

Hometown

Kane Brown

Oh mr. jackson cuts his grass after church on his tractor
Only after listening to the country countdown
He remembers all the 3 court sessions
Giving lessons, never guessing
We go from dive bars to sold out
He just smiles, can't help but grin when he turns that dial on the FM
Here's an old friend, he can't believe it
Ain't that what it's all about
What it's all about, yeah
All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Make them turn it up loud
Roll them windows down
All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Wanna give them that sound
Everybody's talking about
We still the same old, same old southern boys
Still got the same old, same old southern boys
We're singing now
All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Make my hometown proud
Make my hometown proud
All the whining through the years
All the grinding of the gears
All the passion and the tears
Man it paid off
All the places that we see
All the place that we meet
It still feels like a dream
That we're living off
It ain't the laughs and fame
It ain't the smoking flames
It's that sweet artist smile on my mama's face
All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Make them turn it up loud
Roll them windows down
All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Gonna give them that sound
Everybody's talking about
We still the same old, same old southern boys
Still got the same old, same old southern boys
We're singing now
All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Make my hometown proud

Make my hometown proud(Guitar)In every song
Every way
In every move I've ever made
That's right, north west Georgia, where you all at?
In every song
Every way
In every move I've ever made
Chanukah, Tennessee, turn it up
Come onAll I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Make them turn it up loud
Roll them windows down
All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
Gonna give them that sound
Everybody's talking about
We still the same old, same old southern boys
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All I wanna do is make my hometown proud
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