

## Country Roads

Ryan Bingham

Do you really think you know  
Exactly where I stand?  
Or did I just let you down  
When you found out I was just a poor man?

I might of took a few wrong turns  
Down a few wrong roads  
Wound up in a few wrong towns  
Where nobody cares or goes

It ain't that I can't see  
Or find my way home  
It's just that I like to breath  
Out on country roads

I've never been much on down town  
Or cared for a place to stay  
I know I'll never wear no crown  
I'll never be a king of slaves

Wash my hands in the rain  
I've spent my time with the whiskey  
I'll never give up on change  
Or give a damn if you will ever miss me

It ain't that I can't see  
Or find my way home  
It's just that I like to breath  
Out on country roads

I know I'll never stick around  
I'll never lose track of time  
Or worry about a little old town  
Or what I might of left behind

I'll just let the sun shine down  
I'll just let them big wheels roll  
Keep on running around  
Them old country roads

It ain't that I can't see  
Or find my way home  
It's just that I like to breath  
Out on country roads