

Steve Earle, No. 29

I was born and raised here this town's my town
Everybody knows my name
But ever since the glass plant closed down
Things round here ain't never been the same
I got me a good job alright but some nights
Take me to another time
Back when I was No. 29
I was pretty good then don't you know watch him go
Buddy I could really fly
Everyone in town came, hip flasks, horn blasts
Any autumn Friday night
Sally yelled her heart out push em back, way back
I was hers and she was mine
Back when I was No. 29
We were playin' Smithville big boys, farm boys
Second down and four to go
Bubba brought the play in good call my ball
Now they're gonna see a show
But Bubba let his man go I cut back, heard it crack
It still hurts me but I don't mind
Reminds me I was No. 29
Now I go to the ballgames cold nights, half pints
Friday nights I'm always here
We got a pretty good team, good boys, strong boys
District champs the last three years
Got a little tailback pretty slick, real quick
I take him for a steak sometimes
Nowadays he's No. 29
I don't follow rainbows, big dreams, brass rings
I've already captured mine
Back when I was No. 29