

This Kind Of Town

Justin Moore

In this kind of town people stay together
Nobody leaves unless they leave forever
But then again, they don't really leave
'Cause deep down inside of me I know Heaven's gotta be
This kind of town In this kind of town we know how to fix it
We know how to make it, we know how to mix it
Friday night lasts all weekend long
We crank it up loud and sing a little song about
This kind of town We work hard, play hard
Take our paychecks straight to the Walmart
Girls will out drank you
Boys will out Hank you
Tie a yellow ribbon on a tree to say thank you
Sunday morning rolls around
We walk up the aisle and kneel down
We look around at all we've been given
And we thank God to be living in
This kind of town
(whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa) In this kind of town there's peanuts in a bottle
The old men ramble at the brand new McDonald's
Talk about the war and the football team
Saying Lordy me I never thought I'd live to see this kind of town We work hard, play hard
Take our paychecks straight to the Walmart
Girls will out drank you
Boys will out Hank you
Tie a yellow ribbon on a tree to say thank you
Sunday morning rolls around
We walk up the aisle and kneel down
We look around at all we've been given
And we thank God to be living in
This kind of town No it ain't everything but let me tell you, it's everything In this kind of town people stay
together
Nobody leaves unless they leave forever
But then again they don't really leave
'Cause deep down inside of me I know Heaven's gotta be
This kind of town
(whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)
This kind of town

(whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)

Songwriters

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