

Stone's Throw

The Red Clay Strays

If you can call what we got last night sleep
Lord, we got a few hours
Blurred lines, fighting like hell
To try to keep my eyes wide open
Always running from, running to, running late, or running out o
f
It's the return that keeps us going

Been gone, way too long
Can't count all the roads we've been down
Oughta keep it between the ditches
Till the Dolly Parton bridge is in the front window
Been gone, way too long
Can't count all the roads we've been down
Oh, we're a stone's throw
Oh, we're a stone's throw from home

Been counting down hours for hours
And now we're so close we can almost taste it
Only 20 odd mile markers left for us to pass
Everything that we been needing, and missing, and wanting
Is just ahead waiting
Giving us even more reason to drive slower leaving
Than we do coming back

Been gone, way too long
Can't count all the roads we've been down
Oughta keep it between the ditches
Till the Dolly Parton bridge is in the front window
Been gone, way too long
Can't count all the roads we've been down
Oh, we're a stone's throw
Lord we're a stone's throw from home

Lord, I been gone
Lord, I been gone
Lord, I been gone
I been gone
I been gone
I been gone
I been gone
I been gone
I been gone
I been gone
I been gone