

Back to Them Backroads

Colt Ford

Take me back to them backroads
Take me back, let the time slow down
Talking out there, where the corn grows
Where them tractors go round and round
God, I gotta lot of red dirt
I need me some of that Heaven on Earth
Let that outback just cleanse my soul
Take me back to them backroads
Roads, yeah, them backroads

I said hold up, wait a minute
Let me put some country in it
Show you how my folks get it
Listen close and I'll spit it
We fence it, feed it, plow it, grow it
Break it, fix it, fast or slow
It don't matter to us, long as we got gas in our trucks
We gon ride high, dirty up
.35's, you need a step
Y'all about that work here
All about that cold beer
All about them big deer
Sipping on that copper clear
If you really wanna know, I'll show you 'round the backroads

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Yeah, you ain't never seen a better sight
Than a field party Friday night
That bonfire burning so bright
We keep it lit all night
Them country girls be dropping it low
Tailgate twerking a four-by-four
Got dumps like a truck, what? Whoa
Y'all ain't from here, so y'all ain't know
We get it every day like this, what
If you wanna roll with us, truck
That's how we roll when we ride all day, all night
And we never get stuck, so
Come on down, I'll show you round
Way out here is where I am found
Y'all holler at me, I'll holler back
Them backroads is where I'm at

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