

Gary Allan, Guys Like Me

(Kostas/Treant Summar)

Well, there's no more smokey bars in California,
There ain't no wildlife left in Tennessee,
But I keep on living every song I'm singing,
And their trying to put an end to guys like me.

All that's left in Bakersfield is a jukebox,
And it's haunted by old songs and memories,
It's getting hard to find a place to play my guitar,
And their trying to put an end to guys like me.

Well, I'd like to find a place where love surrounds me,
Some town where they don't mind me hanging around,
A place where life don't move to fast,
And what you are is not a thing of the past.

Where you can land your dreams on solid ground,
Well, I'm sitting on a barstool down on Broadway,
Waiting for my turn to sing my dreams,
I'm just a California boy with my old guitar,
And their trying to put and end to guys like me.

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Well, I'm sitting on a barstool down on Broadway,
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Yeah, their trying to put an end to guys like me...