

# Back On A Backroad

Sean Stemaly

This world comes at you like a fastball  
It's all traffic backed up on some asphalt  
I'm a good old boy in a truck caught  
Goin' five after five o'clock

Just sittin' here cussin', comin' undone  
Missin' that small town settin' sun  
I need to saddle on up, let the horses run  
All over some little map dot

I gotta get back on a back, back on a backroad  
Hit the gas get the glass, packs leavin' black smoke  
With some cash cuttin' through the static and my soul  
Washed in a windows down high

Put this two tone, two ton, too clean Chevy to work  
And put a little dirt into this tread  
Trade everywhere to be for nowhere to go  
Back on a back, back on a backroad

Maybe stop pop a top at the county line  
Try to spot me a fence line drop tine  
Get to makin' my way to that way of life  
Y'all it's about damn time

I get back on a back, back on a backroad  
Hit the gas get the glass, packs leavin' black smoke  
With some cash cuttin' through the static and my soul  
Washed in a windows down high

Put this two tone, two ton, too clean Chevy to work  
And put a little dirt into this tread  
Trade everywhere to be for nowhere to go  
Back on a back, back on a backroad

Anywhere but where I'm at level, hit the gas pedal  
And fly make a dust devil, let the dust settle  
And drive till the headlights light up a pine tree skyline  
Wound up and I need to unwind

Back on a back, back on a backroad  
Hit the gas get the glass, packs leavin' black smoke  
With some cash cuttin' through the static and my soul  
Washed in a windows down high

Put this two tone, two ton, too clean Chevy to work  
And put a little dirt into this tread  
Trade everywhere to be for nowhere to go  
Back on a back, back on a backroad, yeah!  
Back on a back, back on a backroad, whoa!  
Back on a back, back on a backroad