

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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