

# 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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Yeah, their trying to put an end to guys like me...