

China Grove

When the sun comes up on a sleepy little town
down around San Antone
and the folks are risin' for another day
'round about their homes.

The people of the town are strange
and they're proud of where they came.

Well, you're talking bout China Grove, wo, oh, oh, oh, China Grove.

Well, the preacher and the teacher,
Lord, they're a caution, they are the talk of the town.
When the gossip gets to flyin' and they ain't lyin';
when the sun goes fallin' down.

They say that the father's insane
and dear Missus Perkin's a game.

Well, you're talking bout China Grove, wo, oh, oh, oh, China Grove.

But ev'ryday there's a new thing comin',
the ways of an oriental view.

The sheriff and his buddies with their samurai swords,
you can even hear the music at night.

And though it's part of the Lone Star State
people don't seem to care,

they just keep on lookin' to the East.

----- Talkin' 'bout the China Grove, oh, China Grove.