# Get Loud

## Adam Brand

You might think it's a one- horse town
No traffic lights, one roundabout
Beccy runs the corner shop
Shuts the door at five o'clockYou might think this town is dead
'Cause we ain't got no drive through yet
Our one garage don't open nights
Truckies they just roll on by
But down the road at The Grand Hotel
Saturday nights are as hot as hellThe band plays, cold beer flows
Stomp the floor and dance 'till close
Comes alive when the sun goes down
Country boys and girls get loudBilly Rigg he owns The Grand
He's filled the fridge, he's booked the band
Six o'clock he preps the troops
Eight o'clock all hell breaks looseIt's four o'clock in the afternoon
Locals know what's coming soon
From the west there's a cloud of dust
They're coming in there comin fast

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