Backroad

Corey Smith

I've been down this road before.
It's like the back side of my hand.
And there ain't nothing up ahead
but cow pasture and timberland.
Don't you worry baby I'm gonna take it nice and slow.
I'll keep a tight grip on the steering wheel and my eyes on the road.

Just this one time,
I promise I won't ask again.
It'll be our little secret,
honey I won't tell a soul
and if I see somebody coming I'll be sure to let you know.
Everybody does it, don't you be ashamed.
We'll still make the movie, we'll just be a little late.

And let me love you on a backroad.
Let's make a wreckless memory.
There ain't a house within ten miles of here, no.
So nobody's gonna see.
Take your seatbelt off and climb on over here girl,
leave the driving up to me.

If we get too hot and heavy there's a place where we can go.
Down this worn out hunting trail a half mile off the road.
And we might not make it back there in this little two wheel drive.
But judging by the way you're kissing me it's at least worth a try.

I'll turn this Mustang into an F250 4x4.
If they catch us back there we'll probably go to jail.
But I'd clear out my bank account and gladly pay the bail.
And I promise I'll still love you, and maybe even more.
I won't think bad about you girl, I know you're not a whore.

Let me love you on a backroad.
Let's make a wreckless memory.
There ain't a house within ten miles of here, no.
So nobody's gonna see.
Take your seatbelt off and climb on over here girl,
leave the driving up to me.

I'm rock hard, you're so hot.
I think I'm turning blue.
Come on baby please, you know I'd do the same for you.

Let me love you on a backroad.
Let's make a wreckless memory.
There ain't a house within ten miles of here, no.
So nobody's gonna see.
Take your seatbelt off, get a little comfortable, and leave the drivi
ng up to me.

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