

# When I Get On A Memory

Brett Kissel

Sunset on a two-lane road  
A little George Strait on the radio  
My wheels started to roll  
Somewhere back in time  
To me and granddad and a tackle box  
Skipping school, skipping rocks  
Talking heartbreak and hard knocks  
And I'm back there in my mind

When I get on a memory  
Something steers my windshield  
To the rear-view in my soul  
When I get on a memory  
It takes me home

Suntan on a summer skin  
A little sundress whipping in the wind  
More in love than I ever been  
And I still am to this day  
Time flew to a knee down  
And little ones running 'round a farmhouse  
As perfect as it is right now  
I still see us that way

When I get on a memory  
Something steers my windshield  
To the rear-view in my soul  
When I get on a memory  
It takes me home  
It takes me home

It could be the rain, or it could be a song  
All I know is when I wanna go back  
It don't take long

When I get on  
Something steers my windshield  
To the rear-view in my soul  
When I get on a memory  
Yeah, it takes me home  
It takes me home  
It takes me home