

Back On The Backroads

Jon Pardi

Well I'm sick of all these city lights
Paying too much money for a good time
Rather call some friends of mine
Say there's a place that ain't hard to find
It's just two lefts and one right
A beat up barn on the county line
Ain't too far for a truck or car
Yeah I know a place we can go

On the backroads
And we can crank up that radio
Just bring an ice chest full of beer
Ain't nothin' but hay fields out here
And everything's gonna be all right
The dance floor's made of dirt tonight
On the backroads
Yeah back on the backroads

When you get close, you better drive slow
Cause this old road's full of potholes
Just flip your brights a couple times
So we all know you ain't the PoPo
Yeah we're all here on country time
Tearin' it up under cargo lights
We might stay here all night
Wake up to that morning sunrise

On the backroads
And we can crank up that radio
Just bring an ice chest full of beer
Ain't nothin' but hay fields out here
And everything's gonna be all right
The dance floor's made of dirt tonight
On the backroads
Yeah back on the backroads

Yeah back on the backroads
We can crank up that radio
Yeah just bring your beer or alcohol
Hell you can even bring your dog
If you get lost, just give me a call
We're tearin' it up all night long
On the backroads
Yeah back on the backroads
Aw yeah