

Graham Colton Band, Mining Town

Last night I went out of my head
Been coming up short for so long
Dead job barely pays the rent
A bottle of Glen and there's nothin' left
I'm going to leave this mining town
Where the air is thin and there's not
Cut these nettles back down to size
Sit back watch it fall in line
Do you remember jumping Miller's dam
Down by the spillway with a handle in your hand
I don't care if I see this town again
Funny how your head spins
Like a record that always skips
I've reached my wits-end
Like a tire wearing thin
Going to leave this neighborhood
Where there's only one whore and a car for sale
So small it barely made the map
And no plans on going anywhere
Do you remember jumping Miller's dam
Down by the spillway with a handle in your hand
I don't care if I see this town again
Tear that rearview mirror down
Cause I ain't looking back no more
Do you remember jumping Miller's dam
Down by the spillway with a handle in your hand
Do you remember jumping Miller's dam
I don't care if I see this town again