

# They Don't Make Anything In That Town

Donovan Woods

My mom and dad arrived  
1975  
Houses were so cheap man alive  
My dad was digging holes  
My momma drove the bus  
They bought a little house,  
They made love  
They don't make anything in that town now  
I had a old ford truck  
Swung by to pick you up  
Drove down your daddy's lane  
And we drove back up  
We went to see some play  
When I took you back home again  
We parked in your daddy's bean field and we made out  
They don't make anything in that town now  
My friend ryan drove  
Full speed off a road  
For him that was it  
But his truck got fixed  
And at the gathering I got asked to sing  
I sang, "for every mile of road you gotta make two miles of ditch"  
But they don't make anything in that town now  
All them chained up doors  
Windows made of wood  
Bad as it is now, it was never that good  
I was gonna drive a truck  
I was gonna answer phones  
I started making up songs and made it out  
They don't make anything in that town now  
They don't make anything in that town