

## Creeker

Tyler Childers

In a small corner bar he sits there a-drinkin'  
Lost as a ball in a field full of corn  
Further away than he ever imagined  
That he'd ever end up from the place he was born

Now no more forlorn as the Creeker drank whiskey  
Than the one that you see outside of your eye  
Drinkin' alone as he looks out the window  
At all of the strangers on the corner outside

He'd rather be dead  
Than alive one more minute  
In this godforsaken town  
When he was a kid  
Lord, he'd never have dreamed it  
All the ways that the city can bring a country boy down

Now they knew not his name and he knew not their faces  
And he knew not the how nor the reason for why  
You could ever wake up and wanna keep on a-livin'  
In a place where a friend is such a hard thing to find

And for everyone you meet there's a whole mess of people  
Tryin' like hell to pull you on down  
To the level they're on and the trouble they're tendin'  
In the mess that they've made, in the gutter they found

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Some fellas do pills and things of that nature  
Some fellas chase girls to hang on their arm  
Some fellas get by on practically nothin'  
Some fellas get pissed in a small corner bar

And they'd rather be dead  
Than alive one more minute  
In this godforsaken town  
When they were all kids  
Lord, they'd never have dreamed it  
All the ways that the city can bring a country boy down