

## My Way Back

Trace Adkins

Momma put a Bible in my glove box  
A hot homemade apple pie on the passenger seat  
She said you'll always be my baby  
And she planted a kiss and a couple tears on my cheek  
Dad slipped me some travelin' cash  
Threw a map with a highlighted route on the dash  
And I realize, as I look back, that  
They weren't just saying goodbye  
They weren't just seeing me off  
They were just making sure that I  
Don't forget where I'm from  
Go out there and do your family proud son  
Momma loved and Daddy worked  
And lived their lives just to make sure I know  
My way back home  
I can still smell Momma's kitchen  
And feel every single prayer she says for me  
I can point these wheels toward that sunset  
Without a fear, without a doubt, Daddy says, "Go for that dream  
"

I left behind a pie-crumbs trail  
Just in case I get lost, fall flat, or fail  
And if the wind should leave my sail  
They weren't just saying goodbye  
They weren't just seeing me off  
They were just making sure that I  
Don't forget where I'm from  
Go out there and do your family proud son  
Momma loved and Daddy worked  
And lived their lives just to make sure I know  
My way back home  
To that door that's always open  
And that light that's always on  
To the love that's always waiting  
After being gone too long  
They weren't just saying goodbye  
They weren't just seeing me off  
They were just making sure that I  
Don't forget where I'm from  
Go out there and do your family proud son  
Momma loved and Daddy worked  
And lived their lives just to make sure I know  
I always know, I always know  
My way back home  
My way back home