

This Ain't The Same Town

Dean Brody

There's brand new Ranger Rovers
All over these streets
And the people who drive 'em
Ain't no kin to me
I guess the gun racks and six packs
All left when I did
This ain't the same town
That I painted red

With a pair of black tire marks
On old airport road
Racing for the pink slip
In my white gto
Well it's only ten-thirty
And their all home in bed
This ain't the same town
That I painted red

They'll probably look at me funny
Or lock me up good
If I drove down main street
With a deer on my hood
No more eight-ball at Bulldogs
Now it's Starbucks in the store
No this ain't the same town
That I painted red

At the old golden palace
On a Friday night tear
With Amber Lin Austin
And her frosty blonde hair
Now when I see her daddy
He don't want me dead
No this ain't the same town
That I painted red

Here we go boys

Theres no faded blue jeans
Her own worn out boots
Yes what they call progress
Is done plowed up my roots
Now I'm sure they're good folks
But with that being said
This ain't the same town
That I painted red
No this ain't the same town
That I painted red