

# Talkin' To Backroads

Jackson Dean

If my troubles were gravel  
I'd lay 'em and travel  
For miles and miles, I'd ride  
And if that gravel ran out  
It might but I doubt it  
I'd stop there and think for awhile  
Like I am right now  
Just killing the lights  
Hell. I might stay here  
For the rest of the night

Just talking to back roads  
It's easy to say, what's on your mind  
Just talking to back roads  
You ain't gotta stay between the lines  
That red dirt. It listens  
Knows who you're missing  
Hears you admitting  
That you're flesh and bone  
Now, I'm letting it all go  
Just talking to back roads

Yeah. That back road remembers  
That night in November  
Wrapped tight in my Pendleton® wool  
She whispered to me  
On that cold Chevy® seat  
"Baby, don't you love breaking the rules?"

She ain't here now  
I can smell her perfume  
I still got this truck  
And I still got you

Just talking to back roads  
It's easy to say, what's on your mind  
Just talking to back roads  
You ain't gotta stay between the lines  
That red dirt. It listens  
Knows who you're missing  
Hears you admitting  
That you're flesh and bone  
Now, I'm letting it all go  
Just talking to back roads

Through every turn  
All the highs and lows  
Regrets that burn  
With miles of hope  
When you get a little lost  
It leads the way home  
Helps you hold on  
Lets you let go

Talking to back roads  
It's easy to say, what's on your mind  
Just talking to back roads

You ain't gotta stay between the lines  
That red dirt. It listens  
Knows who you're missing  
Hears you admitting  
That you're flesh and bone  
Now, I'm letting it all go  
Just talking to back roads