

Dirt Road Anthem

Colt Ford

You know I'm chilling on the back roads,
Laid back rollin to some George Jones,
Smoke rollin out the window,
An ice cold beer sittin in the console
Memory lane up in the headlights
it's got me reminiscing on the good times
sittin turning off the real life, driving that truck
hittin easy street in mud tires
Back in the day pop bomb was the place to go
Load the truck up hit the dirt road,
Jump the barbwire spread the word
Light the bon fire then call the girls
The king in the can and the Marlboro man
Jack and gin were a few good friends
When we learned how to kiss and cuss and fight too
Better watch out for the boys in blue
And all this small town he said she said
ain't it funny how rumors spread
Like I know something ya'll don't know
Man this shit is getting old
Man mind your business watch your mouth
Before I have to knock your loud ass out
No time for talking ya'll aint listenin
Them old dirt roads is what ya'll missin
You know I'm chilling on the back roads,
Laid back rollin to some George Jones,
Smoke rollin out the window,
An ice cold beer sittin in the console
Memory lane up in the headlights
It's got me reminiscing on the good times
sittin turning off the real life, driving that truck
hittin easy street in mud tires
I sit back and think about them good ole days
The way we were raised and our southern ways
We like cornbread and biscuits
If it's broke round here we fix it
See I can take ya'll where you need to go
Down to my hood and back in them woods
We do it different round here that's right
And we sho do it good and we do it all night
So if you really wanna know how it feels
To get off the road wit a truck and four wheel
Jump on in tell yo friends
And we'll be raising hell where the black top ends
You know I'm chilling on the back roads,
Laid back rollin to some George Jones,
Smoke rollin out the window,
An ice cold beer sittin in the console
Memory lane up in the headlights
It's got me reminiscing on the good times
sittin turning off the real life, driving that truck
hittin easy street in mud tires
Yeah I'm chillin on the back roads
Laid back bobbin to some George Jones
Smoke rollin out the window,
An ice cold beer sittin in the console
Memory lane up in the headlights

It's got me reminiscing on the good times
sittin turning off the real life, driving that truck
hittin easy street in mud tires