

There's something 'bout a red dirt road that makes the sky more blue
Something 'bout the concrete scrapes the roots right off of you
I moved here cause making dollars made good sense
Something 'bout them city limits feels more like a fence

I don't know why but today
Been thinking 'bout life and
I kinda wanna runaway
Go somewhere that I can

Shake all the dust out of my head
Put it on this truck instead
Toss some empties in the bed
Out where nobody knows
You can find me where you can't
Nowhere near no interstate
Turn down the road I know to take that's gonna save my soul
Crank up and gas it till there's static on the radio

Don't get me wrong I sure do love the night they drove ol' Dixie down
But I'd rather drive through Dixie till I heard it cutting out
Yeah it ain't gotta be the Smokey mountains
It ain't gotta be Mexico naw
All I need is a six count from the Texaco
Then I can go and

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No walls no calls, it's all in my rearview
Sometimes you wanna talk to God somewhere He can hear you and

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Yeah
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