

Montana Backroads

Nanci Griffith

INTRO:

A Bm D E A

A

Bm

1.In an old pickup truck, with his hat pulled down

D E A

He drives them old Montana backroads

A

Bm

Remembering half-forgotten times, and wondering where it's gone

D E A

And if he can still carry the load

2.Now, the summer sun is setting, and the moon is on the rise

As he pulls that old pickup into town

And he parks beside the place where the feed store used to be

And he heads for an old familiar sound

CHORUS:

D E A A/As F#m E

Those honky-tonk bands still play old-time songs

D E A

Remembering how things used to be

D E A A/As F#m

Sitting at the bar with his head down in his hands

D E

So alone with his memories

D D/C# E A

Lord, he's so alone with his memories

3.He remembers back in '33, or was it '34

The year that he won the rodeo

The buckle that they gave him, well, he still wears today

For that Brahma bull that he rode

4.But his riding days are over now, his back is getting weak

And his eyesight, it just ain't as good

As the days he'd spot a deer at a hundred yards or more

And bring back a month's supply of food

CHORUS....

5.Now the bar is getting set to close, they say he's got to leave

But it feels like, Lord, he just arrived

So he downs his last shot as he's heading for the door

Getting ready for that long and lonely drive

6.In an old pickup truck, with his hat pulled down

He drives them old Montana backroads

Remembering half-forgotten times, and wondering where it's gone

And if he can still carry the load

CHORUS...