

## Dirt Road Anthem

Colt Ford

You know I'm chilling on the back roads,  
Laid back rollin to some George Jones,  
Smoke rollin out the window,  
An ice cold beer sittin in the console  
Memory lane up in the headlights  
it's got me reminiscing on the good times  
sittin turning off the real life, driving that truck  
hittin easy street in mud tires  
Back in the day pop bomb was the place to go  
Load the truck up hit the dirt road,  
Jump the barbwire spread the word  
Light the bon fire then call the girls  
The king in the can and the Marlboro man  
Jack and gin were a few good friends  
When we learned how to kiss and cuss and fight too  
Better watch out for the boys in blue  
And all this small town he said she said  
ain't it funny how rumors spread  
Like I know something ya'll don't know  
Man this shit is getting old  
Man mind your business watch your mouth  
Before I have to knock your loud ass out  
No time for talking ya'll aint listenin  
Them old dirt roads is what ya'll missin  
You know I'm chilling on the back roads,  
Laid back rollin to some George Jones,  
Smoke rollin out the window,  
An ice cold beer sittin in the console  
Memory lane up in the headlights  
It's got me reminiscing on the good times  
sittin turning off the real life, driving that truck  
hittin easy street in mud tires  
I sit back and think about them good ole days  
The way we were raised and our southern ways  
We like cornbread and biscuits  
If it's broke round here we fix it  
See I can take ya'll where you need to go  
Down to my hood and back in them woods  
We do it different round here that's right  
And we sho do it good and we do it all night  
So if you really wanna know how it feels  
To get off the road wit a truck and four wheel  
Jump on in tell yo friends  
And we'll be raising hell where the black top ends  
You know I'm chilling on the back roads,  
Laid back rollin to some George Jones,  
Smoke rollin out the window,  
An ice cold beer sittin in the console  
Memory lane up in the headlights  
It's got me reminiscing on the good times  
sittin turning off the real life, driving that truck  
hittin easy street in mud tires  
Yeah I'm chillin on the back roads  
Laid back bobbin to some George Jones  
Smoke rollin out the window,  
An ice cold beer sittin in the console  
Memory lane up in the headlights

It's got me reminiscing on the good times  
sittin turning off the real life, driving that truck  
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