

Watertown



The snow of 77 did us in
Daddy piled us in a truck 4
And we were off to Indians
And cowboys, sunsets, and sand

The fall of 78 damn near killed me
All the seasons looked the same
There wasn't food to eat
Like Greico's, half hots, and Ann's

You could take the river to the lake
And the world was yours
Love a weekend on the Tug Hill
But your heart is hers

She won't leave you if you leave her behind
There's nothing like a stone church when you're lookin' for the time
Sometimes she's Red and Black
Sometimes black and white
This is my town Watertown

June of 96 was just too much
It was 123 one afternoon
And I had had enough
Of freeways, outlaws, and sand

The fall of that same year I came back home
Piled my babies in a truck
Told them stories on the road
Of kayaks, ice storms, and snowmen

The Yankees won the series
Our first week back in 315
Snowflakes chased us
Halloween and blinded Christmas night

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This is my town **Watertown**