

Bad Thing About A Backroad

Dylan Schneider

Nothing better than a four wheel sunset, two lane with a pastel sky
That feeling that you get wide open, rollin' yellow faded lines
Way out in the country, where the world slows down
Used to be one of y'all out there, but I hardly ever drive 'em now

The bad thing about a backroad
Is I know she's gone
And I see her every time I'm on one
She's back sittin' pretty in the shotgun
Like she used to be
Now I wish we would've stayed in town
Every time we put the pedal down
'Fore she stole my heart, 'fore she said goodbye
I couldn't find, no I couldn't find
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I know a better way to get where I'm going
But I can't take it, can't face it
So I stick to being stuck on a highway
Four lanes, missing that dust
But at least I ain't thinkin' 'bout us

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