

## **Small Town Band (Comeau/Carlson)**

Daddy was the leader of a small town band.  
He stood up front smiling, a gold sax in his hand.  
Every Saturday night in the smoke and the lights  
He's be playing all night long  
Thirty-six years old and the only thing he owned was a song.

I was just thirteen when it came his time to die,  
Too young to understand and just too old to cry.  
He played all night on Saturday, by Monday he was gone,  
Thirty-six years old and the only thing he owned was a song.

When you got music in your blood stream,  
Everything else is walking in a bad dream  
When music follows you your whole life through  
You become the song...  
And the song becomes you.

Now I'm the leader of a small town band.  
Stand up front smiling, a guitar in my hand.  
Every Saturday night in the heat of the lights  
I'll be playing all night long  
Twenty-six years old and the only thing I owned was a song.

You got music in your blood stream,  
Everything else is walking in a bad dream  
When music follows you your whole life through  
You become the song...  
And the song becomes you.