

Time Machine

Colt Ford

Laid back, floating on a breeze
Old dog in the front seat
Head hanging out the window
Red light, ready, set, go
I pick her up for a slow down Friday night
I still remember every mile
Showing off on Main Street
I turned around at the BP

In that windshield glass
I go back
And the miles and the memories roll on past
I'm right back
Yeah, this damned old truck
No, it ain't worth much
Till you look past that rust, you'll see
It's a walking, talking, Detroit time machine

Put a whole lot of gas in it
Drove a little too fast in it
There's a whole lot of past in it
And it'll take you right back in it

That space was yours back in the game
Oh, what's her name, is back in the frame
My first, my last, yeah, just like that

In that windshield glass
I go back
And the miles and the memories roll on past
I'm right back
Yeah, this damned old truck
No, it ain't worth much
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Put a whole lot of gas in it
Drove a little too fast in it
There's a whole lot of past in it
And it'll take you right back in it

Burned a whole lot of gas
Drove a whole lot of fast
There's a whole lot of past
And it'll take you right back in it

In that windshield glass
I go back
And the miles and the memories roll on past
I'm right back
Yeah, this damn old truck
No, it ain't worth much
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Put a whole lot of gas in it
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