Old 441

Corey Smith

The highway 441 don't look much the same
They straightened out all the curves and turned it four-lane
They by-passed every downtown clear up to Clayton
We better time now but damn it's a bore

So honey, let's take the long way
Hang a hard left and then bare to the right
Hell, I ain't been through Clarksville
Since I was just learnin' to drive
We used to come fish in the creeks around here
A few cans of corn and a twelve-pack of beer
We'd walk the banks till it was too dark to see
Momma'd be drunk so she's hand me the keys and say

Go back the long way
The long way

I used to drive across the gorge every couple weekends
Baby sister was just barely walkin' back then
I never stayed long 'cause momma made me crazy
I'd hang out until dinner and say I got to go

And I'd head back down the long way
And step off in Demarest [?] I got the urge
To see my old sweetheart
If I's lucky I'd sleep there with her
I swore I loved her but I never did
I thought I was a man but I's just a kid
Before the Lord brought you into my life
I traveled this road but I's lost all the time
Out on the long way
The long way

Tiger Mountain ain't far from the house where she died
She drifted off in her sleep on a clear Sunday night
She called me that day, I said momma I'm busy
I woke up Monday mornin', found out she was gone

So we went back the long way
It was the only way there used to be
And i's cryin' like a baby
So you did the drive in for me
I'll never forget how gentle you were
Holdin' my hand, standin' over her
I knew back then you'd be the woman I'd [?]
Lovin' you's one thing I don't regret
And we've come a long way
A long way

The highway 441 don't look much the same

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