in Nashville  
The stars ride high and the satellites beam  
Pretty love songs, voices you remember  
All the way on down to Coldwater Tennessee The headline says "local man hits big time"  
Just look at those clothes and his brand-new family  
Lyin' in bed, just starin' at his picture  
The favorite son of Coldwater Tennessee A teenage kid on a one-way ticket  
Yeah, tonight he's bound for the Opry  
By the backstage door, he'll wait in the darkness  
Like he did so long, in Coldwater Tennessee The crowd draws close, the door swings open  
Cameras flash, and the pretty girls scream  
Then a burst of fire, and a shout from the shadows  
"This is from your fans in Coldwater Tennessee" Rusted dreams turn gold in Nashville  
The stars ride high, for a while it seems  
But tomorrow at dawn, there'll be one star fallen  
He'll be coming back down to Coldwater Tennessee  
Yes, they'll bury him there in Coldwater Tennessee

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