

# Adam Brand, Get Loud

You might think it's a one- horse town  
No traffic lights, one roundabout  
Beccy runs the corner shop  
Shuts the door at five o'clock

You might think this town is dead  
'Cause we ain't got no drive through yet  
Our one garage don't open nights  
Truckies they just roll on by  
But down the road at The Grand Hotel  
Saturday nights are as hot as hell

The band plays, cold beer flows  
Stomp the floor and dance 'till close  
Comes alive when the sun goes down  
Country boys and girls get loud

Billy Rigg he owns The Grand  
He's filled the fridge, he's booked the band  
Six o'clock he preps the troops  
Eight o'clock all hell breaks loose

It's four o'clock in the afternoon  
Locals know what's coming soon  
From the west there's a cloud of dust  
They're coming in there comin fast