

Nowhere

Brett Kissel

Sometimes this city burns a little too bright
You can't tell if it's day or if it's night
I'm going off the grid in my GMC
No GPS is gonna find me
This road I'm on is rolling out of sight

I'm going nowhere, nowhere is where I wanna be
Sittin' in an old chair, with a guitar on my knee
Rain on a tin roof singing to a six-string melody
I'm going nowhere, nowhere is where I wanna be

When that blacktop finally turns to clay
That's when I feel the smile back on my face
I'm going back to the well that feeds my soul
With a bucket of beer and a fishing pole
I'm going going gone without a trace

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Rain on a tin roof singing to a six-string melody
I'm going nowhere, nowhere is where I wanna be

Ooh, ooh-ooh

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