

“Home Again”
By Brandon Rhyder/Jon Randall

We could sit out on the front porch and wait for the sun to go down
Or we could jump into the pickup truck and crank it up and ride around
Or I could race you down the main street and meet you at the old courthouse
Or we could buy a bunch of beer and knock em back until we all pass out

Chorus:

Here's to old times, when this old place was ours
Back before they tore the diner down
Here's to my old friends, who didn't scatter with the wind
You haven't changed at all since way back then
And you make this old town feel like home again

Do you remember that night it rained out the football game
That night we partied with the girls from Ft. Worth til the police came
You know we knew we'd probably never see any of those girls again
But to this day when I drink tequila I think of them

Chorus

I don't want to hear you talk about
How you're stuck here and can't get out
You're right where you're supposed to be
I'm so glad you're here for me, here for me

Chorus