

Kellie Pickler, Small Town Girl

I grew up where I could see the stars
Drinking sweet tea from a mason jar
Dogwood trees like leaves through the pines
People on the porch watchin' fireflies
And drivin' round the Wal-Mart on a Friday night

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

I'd rather be fishin' with Grandpa on the lake
Than gettin' all glamed up fake eyelashes on my face
Cut off jeans and an ole ball cap
A town so small you don't need a map
It's where I'm from and there ain't no changin' 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 all right with me

I'd rather ride in a Chevy truck than a Ferrari
Give me a cheeseburger, I ain't eatin' 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 all right 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
Drivin', drivin', drivin', drivin' around

I'm just a small town girl
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