

Banjo

Rascal Flatts

When I lose my smile
When my thoughts get jumbled
When the air and BS get to thick
Can't take a breath without getting sick
I've had enough with this concrete jungle
I drop my truck in drive
I pick up my baby
She jumps in with a kiss and a hey
We exit off that old highway
Sometimes you gotta go beyond the pavement

You gotta go deep
Way on back
Cross a few creeks
And a couple little shacks
You gotta get lost
Way on out
Crickets and frogs
Yeah you're gettin' close now
And you kick it into four wheel drive
When you run out of road and you go, and you go and you go-go-go
'Til you hear banjo

It ain't on no map
And I'm glad it isn't
Leave the phone and the GPS,
Those satelllites ain't found it yet,
Got our own little piece of heaven hidden

You gotta go deep
Way on back
Cross a few creeks
And a couple little shacks
You gotta get lost
Way on out
Crickets and frogs
Yeah you're gettin' close now
And you kick it into four wheel drive when you run out of road and you go, and you go and you go-go-go
'Til you hear banjo

You gotta go deep
Way on back
Cross a few creeks
And a couple little shacks
You gotta get lost
Way on out
Crickets and frogs
Yeah you're gettin' close now
And you kick it into four wheel drive when you run out of road and you go, and you go and you go-go-go

Ooooh hoo

'Til you hear banjo
You gotta go deep
Way on back

Oh oh oh
Cross a few creeks
And a couple little shacks
Oh oh oh
Four wheel drive when you run out of road
Oh oh oh
And you go and you go, and you go
'Til you hear that,
'Til you hear that
'Til you hear banjo