

This Ain't My Town Anymore (Matt Watroba) © 2010

I pulled into Perry to drive the old streets
Check out the town and get something to eat
It's twenty years gone for this old troubadour
It don't look the same anymore

I pulled up a stool at the Rusty Nail bar
Where I was the oldest guy in there by far
I had my first drink here in a life lived before
But this ain't my town anymore

CHORUS

The beer tastes the same and the music's still loud
But it's not the same game
It's not the same crowd
What's that they're doing out on the dance floor?
This ain't my town anymore

It was there in that corner I played my first set
To a table of drunks and a smiling brunette
She stayed every night 'till they bolted the door
I played 'til my fingers were sore

CHORUS:

Don't be surprised by the things that you learn
While looking around in the past
Some people say you can never return
There's a ghost in each shadow you cast

Too buzzed to drive I walk to the hotel
With a smile on my face as I say my farewell
I'll keep my memories in a box in the drawer
That's what those memories are for

CHORUS