

Small Town Girl

Kellie Pickler

I grew up where I could see the stars
Drinking sweet tea from a Mason jar
Dogwood trees like leaves through the pine
People on the porch watching fireflies
And driving 'round the Wal-Mart on a Friday night

I'm just a small town girl
And that's all I'll ever be
I'm just a small town girl
Hey, that's alright with me

I'd rather be fishin' with grandpa on the lake
Then getting all glammed up,
Fake eyelashes on my face
Cut off jeans and an old ball cap
A town so small you don't need a map
That's where I'm from and there ain't no changing me

I'm just a small town girl
And that's all I'll ever be
I'm just a small town girl
Hey, that's alright with me

I'd rather ride in a Chevy truck than a Ferrari
Give me a cheeseburger
I ain't eating no calamari

I'm just a small town girl
And that's all I'll ever be
I'm just a small town girl
Hey, that's alright with me

Coca-cola and apple pie
Dirt roads and old clothes lines
Familiar faces and dandelion bracelets
You never meet a stranger
And everybody helps out
Soft green grass, Sunday school and wild flowers
Driving
Driving
Driving
Driving around

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