

Route 5 Box 109

Joe Diffie

Somewhere outside of Gadsden, I saw mama standing in the kitchen
And along about Decatur, I started smelling taters and fried chicken
And then a Trooper pulled me over, said if I drove any slower
He was gonna lock me up for killing time
He said, "Boy, have you been drinking?" I said, "No sir, I's just thinking
Bout Route 5 Box 109"

I was thinking about red wigglers and a stringer full of bream
And the sound a king of spades made, in the spokes of my old Schwinn
I was racin' Richie Coleman, for a Grape Nehi
Yeah, lately I've been thinking 'bout Route 5 Box 109

I pulled back on the freeway - found a country DJ out of Huntsville
I called him up just hoping, he'd help keep my tired eyes open
till I reached Nashville
I talked and he just listened 'bout the place that I was missin',
Then he left, but when he came back on the line
Said son the switchboard's blinkin', you got half of Alabama thinking
About Route 5, Box 109

Bout mama's cathead biscuits, Martha White Self-Rising Flour
And getting' rabbit ears positioned, for Glen Campbell's Good Time Hour
And the sound of daddy snoring, playin' Gentle on My Mind
Yeah, lately I've been thinking
Bout Route 5, Box 109

And that bed of black eyed susans, in a white washed tractor tire
And a set of threadbare sheets, hanging on a clothesline wire
Mama's bucket full of Pine Sol, making sure that we had 'shine
Yeah, lately I've been thinking
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