

Broken Highways

Greensky Bluegrass

My records are scratched, my tapes are unwound
Trying to finding a song to ease my mind
Boxes and pictures, scattered on the floor
With a tear in my eye I go through them all

Trying to find just who you were
The one who saved me
The one who named me
The one who left me here on my own

Now the sun is up, the sky is green
Wishing my life could be just a dream
Something as sweet, as walking with you
Or a banjo singing one of Hartford's tunes

Like "Skippin' in the Mississippi Dew"
The "Julia Belle Swain"
"Natchez Whistle"
Or something I cannot put my finger on

Traveling down life's broken highways
Carrying a load and bound to run

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