

Dusty Roads

B.J. Thomas

Me and my Mom and Daddy were just dirt farmers
Growing from the land the things we'd eat
Sunday morning down a dusty road to church
That's the memory I'd like to keep

There ain't many more dusty roads
They've nearly all now been paved
I miss my old friends and I miss them good ole days
Back when people were getting saved, yeah
Back when people were getting saved

The Lord is living in my heart
But that don't mean I've been ordained
It just means I've accepted him to stay
And to him I'll always pray

Oh, there ain't many more dusty roads
They've nearly all now been paved
I miss my old friends and I miss them good ole days
Back when people were getting saved, yeah
Back when people were getting saved