

Back 40 Back

Luke Combs

For sale by owner sign on Highway 59
A signal of the times, a turning of the page
There used to be nothing here
But that nothing disappeared
The pond, the barn, the farm, the fields have long since been replaced
Asphalt parking where that ten pew, Pentecostal stood
Fast food, four lanes, and a subdivided neighborhood

The walls of the world are closin' in
The spreadin' city spreads us thin
We can't seem to make our ends meet the black
Never would've thought it wouldn't last
A way of life that time moved past
What I wouldn't give to have the back 40 back

Maybe I'm a sucker for knowing who lives next door
A view from my back porch, a pinch of peace and quiet
I can't get back the used to be
So I hang on to the memories
Of when I could still look up and see the stars not street lights shining

The walls of the world are closin' in
The spreadin' city spreads us thin
We can't seem to make our ends meet in the black
Never would've thought it wouldn't last
A way of life that time moved past
What I wouldn't give to have the back 40 back

Now I get that progress has its place
And no regard for what it takes
Wish it would slow its pace, and cut us all some slack
'Cause it's all changing way too fast
A way of life that time moved past
What I wouldn't give to have the back 40 back