

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 time
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