

# Walmart

Garrett Davis

All my lines lace together  
Still singing country in the backseat  
of my Red Camry  
Foggy noise and holding half-friends

Not in my grandma's garden anymore  
But I still own the gun  
With nerf branded across its side  
Been playing war before I could understand it

With honey, sweet and sticky  
Each step of summertime followed by a stutter

Lick the dust cause it's kicked up just for us  
I promised you Chicago  
But you never got those city lights  
Left alone with your own Illinois

Never believed in road names  
Only ever had to worry about four  
But I like the way these twist and dance  
So I give Meridian street my heart

It's not prom, the glitter is real this time  
And Jesus isn't here to get between our hips

Grain silos and trailer parks  
Trace the poverty line  
Of my spine  
With Pockmarked preachers praying for me

Sell the strobe lights  
For a stretching stream  
And instead, dance under the Walmart sign  
Because it's where you were always gonna be tonight