

# I'll Be Your Small Town

Cole Swindell

[Verse 1]

Ain't nothing fancy 'bout how I talk  
It's little bit slow, full of ain't and yaws  
Somewhere between some old school Strait and McGraw  
I know you ain't ever been south of heaven  
But if you give me a red dirt chance I'm betting  
This one red light, two lane guy will grow on you  
I can't be California

[Chorus]

But I can be your pine tree shade in the middle of summer  
Your tin roof, rain cover from the thunder  
Your back pew hallelujah Sunday morning prayer  
Yeah, I'll be where  
You can go when you know that it's all spinning too fast  
Slow kinda road, thirty-five on the dash  
That dot on the map for your heart when you need to slow down  
You'll be my whole world, I'll be your small town

[Verse 2]

You got me up all night like New York City  
You got the Beverly high heels, dressed kinda pretty  
And every time I get to hold you I get to go there  
So when you want a little bit of middle of nowhere

[Chorus]

But I can be your pine tree shade in the middle of summer  
Your tin roof, rain cover from the thunder  
Your back pew hallelujah Sunday morning prayer  
Baby, I'll be where  
You can go when you know that it's all spinning too fast  
Slow kinda road, thirty-five on the dash  
That dot on the map for your heart when you need to slow down  
You'll be my whole world, I'll be your small town  
Yeah, I'll be your small town

[Bridge]

I'll be your Friday night, misery light midnight sixer  
You be the shooting star, I'll be the wisher  
That back road flying, wind blowing through your hair

I just wanna be where

[Chorus]

You can go when you know that it's all spinning too fast  
Slow kinda road, thirty-five on the dash  
That dot on the map for your heart when you need to slow down  
You'll be my whole world, I'll be your small town  
Girl, you'll be my whole world  
And I'll be your small town

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