

# Jennifer Nettles, Round and Round

Go down this dirt road about a half a mile  
You'll find that old brick church still standing there  
With it's holy oaks so burdened with Spanish moss  
That its very limbs seem to bow in prayer  
And there's Jesus in the air

Pass the cemetery where all the young people go  
Cause there is no where else that they can drink  
Where the law won't bother them and no ne will know  
Cause sometimes a young woman just needs to think

Talk to the old black men who will make the observation  
That we're still grouped into the haves and have-nots  
Yeah, it's been a long time since integration but  
It seems some folks here they forgot

(chorus)  
It's every virtue and every vice  
It's a big fat Americana slice  
But there's space down here in this little town  
And I can spread my arms and spin round and round

Well you don't have to be Baptist to escape hell's flames  
But it wouldn't hurt to have one as a friend you know  
We all go to bed early, don't take the Lord's name in vain  
But if it's good beer and food you better believe we go

If you're in the mood for a scare tonight  
There's a topless bar just up the interstate  
Otherwise I'll see you in bowling shoes  
Or in 3-D glasses or on roller skates.

Well we are quarterbacks and homecoming queens  
And we are best all around and most likely to succeed  
And it's Friday night and the back seat's getting hot  
It's the hicks against the hippies in the parking lot