

I'll Be Your Small Town

Cole Swindell

Ain't nothing fancy bout how I talk
It's a little bit slow full of ain'ts and y'all
Somewhere between some old school straight and McGraw
I know you ain't ever been south of heaven
But if you give me a red dirt chance I'm betting
This one red light, two lane guy will grow on you
I can't be California

But I can be your palm tree shade in the middle of summer
Your tin roof rain, covered from the thunder
Your back pew hallelujah Sunday morning prayer
Yeah, I'll be where
You can go when you know that it's all spinning too fast
Slow kind of road, 35 on the dash
A dot on the map for your heart when you need to slow down
You be my whole world, I'll be your small town

You got me up all night like New York city
You got the Beverly high heels, dressed kinda pretty
And every time I hold you I get to go there
So when you want a little bit of middle of nowhere

But I can be your palm tree shade in the middle of summer
Your tin roof rain, covered from the thunder
Your back pew hallelujah Sunday morning prayer
Baby I'll be where
You can go when you know that it's all spinning too fast
Slow kind of road, 35 on the dash
A dot on the map for your heart when you need to slow down
You be my whole world, I'll be your small town
Yeah, I'll be your small town

I'll be your Friday night, misery light midnight sixer
You be the shooting star, I'll be the wisher
That back road flying wind blowing through your hair
I just wanna be where

You can go when you know that it's all spinning too fast
Slow kind of road, 35 on the dash
A dot on the map for your heart when you need to slow down
You be my whole world, I'll be your small town
Girl, you be my whole world
And I'll be your small town
I'll be your small town