

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