

Tennessee in My Windshield

Rebecca Lynn Howard

Well I washed my Mustang just last nigt
Filled the tank full of freedom
I've been waiting on eighteen, eighteen years
And now that it's here I'm leaving
There were tear to cry you know good-bye
Was the hardest part of the deal
So long Mom see ya Dad
I'll call you from Nashville

I got Tennesse in my windshield
Kentucky in my rear view mirror
Every mile means all of my dreams
Are getting a little bit nearer
I got Patty on the radio
It sure is good to hear her
With Tennesse in my windshield
Kentucky in my rear view mirror
Got my first guitar for Christmas
When I was ten years old
I sand "I Shall Not Be Moved" and it moved me
Right down to my soul
That engine's humming to me in the key of C
Telling me we'll be there soon
It's a three hour drive down 65
But I'll be there by noon

I got Tennesse in my windshield
Kentucky in my rear view mirror
Every mile means all of my dreams
Are getting a little bit nearer
I got Patty on the radio
It sure is good to hear her
With Tennesse in my windshield
Kentucky in my rear view mirror