

## Every Mile a Memory

Dierks Bentley

Country Roads, old theatre marquee signs;  
Parkin' lots, and billboards flyin' by.  
Spanish mosques, little hick town squares;  
Wild roses on a river bank: girl its almost like you're there

Oh, every mile, a memory; every song, another scene,  
From some old movie going back in time you and me.  
Every day, a page turned down; every night, a lonesome sound,  
Like a freight train rollin' through my dreams:  
Every mile, a memory.

Red sun down, out across the western sky,  
Takes me back to the fire in your eyes.  
Texas stars in a purple night.  
Not seein' 'em with you baby: oh, they never do it right, no.

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From some old movie going back in time you and me.  
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Like a freight train rollin' through my dreams:  
Every mile, a memory.

Funny how no matter where I run,  
Round every bend I only see,  
Just how far I haven't come.

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