

Tom T. Hall, The Old Side Of Town

Ain't it strange how people change, and almost overnight
Who once was a country girl is now a socialite
We're proud for you, but when you're through and seek some common ground
Oh, we miss you on the old side of town

We still drink cokes and tell old jokes and bowl at splits and strikes
Country music still plays on the jukebox every night
Society is not for me, but I can still be found
Oh, we miss you on the old side of town

Rsvp is not for me, and black tie's not my style
I thought you'd like to know 'cause you ain't been here for awhile
We read about your tour-de-force, we're glad you get around
But we miss you on the old side of town

We still drink cokes and tell old jokes and we bowl at splits and strikes
George jones is still a hero on the jukebox every night
Society is not for me, but I can still be found
Oh, we miss you on the old side of town
Babe, we miss you on the old side of town